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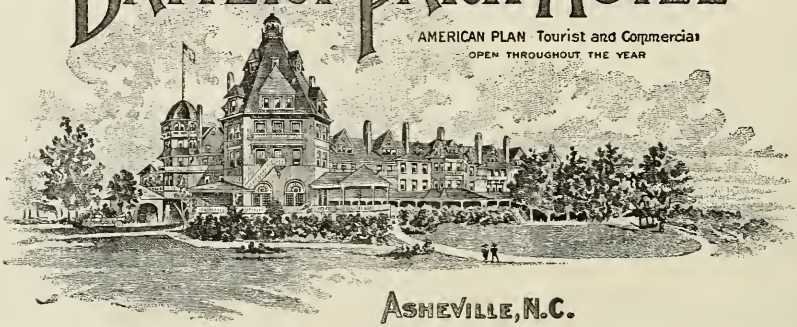

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EDITOR'S NOTICE

It is our aim this year to publish a live, interesting magazine for the Students, Alumni and Friends of Trinity College. We solicit literary contributions from Trinity men and women. All manuscript is subject to moderate revision. All material must be in the hands of the editors by the 20th of the month preceding date of issue.

MANAGER'S NOTICE

For many years the TRINITY ARCHIVE has existed at Trinity. The Durham merchants, as a whole, have backed this publication to a very large degree. Many of the Durham merchants have donated large sums to various worthy causes at Trinity, and they have shown a fine spirit of co-operation, especially by their co-operation in advertising, making it possible for such a publication to exist at Trinity College.

Now, men and women of Trinity, let's use some common sense in a common sense manner. It is conceded that College students are capable of thinking accurately, reasonably, and sensibly; but it is also conceded that while this capability is present, there seems to be lacking the initiative on their part to stimulate such thinking as is really best for themselves. Therefore, it is only necessary to arouse or stimulate such thoughts and their actions will certainly be reliable. The idea is this—WE MUST "PATRONIZE THOSE WHO ADVERTISE" in our publications. If we do not, then we have not shown any sense of appreciation for the great help the advertisers have extended to us. Our advertisers are our friends. They have something for you and you have something for them. They have shown their interest in you. It is your duty to show your interest in them. Without you, they cannot be really successful. Without them, we cannot be really successful. Then, naturally the conclusion appears: WE MUST "PATRONIZE THOSE WHO ADVERTISE."

Then, after admitting our duties to our advertisers, we must not overlook what action we must take regarding those merchants who are really justified in advertising in our publications, but who, for selfish purposes and the lack of the proper appreciation for the trade they receive from Trinity, refuse to grant any form of advertisement. Such men who say, "Well, the Trinity men patronize me whether I advertise in your publications or not. I don't have to give you an ad to get your patronage. But, oh! maybe I'll give you a two inch space before the year is over, etc.," should, without substituting a word for it, be boycotted and their names placed on our black list. Such firms as large book and stationery stores, who not only carry on a good size business with the students but who also carry on hundreds of dollars worth of business through the College channels, should not be patronized by loyal Trinity men and women who wish to see the best type of publications continue at this College.

It is demoralizing in every respect to see Trinity men and women disregard the advertisers in their publications and deliberately walk into a merchant's store who refuses to give an appreciable ad to the publications. Such as this not only stimulates a firmer conviction on the part of the merchant that it is useless to advertise in our publications, but it is showing no appreciation whatever for that which the other merchants have done for us, thereby showing nothing short of ill training.

THEREFORE, read carefully all the advertisements in the ARCHIVE and those in the weekly and familiarize yourselves with the Durham merchants who are your friends and with those who are simply fishing for suckers. You will find your merchant-friends represented in the ads; you will find the others down town, always ready to receive but never in an attitude to give.

So, in conclusion, Trinity men and women, let's have as our slogan, "PATRONIZE THOSE WHO ADVERTISE."

(By the Manager).

Subscription rates $2.00 per year—eight issues. 30c per copy. For subscriptions and information write

WALTER WM. TURRENTINE, Trinity College, Durham, N. C.

THE WRECK

(SOUTHGATE PRIZE SHORT STORY)

Nora C. Chaffin 47

Nora Chappin

"John Sumner is the man for the job!" exclaimed the second mate of the Revenue cutter *Revenge*. He and Captain Harper were having a confidential talk in the cabin.

"What do you know about him?" asked the Captain.

"Very little more than you, sir. You know he is a clean young fellow, and his year in the service has shown that he has good, sound sense. He is heart and soul in the work, and, besides, has other special qualifications for this job. He was born and lived in a small fishing village on the coast of Maine, and he, if any one, can win the confidence of suspicious fishermen."

"Has he any education?"

"Yes, sir; he is the son of a Presbyterian preacher who sent him to a small college in Maine."

"Send him in," ordered the Captain.

The mate bowed and left the cabin. He soon returned with a well-built young man who saluted the Captain.

"Captain Harper, I have told Sumner that you wanted to speak with him," said the mate.

Sumner again saluted. Captain Harper gazed at the strong face of the young man for a few moments. "Sumner," he said after a pause, "you have been recommended for a very serious job. For years there has been a gang of smugglers hanging about the coast of North Carolina. They are sharpers and have baffled the Government at every turn. I have just received secret orders to dispatch a trusted man to Roanoke Island to keep a keen lookout for information about the smugglers By the way, have you ever been there?"

"Yes, sir," answered Sumner. "I cruised there with my father when I was a small boy."

"Do you know anything about the general characteristics of the island and its inhabitants?" asked the Captain.

"Not very much, sir. I did learn, however, that the island is very small. There is only one village, Stumpy Point, on it; and this village is made up entirely of fishermen and their families. Everyone on the island is superstitious, and all newcomers are regarded with suspicion. This is largely due to the isolation of the island which is shut in by shallows. That is about all I know, sir."

"That will do," said the Captain shortly. Then turning to the mate he said, "Give Sumner his orders, and prepare to send him off this evening."

The next morning Sumner disguised as a fisherman chugged into the harbor of Stumpy Point in a worn-out gasoline launch. At twelve o'clock that night he had left the *Revenge* fifty miles across the Albemarle Sound from the village. Sumner did not see anyone as he drew up to the wharf, and he was startled when he suddenly heard a harsh voice say, "Howdy!"

John turned quickly from the engine where he was busily engaged. A man was standing on the wharf near the launch. John was struck immediately by the man's unusual appearance. He was of medium height and was heavily built. His legs were bowed as if he had walked the slanting decks all his life. He wore a white shirt with no collar, a rusty black frock-coat, and gray trousers that reached just below his knees. Upon his feet were rough brogans. He wore a shabby derby which he had pulled far over his face. The lower part of his face was covered with short, stiff whiskers which protruded from under the brim of his hat.

"Howdy!" answered John after a pause. He then turned again to his engine.

"My name be Josh Midgette," the man continued after he had watched John a few moments.

John wiped his hands on the seat of his trousers, deliberately took a huge plug of tobacco from his pocket, and bit off a chew. "Mine be Sam Forbes," he answered, spitting vigorously. "Have a chaw?" he continued, as he offered the tobacco to Midgette.

"This be yer fust voyage ter these heah waters?" Josh asked sociably as he tore off a huge piece of tobacco with his powerful teeth.

"Yeah," answered John, and when the plug was returned to him he continued. "A man up to Norfolk gave me this heah terbacco terther night when I put ter port thar. He wuz that tickled ter see me

when he heard I wuz from the Chesapeake that he gin me this heah home cuared plug. Be yer ever been thar?''

Josh deliberately unloaded his mouth of a stream of yellow liquid before he answered. ''Naw, I hain't never been thar. But thar ain't a foot of water on this heah coast that Josh Midgette hain't sailed over in his day. Be yer aiming ter anchor in these here waters for a spell?''

''Jest long enough ter see if I wanter squat heah. Kin yer tell me where I kin git a bite and put up while I'm heah?''

Josh studied the patched toes of his brogans for a few moments. ''I reckon Mis' Wescot mont put yer up,'' he finally answered. ''She be a widow 'oman, an' she and her crazy darter lives down yander a piece,'' he said, pointing to the beach parallel to the wharf. ''If yer wanter go now, yer can go 'long with me, 'cause I hafter go directly past her place ter git ter mine.''

''Much obliged,'' said John. ''Jest wait 'till I git my belongings.''

John quickly secured a small bundle which contained a few clothes, two automatics, two flashlights, ammunition, and fishing tackle. ''Draw in yer net,'' he said to Midgette as he sprang upon the rotten wharf.

John followed Midgette up the beach. About a hundred yards from the shore straggled the cottages of the fishermen. A few shrubby trees grew near them, and here and there, where there was soil enough, a small garden was laid out. Several dirty children stopped their play in the sand to stare at Sumner and to shrink away at the sight of Midgette. Now and then a worn-looking woman or a young girl would peer fearfully through the doorway at the two men. To John's surprise Josh did not stop at any of the cottages, but went straight past them down the curving shore.

The two men walked along for some time until they came to a point of land that extended out into the water. The whole place was thickly covered with reeds and tall wire grass. John could see that the water came up among the reeds.

''This be Shark's Point,'' said Midgette. ''There,'' he continued, pointing out across the water, ''be Have-a-Care Shoals' Lighthouse But we won't anchor heah, 'cause yer port is straight down yander a piece. Thar—see it?''

''Yeah,'' answered John as he rounded the point and saw a weather-beaten cottage straight ahead. ''Kinder lonesome looking,'' he observed.

''Kinder. Her old man wuz a peculiar kinder fish. He built his cabin and brought his 'oman out heah. It's all right for a man without a fam'ly like me, but 'tis kinder tough on 'oman folk.''

The two men quickened their steps and soon came to the cottage. Around it was a worn board fence, and at one side was a tiny garden. Josh walked up to the door and knocked with the heel of his shoe. A pale, sad-looking woman appeared. At the sight of Midgette she started and her pale face became a shade whiter. Josh slowly removed his hat. For the first time John could see the whole of the man's face. His forehead seemed to recede into a mass of iron-gray hair. His eyes were small, black, and so close together that his temples bulged out. His nose was very thin at the bridge but broadened out flat at its end. John did not like Josh's face nor the peculiar smirk with which he now approached the widow.

''Mis' Wescot,'' began Midgette, trying to make his gruff voice less harsh, ''heah be a young fellow, Sam Forbes, that blowed in port this morning. I told him yer mout take him in, being as yer an' M'lissa be heah by yerselves.''

Mrs. Wescot turned her half-frightened eyes from Josh to John. ''Shore I'll take him,'' she said. ''Yer know I cain't say no,'' she added in a low, bitter voice.

''How's M'lissa?'' asked Josh.

''Poorly,'' returned the woman listlessly.

''Pretty bad,'' observed Josh. ''I'll hafter be sailin' on,'' he added after a moment. ''Good-day, Mis' Wescot. Glad ter have butted onto yer, Mr. Forbes.''

John followed Mrs. Wescot into the house. She showed him to his room, which was very small. The only furnitnre was a cot and a rough table and chair. An oil lamp was on the table. On one side of the room was a small window The widow had left, but she soon returned to lead John to breakfast.

She carried him into a room that served for both dining room and kitchen. In the center of the room was a rough table, bare but very clean. At each end of the table was a chair, and on each side were rough benches.

''Jest take one of the cheers and lay to,'' invited the widow. ''Me and M'lissa done et more'n two hours ago.''

John sat down and was soon busily engaged with his breakfast—fried spots, corn bread, and black coffee.

"Ma," suddenly came a childish voice from outside, "be yer going with me ter see Kill Devil?"

"No, M'lissa," answered Mrs. Wescot. "I ain't got no time. But come heah an' see this heah gentlem'n."

John heard the scampering of bare feet, and turned his eyes to the door just as the widow led a child forward.

"This be my M'lissa," the widow said simply.

"Glad to see yer, M'lissa," said John. "Won't yer all come an' set with me?"

Silently the mother and child sat down on one of the benches. A glance at the child was enough to tell John that she was a half-wit. Her features were perfect. Her brown hair clung in curls about her beautiful face. But the absence of expression in her blue eyes as well as the half-blank, half-wild expression of her face decried her misfortune.

"How old be yer, M'lissa?" asked John.

The child merely looked at John with a vacant stare.

"She be twelve," said her mother.

John noticed that the widow seemed disinclined to talk, and to put her at ease with him, he told her a fictitious story about his home. He also repeated to her his talk with Josh. During his recital the widow's face lost some of its sadness and took on an expression of interest. The child sat staring vacantly at Sumner.

"I wanter go ter Kill Devil! I wanter go ter Kill Devil and see the ship! ship! ship!" suddenly screamed the girl. "Come go with me," she continued, springing up and grasping Sumner by the hand.

"Come, M'lissa," soothed her mother, gently pulling her away from John. "Come, let's go into the garden."

John soon made the acquaintance of the fishermen, and by his cheerful helpfulness soon won their confidence and esteem. Mrs. Wescot had trusted him entirely from the first. Josh Midgette had continued his over-friendliness, but John did not like him. The villagers openly feared the man, but John had been unable to discover the cause. Josh seemed to have no work to do. He loafed about the wharf a great deal, and quoted the Bible to the fearful fishermen. There was something repulsive about the man.

"Ain't we going ter Kill Devil ter-day?" asked Melissa one afternoon as John strolled into the yard. He had borrowed a canoe and had been out fishing since early morning.

"If yer ma wants ter," answered John. John had learned that Kill Devil was a high sand dune whose yellow peak towered high above the island. The dune was about a mile from the widow's home and was a favorite resort of Mrs. Wescot and Melissa. John had accompanied them on several of their trips; for he enjoyed the view from the summit of the hill. To-day John felt discouraged. He had been on the island two weeks and had not discovered the slightest clue that might lead to information about the smugglers. And at the child's suggestion he was glad to revive his spirits by a visit to the dune.

Melissa had run into the cottage. She soon returned with her mother. They joined Sumner, and the three set off for Kill Devil. A brisk breeze blew from the water and fanned the cheeks of the three people. They walked slowly along the sandy beach. Now and then Melissa sprang from her mother's side and ran screaming in pursuit of a scurrying sandfiddler.

At the end of an hour the three had reached the dune, toiled up its steep, slipping side, and now sat exhausted upon its peak—a hundred feet above the level of the sea.

Melissa was very tired. She lay down upon the sand and placed her head in her mother's lap. Soon she was asleep.

Mrs. Wescot and John gazed silently upon the view before them. John could see far out in the sound, far beyond the Have-a-Care Lighthouse. Far, far out in the sound he saw a faint blur. At first he thought it was a ship; but when he had watched it a while, he noticed that it kept the same position all the time.

"Do you see that air gray blur 'way out in the sound?" he asked the widow.

"Yes."

"Whater yer 'spose 'tis?"

The widow did not answer immediately. Finally she said in a low voice, "The Wreck."

"The wreck?" John repeated in surprise.

Mrs. Wescot did not seem to hear. She gently stroked her child's face. "Sam," she said after a few minutes had passed, "if yer air aiming ter be one of us, you orter know. An' I guess I be the one ter tell yer, being as I be who I be," she added sadly.

"We folks heah don't talk about it much," she continued. "That air wreck has been thar since the

Civil War. It uster be a Confederate cruiser, and wuz sunk out thar arter the war by the Yankees.

"Nobody thought much about it 'till 'bout fifteen years ago. Then on dark nights lights wuz seen and quar noises wuz herd. At first nobody didn't pay no 'tention to nothing, 'cause everybody thought some fisherman had gone out thar and set up some nets. But them quar things kept goin' on 'till folks thought something orter be done about it. So one day five men an' Josh set out ter see what wuz troubling the old wreck."

The widow stopped and pushed her bonnet back from her pale face.

"They got within fifty foot of the wreck," she continued, "when from somewhar inside the entrals of that air wreck came hollers and cussings. They could heah swords and knives clashin'. It sounded like the hants of all those Yanks and Rebels wuz fightin' the war over agin.

"'Folks,' said John ter the tothers, 'this be God's business and we'd better let this heah wreck alone!' The tothers wuz scared to death, and they all sailed back and swore they'd never bother the wreck again. Everybody wuz scared of the hants. Josh uster take out a old penny and cross it. He said hit'd skeer the hants away.

"I sed everybody," the widow said, taking the child's face in her hands, "but yer gotter know the rest if yer gonna be of us." She kissed her sleeping child and continued, "My man Bill didn't believe in hants. He uster laugh at Josh and the rest, and say Josh didn't believe no more in hants than he did. Josh's face'd go black and he'd say 'God'd tend God's business.' Bill'd laugh an' say, 'Yeah, an' the devil'd tend to the devil's business—an' Josh's, too."

The widow's eyes sought the wreck.

"That wuz thirteen year ago. Bill an' me hadn't been married a year." The widow stopped with a quivering sigh.

"One night Bill went to search for the hants. His boat wuz found next morning tied to his nets. Bill wuz in the bottom of the boat—dead. An' Josh sed God had 'tended to God's business. That's all," said the widow wearily. "M'lissa came two months later. Folks say the hants conjured her mind. But—"

"O," shrieked the child as she awoke with a start, "this is Kill Devil, an' yander is the ship!" and she pointed to the gray blur in the distance.

"Come, we must go back," said John as he lifted the widow gently to her feet. "Yer are right kind ter tell me this, an' I won't forget it."

That night John was jubilant. He had found the clue.

"Now," said Captain Harper two weeks later when he had summoned John to the cabin, "since the smugglers have been captured and their leader, Josh Midgette, has been killed, I would like to know how you managed to find out that the smugglers had built a store room in the wreck."

"That was very easy, sir," answered John. "The night after Mrs. Wescot told me her story, I borrowed a canoe and made a visit to the wreck. As luck would have it Josh and his gang were there. I concealed myself and canoe under the bow of the wreck and overheard them making their plans to remove a cargo of whiskey. After they left, I went aboard the wreck and discovered that a storeroom had been built and concealed within the wreck. Two days later I left the village and returned to the cutter. You already know the rest, sir."

"You discharged your duty very creditably indeed," commended the Captain.

"Thank you, sir," answered John, "but the credit should go to the widow and you. Mrs. Wescot furnished the clue, and you captured the smugglers. However, I thank you again for your kind consideration of me, sir."

"I suppose your speed in following your clue, and your leadership in the capture counted for nothing," returned Captain Harper. "There is a vacancy on the cutter," he continued. "The second mate has taken the place of the first; so, Sumner, you are now second mate on the *Revenge.*"

SIRE DE MAILGALLOP'S DOOR

Edwin P. Gibson

Dentist de Bowlou was not yet two-and-thirty, but he counted himself a grown man, and a very accomplished vaudeville actor into the bargain. Lads were early formed in that rough, feministic epoch; and when one has been in a race riot and a dozen revenue raids, has been killed by his man in an honorable fashion, and knows a thing or two about home-brew and woman-kind, an uncertain step or two at the gate when coming in at night is surely to be pardoned.

Dentist had run his Ford under a tree with due care, and supped on French-fried potatoes. Then in a very disjointed frame of mind, he had gone out to pay a visit in the lavender of the night. It was not a very wise proceeding on the young man's part. He would have done better to have daneed all night and gone decently to bed. For the town was full of overworked cellars; and though Dentist was out under a peace-bond, his peace-bond was likely to trouble him little on a chance encounter.

Dentist de Bowlou walked slowly and was soon ringing the bell at his friend's door; but though he had promised his young wife to stay only a little while and to make an early return, his welcome was so pleasant, and he found so many new kinds of "hootch" to taste, and so many recipes to copy, that it was already long past eight o'clock before he said goodby as best he could. The wind was still lying where it had fallen; the night was as black as a sheet; not a star, nor a ray of sunshine slipped through the canopy of cloud. Dentist was ill-acquainted with the intricate streets of Durham; even by daylight he found some trouble in picking his way; and now with nothing but moonshine everything was soon lost altogether. He was certain of one thing only—to keep moving; for his house lay at the lower end, or tail, of West Main street, and his wife would be waiting with a rolling pin to assist him to bed. With this clue to go upon he stumbled and groped forward, now breathing more freely after doing a dozen yards without running into anything, now embracing a lamp-post along the way. It is an eerie and mysterious position to be thus submerged in opaque blackness. The steady snore of the policeman is terrifying in its possibilities. The touch of the cold earth to the exploring man startles one like the touch of a snake; the inequalities of the pavement shake his stomach into his mouth; a piece of denser darkness threatens an ambuscade or a chasm in the pathway; and where the air is brighter, the houses put on a strange and bewildering appearance, as if to lead him farther from his way. For Dentist, who had to find his way home without letting his neighbors smell his breath, there was real danger as well as mere discomfort in the walk.

He had not gone above a hundred yards before he saw a light coming to meet him, and heard voices speaking together in the approaching auto. It was a party of University men on their way to Chapel Hill. Dentist assured himself that they had all been making free with the soda-fountain. It was like as not they would kill him like a dog, take his recipes from him, and leave him where he fell. The situation was inspiriting but dangerous. If he were but fleet of foot and silent he might evade their notice altogether.

Unfortunately, as he turned to beat a retreat, his foot rolled upon a brick; he fell upon the pavement with a string of oaths, his pint bottle burst and the liquid flowed limpidly beside him. Two or three officers quickly arrived in a quarter of an hour and demanded where he got it. Dentist made no reply, and staggered slowly down the street. They still kept calling after him, and just then began to double the pace in pursuit.

Dentist cast a look around and stopped in front of a business house. There he might escape observation, or—if that were too much to expect—was in a capital posture whether for parley or defence. So thinking, he drew the March issue of the Whiz Bang from his pocket, and set his back against the door. To his surprise it yielded behind his weight; and though he turned in a moment, it continued to swing back on oiled and noisy hinges, until it stood wide open on a black interior. He had no sooner stepped within than the door swung shut.

Dentist breathed. He then groped about for some means of opening the door and slipping forth again. The inner surface was of smooth glass, having but one handle, and not more than half a dozen projections on its surface. He shook it; it was as firm as a reed. Dentist de Bowlou frowned and gave vent to a loud whistle. What ailed the door? he wondered.

Then, for the first time, he became aware of a light about the level of his eyes and at some distance in the interior of the house. Since he had begun to suspect that he was not alone, his heart had continued to beat with smothering violence, and an intolerable desire for action of any sort had possessed itself of his spirit. He was in deadly peril, he believed. He went slowly forward with uplifted hands, until he struck an abrupt rise in the floor; it was a platform affair. He jumped upon it and stepped behind the curtain which had concealed the source of light.

He found himself in a room of common brick. Dentist recognized the surroundings, and was gratified to find himself in such good hands. On a cracker-box beside the wall and directly facing Dentist as he entered, sat a little young gentleman in a corduroy coat. He sat with his legs folded and his hands crossed. His countenance had a strongly masculine cast; not properly human, but such as we see in the average freshman. Beautiful white hair hung straight all round his head, like a saint's. His little moustache was the pink of youthful sweetness.

Such was Elain, Sire de Mailgallop.

"Pray step in," said the Sire de Mailgallop, "I have been expecting you all the evening."

Dentist felt a weak shudder of disgust go through his marrow. He could scarcely get words together in reply.

"I fear", he said, "this is a double accident. I am not the person you suppose me to be."

The Sire de Mailgallop chirped agreeably. "Of course not," he said, "I expected as much, but you must either give me the recipes or else marry my daughter."

The girl who was sitting nearby, was on her feet in less than ten minutes. "My father, you cannot be in earnest," she said. "I declare before God I will stab myself rather than be forced on that young man. The heart rises at it—why he drives nothing better than a Ford! Oh, my father, pity me. There is not a woman in the world but would prefer death to such a nuptial."

"Sir," said Dentist, with the grandest possible air, "I believe I am to have some say in the matter of this marriage; and let me tell you at once, I will be no party to forcing the inclination of this young lady. I have already one Orpheum girl for a wife, and a second would be superfluous."

The girl looked at him with blood in her eyes; but the old gentleman only smiled and smiled, until the smile grew positively sickening to Dentist.

"I am afraid", he said, "Monsieur de Bowlou, that you do not perfectly understand the choice I have offered you. Follow me, I beseech you, to the rear." And he led the way to one of the small dressing rooms. "You observe," he went on, "there is a brand new copper still in good working order. Marry my daughter and you shall be honored with the position of chief-brewer."

The girl advanced toward Dentist with her hands extended. Her face was red with rouge, and her eyes shone with glycerine tears.

"You shall not leave!" she cried, "You shall marry me after all."

"You seem to think, madam," replied Dentist, "that I have no wife to stand in the way."

"Oh, no, no," she replied, "I see you are nothing but a bum. It is for my own sake—I could not bear to part with you for such a scruple."

"I am afraid," returned Dentist, "that you underrate the difficulty, madam. You don't know my wife."

"It is a small matter to interfere with your being chief brewer for our crowd. Your wife eloped with my brother this afternoon and they've gone on a honeymoon to Cary."

"Girl", he said with a swift, uncertain, passionate utterance, "you have seen whether I fear my wife. You must know well enough that I would gladly leap out of that basement window into the empty air rather than be thwarted in my desire to be chief-brewer in your company. It would be like all the joys of Paradise to live on and spend my life in your service."

They were both silent.

"By the way, what is your name?" he asked of her harshly.

"They call me Yeast," she said, "because I was born on Easter."

SPRING FEVER

Aura Holton

"Tom home, Mrs. West?" Mrs. West's intended reply was cut off by a shrill call from the back yard.

"Say. Mom, when Tad comes, tell 'im to c'mon out. I'm gonna shoot some goals."

"Thomas is in the backyard," said Mrs. West, turning back to the questioner. Her information was unnecessary, for Charles, familiarly known as Tadpole, was already taking the shortest cut to the back yard basket-ball goal. That short-cut, incidentally, led across Mrs. West's pet pansy bed, and she made a mental note of the occurrence. The boys simply *must* keep off the flowers.

She returned to her sewing, only to be interrupted a few minutes later by a rush of feet and a burst of conversation:

"Mom, we're goin' down back of the school to play. We—"

"Thomas, don't you have any lessons for tomorrow? If you go to the movies tonight—"

"No'm—nothin' but *C'aesar,* an' that's short. I'll get it 'fore supper," and Tom was off.

"Where's Tom?" queried Mr. West as the family took their places around the supper table.

"Playing ball with the gang", explained Tom's older brother. "I called 'im when I passed. Here he is", and a begrimed Tom entered. His face was dirty, his trousers torn, his hands were grimy.

"Run wash your hands, son," cautioned his mother.

"And listen to me, young man. You may play ball all the afternoon if your mother says you may, but you've got to be home by mealtime. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," and a chastened Tom went out to clean up. After supper Mrs. West stopped her son just as, cap in hand, he was going out the front door.

"No movies tonight, son."

"Ma'am? Aw, we'll be home early, Mom. Honest. I promised Tad—"

"But the *Caesar?* No, son, you can't play all afternoon and all night too. 'Phone Charles that you can't come.

And though Tom grumbled, the argument ended there. When Mom said a thing like that she meant it. Hard luck, anyhow, having to go to school. Mom and Dad were silly—school and clean clothes and lessons were all they thought about. But Tom was helpless—it was two against one, and he reluctantly called up the waiting Tad. And Mom in the next room was saying to Dad:

"It gets harder and harder to make him do anything except play basket-ball. I'll be glad when it gets too hot to play."

"Yep, but hot weather means baseball, and that's worse. Besides, your son's growing up. There may be spring complications. Ever hear: 'In the spring a young man's fancy,' etc?"

"Nonsense! He's not even fourteen yet. No he's too much interested in his games to care about anything else."

"Meaning little girls? Well, we'll see."

And they saw, for just about a month later Mrs. West's attention was attracted by the familiar "Tom home?" from the front of the house. It was Tad, a glove and mit hanging from the baseball bat which he carried on his shoulder.

"Why no. Is it time?"

"Yes'm. It's after three. But I reckon I'm early. He—he'll be here soon."

"Charles, have you seen Tom?" The boy evaded her glance, but she insisted. "Where is Tom?"

"Oh he's coming. He just walked home with Janey."

"Oh, with Janey", repeated Mrs. West.

"Yes'm. He does it mos' every day. I'm glad she's goin' back to school t'morrow. Maybe Tom'll be some fun then." Mrs. West laughed as she went back into the house. Her husband had been right. Spring had proved too much for Tom, and he had fallen for the charms of Tad's visiting cousin, Janey. Children were funny. For ten days now—in fact ever since the party Charles had given for his little cousin, Tom had been a different person. It had shocked the family at first when he appeared with his hair combed and his face washed at suppertime; continued surprises of the sort had grown amusing. Tom's latest was a desire for long trousers! Mrs. West smiled as she thought of it, and laughed outright when she heard Tom step on the porch, greeted by a friendly:

"Hey! Through spooning?"

"Hey yourself!"

"Eat y'r dinner, and c'mon let's play ball."

"Ain't got time. Gotta study."

"Study? Aw, study tonight. C'mon, Tom."

"Can't. Goin' to the minstrel t'night." And Tom brought a sudden stop to embarrassing questions by the simple expedient of slamming the door. His mother watched with interest as without a word, he got his Caesar book and began to study.

"Say, Mom, what's *polliciti* come from?"

"*Pollicear*". Tom labored on, grunted, looked up a word, and finally burst out:

"Mom, how'd you get this sentence?" A *Caesar* book was unceremoniously placed on her work.

"Do you know all the words?"

"Yes'm. *Interim* is *in the meanwhile,* and the next word means *daily,* and the next *Caesar,* and the next is the name of a place, and *frumentum* means—means —oh I forgot what it means. Don't you know, Mom?"

"How about *flagitare?*"

"I think that's *best;* I'm most sure it is."

"Did you look it up?"

"No'm, but—"

"Thomas, you've got to read that lesson—I haven't. If you really couldn't get that sentence I'd help you, but you haven't tried."

Tom resumed the hated task of looking up words. Getting the Caesar lesson was an uphill job at anytime—it was doubly so on the sunny April afternoon when the ball diamond was calling so lustily. But Tom worked steadily, with a persistence worthy of success. When the job was finished he went to the phone and called Tad's number. Mother, exercising her age-old privilege listened in.

"That 3-9-2? Is that Janey? This is Tom—. Goin' to the minstrel t'night?————Who you goin' with?———Well, I got two tickets—I could come 'round for you——Well, I jus' happened to get two—No, honest, there wasn't nobody—anybody else—if you don't use it it'll jus' be wasted . . . . . Aw, please do—Well—what time you think we'd better leave?" Just at this point in the conversation Mr. West entered at the phone stand. Tom felt quite sure that a real gentleman would gone on in the living room and closed the door but Dad had forgotten that he was a gentleman.

"Atta boy! Draw it out, Tom, girls always listen to a fellow better on the 'phone! This was not to be borne. Tom drew the phone conversation to a speedy close. Grinning sheepishly at his father, he went back to his books, and began a diligent search for the value of 'x' in an unknown problem. Dad, concealing a broad grin assumed an expression of mock concern. He put his hand on the boy's forehead.

"Feel sick, son?"

"No, sir" squirming out from under the hand. "I'm jus' workin' math."

"Math? Oh, I see. Well, since you've been so industrious you deserve a prize. Want to go with Mom and me to the high school minstrel tonight?"

"No, sir—that is, I don't reckon I can. I've got to do somethin' else", and Tom slipped quickly out of the room. The room was seldom big enough for Tom and Dad at the same time these days, and Tom usually abdicated.

At supper a much glorified Tom graced the table. His hair was oiled, his fingernails cleaned, his new (short trousered) suit freshly pressed, and the top of a clean handkerchief just showed above the line of his pocket.

"M-hm! Anybody been using pneumonia cure?" asked the older brother, his eyes on Tom's hair.

"Vaseline" was sister's contribution, and then "Somebody's spilled my perfume!" Tom maintained a stoic silence.

"Say, kid, wanta go with me to the minstrel tonight?" asked his brother.

"No, thanks," replied Tom airily.

"No? Why my dear Thomas!"

"Now Andy, leave Tom alone. He's all right." Tom flashed a grateful look to Mom—she was all right, too. Next time he took a girl anywhere he'd be mighty darn sure nobody in the family knew anything about it.

The visit was over. Janey had gone back to school, and for the first time in his young life Tom found pen and ink valuable. The next night, while Tad enjoyed a thrilling movie of the wild and woolly west, Tom laboriously composed a letter to Her. With his pen clutched tight, and his tongue moving as regularly as his fingers, he ruined six sheets of his sister's best notepaper before he achieved his masterpiece.

The answer was prompt. Two days later on his return from school he was greeted by a pale-blue envelope addressed to him and postmarked "Hillville". The rest of the family had seen it, too, and table talk that night centered around persons—one in school at Hillville, the other very decidedly and very uncomfortably present.

For two whole weeks the letters came with astonishing regularity. Tom was happy, or would have been if only he and the postman had known of those letters. To be sure, he found that a truly important correspondence took rather more time than he had imagined—there was practically no time now to be spent with the gang, but to Tom's mind the results were more than worth while. For as the friendship increased, the letters from Janey grew increasingly warm—oh yes, they were worth what they cost. Tom usually read the letter and then immediately put it with the rest of the correspondence in his dresser draw. It was not that he distrusted his family,—he knew none of them would read his letters even if he left them lying around but it didn't pay to take chances. And then one day he relaxed his vigilance ever so little—just to the extent of slipping the letter into his pocket along with the usual assortment of chewing gum, nails, candy, and important papers. To be sure, he should have remembered that Tad felt no delicacy, in case his own supply of gum gave out during school hours, in slipping his hand into Tom's pocket for a stick. But when one is in love, especially for the first time, one often forgets things. And so it happened that Tad got hold of the letter,—the last and to Tom the best of the lot.

After school that day Tom started leisurely home with the gang. There was no reason for haste as this was not the day for a letter. He shied a pebble at a telephone post at the end of the block, and was whistling gaily when his attention was attracted by a partly suppressed giggle. Looking around he saw Tad eagerly devouring the contents of a pale-blue folder of note paper.

"Hey, whatcher think yer' doin'?"

"Hi, yi! fellows!" It was Tad—"Ol' Tom's bloomin' out—a letter from his girl! Hot dog!" Then a simpering voice began, "Dearest Tom: I just got your sweet letter, an'——" Here his speech was seriously impeded by a dirty hand over his mouth. Tom had lost just the time required for a hurried but thorough search through his pockets, and then leaped for his one-time friend.

"Shut up! you sneak! readin' somebody else's letters! I'll learn you!" And Tom pounded the mirth shaken Tad on the head. "Gimme my letter, you fat head!"

"Take it Slim an' read it—out loud," yelled Tad, throwing the crumpled letter wildly. Tom turned to rescue his property and saved it from further desecration but the deed was already done. Tad had seen enough. "Sweet letter." Hot dog, boys! Ol' Tom writes a sweet letter—dearest Tom, I mean! An' she signed the thing "your own Janey" and Tad laughing helplessly leaned against a tree for support.

"You shut up, Tad Lawrence, or I'll tell—"

"Oh boy! Tell anything you know Tom,—ain't nothing good as this," and the roars continued.

"How d'ya' say she started?" asked Slim.

"Dearest Tom," simpered Tad.

"And she ended?" prodded another member of the deriding gang.

"With lots of love"—fresh shrieks of laughter from the gang—"your own Janey." And the gang whooped in its enjoyment of the fallen member's discomfiture. But flesh could endure no more; a back alley looked like paradise to Tom, and he sneaked gratefully off, followed by Tad's taunting . . . "An' fellows, she sent him a kiss—a kiss. Oh boy! Hot dog!" At that moment, Tom had murder in his heart. For some days he gave assidious attention to his books—his mother began to worry about his health. But the letters continued to go—and come.

And then one day, just when it became absolutely necessary that Tom choose between Janey and a suppressed but decided fondness for baseball, something happened,—an awful something. He was greeted by the familiar blue envelope but the unusually thick letter within began "Dearest Billy", and continued discussing things and people of whom Tom knew nothing. It was signed: "Lots of love, Janey," and after her name were three little cross marks. Tom knew from sweet experience what these marks meant, and he was filled with consuming bitterness. She had just been playing with him, and had been writing letters like that to "dearest Billy!"

For a long time Tom sat and thought it out, holding the fateful letter in his hand. Then at last he made his decision, rose and quietly left the house. He might be and probably would be the laughing stock for the gang for many days but he knew how to take his medicine. At suppertime that night Mr. West took his place at the table and looked up, surprised at the empty plate next to him.

"Tom sick, or just writing a *billetdoux?*"

"Neither. Behold!" and Andy pointed out the window. Coming up the path, laden with gloves, mits, and bats was Tom,—a familiar Tom with torn clothes, soiled hands, and dirt smeared face. He came in sheepishly.

"Run wash your hands, Tom", cautioned his mother.

"Son," said Mr. West, "if your mother says you can play ball in the afternoon, all right; but understand this—you must get to your meals on time!" Then he helped his own plate bountifully, and the recent severity of his tone was belied by the good humor with which he discoursed thereafter on politics, the school board, and the possibility of adding a car to the family equipment this summer if business continued good.

ROUNDELAY

Robert P. Harriss

The sun-beams dance, inspiring—
Now advancing, now retiring,
  When the cool breeze stirs the leafy copse's shade;
Through the openings they come streaming,
Dancing, twisting, streaming, beaming,
Like bright eyes with jackets gleaming
    In the glade.

Autumn's coming, Summer's waning,
Now the katydid's complaining;
  Soon the changing leaves will turn to red and gold,
Yet the sunbeams dance together
All unmindful that the weather
Soon will turn the woods to heather,
    When 'tis cold.

IMPRESSIONS OF OBERAMMERGAU

C. R. Bagley

Of all the so-called world wonders which I have seen, Oberammergau is the only one that stands out in my memory as being far ahead of its reputation. Oftentimes, of course, when we have not enough historical and artistic background or reproductive imagination to understand and appreciate a well known monument, we complain, quite naturally, that the whole thing is merely a sham, badly misrepresented by journalists and highly overrated by writers of guide books. This was not my experience with the Passion Play. On the contrary, the real charm of Oberammergau, in my opinion, has not generally been well explained or sufficiently extolled. The reason for this is simple. Many visitors to the little Bavarian village, especially American tourists "doing" Europe, do not know what to expect. They have heard that the Passion Play is one of the things to be seen, and they go to Oberammergau from a motive of curiosity to find out what it is about, without knowing anything, or scarcely anything, about the language, the place, or the play. For instance, one good woman returning to Munich the day after the performance of July 19, was heard to volunteer in a strong Chicago accent: "I don't like it near so good (sic) as grand opera." In order to appreciate and to enjoy the Passion Play, one must know the surrounding conditions and must enter into the spirit of the village folk and of the play itself.

The journey from Munich requires three hours or more by train (127 kilometers). Consequently it is impossible to arrive on the day of the performance in time for the beginning of the play at 8 a. m. Arrangements are made to feed and house in the village the large crowd of visitors who arrive at all hours from midday to midnight of the day preceding a main performance. My reservations had been made for July 19; so on the afternoon of the 18th I set out by train in a state of great expectation for the small village which attracts sightseers from all parts of the world. My enthusiasm rose as soon as we left the station in Munich; and although somewhat dampened by the vaporous conversation of a fellow traveler with the characteristic gutteral enunciation, it continued to rise throughout the rest of the trip. No doubt the brilliant sunshine contributed greatly to the beauty of the scenes we passed, but it seemed that nowhere had I ever seen Nature smiling so sweetly on land and water. Every spot invited us to stop for a while. Starnberger Sea, covered with tiny sailboats, and the green fields on every side offered a continuous panorama of rest and contentment and beauty. As we passed the lovely watering places of Heldafing and Tutzing, I was, for once, completely reconciled to the incredibly slow speed of the so-called "fast train." At Murnau the main line branches, and here we changed cars for an hour's ride up the mountains on the spur which leads to Oberammergau. This change was not without its inconveniences. For some reason the usual crowd of porters was not at the train, and the heavily laden tourists, forced to rely on their own resources, had great difficulty in getting their baggage across to the next station. I could not suppress an ungallant chuckle at an English lady who had brought two suit cases and two hat boxes just to spend one day in the mountains. As I sneaked away with both hands full—like the rest of the tourists—she was rudely apostrophizing the absent porters.

I suppose no train runs very fast up hill, but the electric trolleys from Murnau to Oberammergau do not even run fast going down hill. Personally, I was glad that we took an hour to travel the fifteen miles. In the first place it was safer, and secondly it gave us plenty of time to see the peasant scenes and costumes which were more in evidence as we advanced farther into the mountains. The Bavarian mountaineer in his costume of short buckskin trousers, tight fitting blue coat, and feathered hat, presents a robust and picturesque appearance. The women, too, are sturdy enough; so much so that their husbands believe in allowing them equal rights in the question of manual labor. In all the fields the women were doing their share of the work. After groaning up hill and down hill, our train finally came to Unterammergau at the bottom of a long valley. Pushing on up this valley, we caught a first glimpse of our destination.

Oberammergau, as the name indicates, lies at the upper end of the Ammer valley. It is a very unpretentious village of less than 2000 inhabitants, tucked away in the mountains just north of the Austrian frontier. As one sees Oberammergau from the train,

there is nothing to distinguish it from the other villages of this agricultural section, except for the tall curved roof theatre where the celebrated Passion Play is given. During nine years out of each decade the inhabitants live on the products of their farms and on the sale of their handicraft. One year out of ten they reap a rich harvest of money from the crowds attracted there by the play. But the Passion Play was not at its beginning a commercial undertaking; it is so now to a surprisingly small degree. The play itself scarcely does more than pay expenses, but the shopkeepers (and there are scores of them) naturally profit by the large crowds of wealthy tourists who buy freely of all souvenirs. Prices, however, are quite reasonable, despite the excessive demands and the reckless buyers. For example, take the two greatest necessities! I paid only ten marks (at that time about two cents) for a 140-page textbook of the play and drank Munchener beer for four marks fifty per goblet. One could hardly object to that.

Once in the village, the visitor cannot fail to be impressed by the appearance and demeanor of the inhabitants. The long hair of both men and women and the unshaven beards of the men contrast strangely with the well groomed faces of the tourists. But the greatest contrast between native and visitor is seen in the quiet, gentle, polite, and unruffled air of the former. While we hurried here and there, jostling each other in the crowd, talking loudly enough to be heard a block away, bargaining for souvenirs, or secretly comparing our clothes with those of the person across the street, they went about their daily work simply, unpretentiously, and with so much grace that I often asked myself the question: "Which of the two is the more civilized, which is the more cultured?" This charming lack of pomp is well illustrated by an incident which happened in 1910. A celebrated actor, in Oberammergau to see the play, was so impressed with the talent of Guido Mayr that he asked to be introduced to the gifted impersonator of Judas Iscariot. Imagine his surprise the following day when he sought out the Mayr home and found Guido in the field calmly pitching hay! For the most part, the inhabitants of Oberammergau are natural, sweet-tempered, and without pose of any sort, a wholesome people who have remained unspoiled despite their world-wide reputation and their decennial associations with many visitors whose manners vary inversely with the polish of their diamonds. The periodic representations of the sufferings and gentleness of Christ, together with the enormous amount of study and training involved, have apparently sweetened the daily lives of the players. I stayed in the home of St. Thomas (Anton Mayr) and had a few minutes of conversation with Frau Anton Lang the morning after the performance. Everywhere I was impressed with the gentleness and simple straightforwardness of the citizens.

Oberammergau, I might add, is not a typical German village. Its atmosphere is colored by the play, with its interesting history and unbroken tradition of nearly 300 years.

In 1633, according to the old textbooks of Oberammergau and the chronicles of the village priest, a great plague in the form of a contagious disease raged throughout the neighboring towns of Partenkirche and Kohlgrub. In spite of all precautions it crossed over the mountains and attacked the villagers in the valley. In a very short time 84 inhabitants of Oberammergau had died from the rapidly spreading disease. The community, in distress, sought help from the Great Physician. They made a vow to represent the passion of Christ every ten years in the hope that they might be delivered from the dreadful plague. The story goes that after the vow was taken not another person there died from the disease, though many lay ill at the time. The following year, 1634, the villagers began the keeping of their vow by performing the Passion Play for the first time. Since 1680 it has been given every ten years in spite of floods, fires, and other unhappy circumstances. The two performances before this year took place in 1900 and in 1910. The play would normally have been given again in 1920, but the post-war conditions made it impossible from the standpoint of the villagers and undesirable from the standpoint of the visitors. The performance was undertaken this year only after much deliberation and anxiety, but so far the venture has been successful. Every performance up to date has been witnessed by a large crowd of spectators, some devout, others merely curious.

As I remarked above, the spectator must enter into the spirit of the play, and in order to do this he must lay aside all prejudice and imagine that he is witnessing the life of Christ and His disciples in the year 33 A. D. Refusing to see the Passion Play because it is given by Germans is like refusing to hear Wagner or to read Goethe, a pathetic admission that one is incapable of choosing the good from the bad. Personally, I greatly dislike the German people as a whole and resent their national philosophy of force, but the Ba-

varians know how to play the Passion, and from their vivid representation of Christ's sufferings and love I frankly confess that I received a greater lesson and a greater inspiration than from any sermon I ever heard. It is my humble opinion that the world will be saved—if it is saved—by practicing the principles exemplified in Christ's daily life, not by calmly assuming that the death on the cross has done the job for us. This, of course, is merely a personal opinion and has nothing to do with the story. Let us consider the performance.

The theatre, where the Play is given about every four days from May to September, is a covered area of 2100 square meters, with a seating capacity of between four and five thousand. The stage itself, with the exception of a covered portion in the center and the houses of Annas and of Pilate on the right and left, is open to the sky. The orchestra has a covered box at the foot of the stage, and the chorus between appearances rests in the wings on either side leading back from the houses.

Beforehand I was a bit disturbed at the thought of an eight-hour performance and was not at all sure that I could hold out through 140 pages of dialogue, prologue, and chorus; but once the curtain had risen, I was not only intensely interested in the play itself but was also lost in admiration at the harmonious organization of music, scenery, costumes, and acting. It is remarkable the way in which the peasants of this little village furnish an orchestra of 50 pieces, a chorus of 45 voices, and stage well a performance of eight hours duration, requiring 55 principal actors and hundreds of minor characters for the tableaux and street scenes. The text, originally compiled by the Counsellor Joseph Daisenberger and revised from time to time, now consists of three parts and 24 tableaux. The three parts represent the life of Christ: 1. From the entry into Jerusalem to the arrest in the Garden of Gethsemane; 2. From the arrest in the Garden of Gethsemane up to the condemnation by Pilate; 3. From the condemnation by Pilate up to and including the resurrection. The tableaux, taken from the Old Testament, represent well-known scenes which suggest and introduce the action which follows. For instance, the Play opens with a tableau, The Expulsion from paradise. This reminds us that a redeemer was necessary. A second tableau, Adoration of the Cross, shows the faith which the people had in the coming of a saviour. Following this introduction, the Redeemer appears in the person of Jesus making his triumphal entry into Jerusalem. The scene of the High Priests plotting against Jesus' life is preceded by a similar tableau from the Old Testament where Joseph's brethren plot against his life. Judas' betrayal bargains in which he agrees to turn over his master to the High Priests for thirty pieces of silver is prepared by a tableau representing the sale of Joseph to the Egyptian traders, and so on. The tableaux are explained and the continuity of the action maintained by the prologue who recites a verse or two at the beginning of each principal scene, and by the chorus which sings a few lines telling of what is to follow. The music which was destroyed by fire in 1817 and rewritten by the composer Rochus Dedler, is soft and harmonious, well adapted to the action. The leader and principal members of the chorus, while not great singers, are much above the ordinary choir.

It would be too long to attempt a summary of this play which begins at eight in the morning and continues until six of the afternoon, with a two-hour interval for lunch; but the account would be incomplete if I did not speak of the excellence of the representation.

The action is rendered highly dramatic by the intensity of feeling expressed by the actors. Some of the principal scenes, such as the last supper, the trial before Pilate, and the crucifixion, are beautifully staged. Not only the arrangement of the scenery but the grouping of the actors is often such as to give one the illusion of looking at some celebrated painting. The standard of acting, too, is extremely good. One is amazed at the way each actor seems born for his role. In fact I should not have believed it possible to find a sufficient variety of types in one small village, had it not been explained to me that certain boys and girls study and train from early childhood with the hope that some day they will be chosen for their coveted part. The different actors are elected by a vote of the entire community. So keen is the competition, I have been told, that unsuccessful aspirants have been known to commit suicide rather than face the disappointment of seeing their role played by another. Only unmarried women may take an active part in the Play. It often happens that a girl will choose the Play in preference to a husband and remain unmarried in order to have a role. Marie Mayr, who played the part of Mary Magdalene so well in 1910, married in 1914 and so had to be content this year with training Paula Rendyl who now has the part. A few members of the cast stand out by reason of the sustained excellence of their acting. Anton Lang, now 47 years old,

is playing the role of Jesus for the third and last time. He is, of course, in appearance and in his interpretation of the Master's gentleness and loving kindness, almost the incarnation of our idea of the Christ. Marta Veit, as Mary, does very well for the first time, but she seems too young for a mother, and her face lacks that look of experience and far reaching tenderness which we usually associate with the greatest of all heroes. Melchoir Breitsamter looks the part of John and Andreas Lang represents well the impulsive nature of Peter. Hugo Rutz and Sebastian Lang fill creditably the heavy roles of Caiphas and Annas. The best role for real acting, however is that of the villain, Judas, and the part is played by the cleverest actor in the cast. Guido Mayr, in my opinion, is really an ideal Judas. He not only maintains his facial expressions throughout long scenes, but he renders his long soliloquies so well that the spectator can almost tell what he is saying without listening, merely by watching the changing expressions of his face and the variety of his gestures. Several times I could hardly refrain from applauding as he left the stage. I have witnessed many of the great scenes of the Greek, English, and French master dramatics, but none of them have ever moved me as did the scenes of the Passion, representing Christ's agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, the journey to Golgotha, the death on the cross, and the meeting with Mary Magdalene after the Resurrection. When the curtain fell on the final scene a few minutes before six o'clock, I realized fully Aristotle's claim that tragedy does purge the passions.

A visit to Oberammergau doubtless appeals differently to different people. I can hardly say what it would mean to the man who sat just behind me at the performance and talked out loud during a large part of the time, making selfish remarks about his own discomforts and irreverent remarks about the Play, and resenting any suggestion that he keep quiet. But for some it has many revelations. My experience there, including the lessons of the play, brought to my attention more clearly than any amount of study had ever done the fact that Christ's life was absolutely dominated at all times by an unselfish love for all mankind, and his death and resurrection, symbolic of salvation, was the consummation of a perfect life in the flesh. The inhabitants of Oberammergau impressed us all with their gentleness and showed us the example of a people who attempt to practice their religion. The spectators, representing the world in general, convinced me that we are a long, long way from the ideal implied in the prayer: "Thy kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven." The conduct of some was so much like that of some of those who crucified Christ twenty centuries ago that I realized with regret that we have made but little progress and still have a great distance to go. While 2000 years old in spirit and nearly 1000 years old as a subject for theatrical representation, the Passion Play is quite modern in its application to the life of today. Every day of our lives we are meeting Pontius Pilates who have not the courage to stand up for their own convictions, prefering to wash their hands of any difficult matters. There were some Johns and a great many Judases among the five thousand present at the performance of July 19. Too many of us are still dazzled by the thirty pieces of silver.

I came away from Oberammergau with the conviction, which I have since reduced to reason, the firm conviction that a Christianity such as exemplified in the daily life of Christ would yet save the world, if the whole world could only be induced to practice it.

Hidelberg, Germany, July 21, 1922.

EDITORIAL

MIKE BRADSHAW, JR., Editor

THE NEW ARCHIVE

Well, folks, now that you have seen it what do you think of it? Of course you find many things in it that you do not like and a whole lot of things that can be improved upon but as a beginning does it not look like it is going to be one of the best college magazines in the South? That is our aim, and it is that goal that we are going to reach before the year is over.

It is well to say here that the policy of *The Archive* has undergone a radical change this year. Instead of attempting to present the highest type of literary talent to the exclusion of everything else, we are going to have as our objective, secondary only to the one stated above, the production of a real, live magazine which will be of interest to the student body of Trinity College and to the alumni.

And now that we have finished telling you what we are going to do, we shall take a few lines to tell *you*, the students of Trinity College, what you must do to make the magazine a success. Every man and woman who has the least bit of literary talent must submit material to the editors for publication. Whether it be poems, essays, short-stories, or what not, we want it—nay, even need it—and it is up to each individual student to see that we get it. If you do not give us some of your work, you do not have the right to utter a single criticism of our magazine or any article in it.

Now concerning the financial obligations. The new size and style of the magazine have greatly increased the cost of each issue. To meet this increase, the management has had to work early and late to secure advertisements. Because of its good work the financial outlook for the year is bright enough *providing each student of Trinity College subscribes to and pays for The Archive.* We are going to make the publication worth the subscription price; so don't tell the manager that you cannot afford to take it and then read your room-mate's copy. The support of the alumni is also needed but it is not so necessary to urge this because in the past the alumni have contributed far more to the financial support of the publication than have the students.

Before closing it is only just that we say a few words concerning our advertisers. They have been very liberal with their support for us this year. They have subscribed for more space than ever before and have paid higher prices than in the past. But as everyone knows they cannot afford to advertise as a favor, even though they want to do so. There is a business element attached to their advertisements. They expect and have a right to expect the trade of Trinity students, and if you do the right thing and the square thing they will get it.

These, then, are the three things Trinity students must do if *The Archive* is to be a success this year. (1) Submit material for publication. (2) Subscribe to the publication and pay for your subscription. (3) Patronize our advertisers and let them know that you appreciate their support for the College publications.

You do your part and the editors will do theirs, and *The Trinity Archive* will soon become *the best College publication in the South.*

CULTURE

Many years ago when a man was graduated from one of the higher colleges of the country, he was supposed not only to have acquired sufficient practical knowledge to enter one of the professions or to be fitted to go into business, but he was also expected to have acquired a background of general culture. He was supposed to be a well-rounded man; to have general knowledge of life; to know what men have always regarded as the higher things of life.

Unfortunately the idea of education has changed greatly during the past generation. Now, the only education which is considered valuable is that which leads to immediate results. The dollar mark has become the criterion of education. Only the subjects that deal with the line of work which the student intends to pursue is considered worth-while. The old idea of first obtaining a general cultural education before branching off into special studies which prepare a student for his life work has almost disappeared.

Proof of this state of affairs is offered by the decline in the number of students taking the courses given only for their cultural value. Latin and Greek are fast becoming dead in so far as the average stu-

dent is concerned. Ancient history and philosophy are tending to the obsolete. Art is a subject rarely to be found in the curriculum of the average college. The modern trend towards the practical is shown in the tremendous increase and growth in the departments of economics, business administration, and vocational subjects.

Where will the thing end? Even now a student is considered a fool if he does not immediately begin to specialize in his work after entering college. And unless something is done immediately to check the landslide towards the material in education, in a few decades nothing will remain of those subjects which serve only to give man a knowledge and appreciation of the higher values.

There are those, of course, who advocate the plan which is now in vogue of having education achieve immediate results. They say that the old idea was faulty; that it deserved the fate which has apparently come upon it. Why, they ask, should a man devote years of his life, which at the most is too, too short, to learning those things which will never add a dollar to his wealth, nor a iota to the well-being of physical man? Nothing, they say, is of value unless it makes a man able to command a better salary or to do something to help raise the living conditions of mankind.

But is there not something worth-while in that which teaches man to appreciate the things of beauty and of nobility? Does not the soul need educating as well as the mind? Where are the ideals which alone have raised man above the beasts of the fields to come from if only subjects of practical value are taught in the colleges of the land?

It does not suffice to equip a man to go out into the world able to secure sufficient wealth to maintain himself and family in comfort or even in luxury. Even though science through its great discoveries and priceless inventions shall eventually eliminate poverty and want from the world, nothing shall have been profited if the soul of the universe shall still grovel in the slime and filth of intellectual stagnation. If the time ever comes when man shall have lost the appreciation of those things which can come only from a study of the aspirations and ideals of noble men of the past; if the time ever comes when man shall find in the stars only the stimulation towards mathematical observation and not the inspiration for reflection on the power of God and the wonder of the beautiful, no material prosperity will suffice to save the world from soul depravity of the bitterest sort.

Let Trinity lead the way back to the old order of things. Let us not lose sight of the things of the spirit in our struggle to master the things which will profit us in the life of a mercenary world. Let us realize that the wealthiest man is not the one who has the most money in the bank but the man who can get the keenest enjoyment out of a good book, or an inspiring picture, or a beautiful melody.

EXCHANGES

In the initial issue of *The Archive*, we of the exchange department desire to make known two facts. In the first place, we court the candid, not the candied, opinions and criticisms of whatever magazines may favor us with their exchanges. In the past, the exchange departments of college magazines have been more or less useful as space-fillers, but have not been very constructive or beneficial to the character of the magazines. This year we propose to the exchange department of the college magazines of this section that a mutual spirit of frankness and genuine criticism characterize our remarks, pro and con. We feel that only in this way can our departments be of real service to the contributors and editors of our magazzine.

With this thought in mind, we wish to say, secondly, that whatever citicisms may be made will be accepted in the best of manly spirit by our magazine. We shall be proud of every favorable remark that is made, and shall strive to perpetuate whatever quality it commends. It is in this manner primarily that success is rewarded; for there is no one so deaf to flattery but who at least appreciates being told that he has pleased. On the other hand, when we make a mistake, or when we fail to come up to our standard of excellence, we shall appreciate the particular being pointed out to us. Therefore, do not be afraid that we shall be so narrow as to become peeved at any adverse criticisms that may be made, always remembering that we can soothe our lacerated feelings, if necessary, with the balm that the maker is possibly not able to appreciate the subject of his remarks. We promise on our part to give our criticisms as impartially and intellectually as possible. Whenever our remarks fail to coincide with the thoughts of others, we recommend to them a portion of the same prescription which we have promised to use ourselves.

WAYSIDE WARES

FLUNKED

A TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT

By H. C. Sprinkle

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DR. BULLOCK, *the Prof.*
IGNATZ K. KEETER, *the Flunker.*
I. BOOTEM, A. BLUFFER, *Friends of the Flunker.*
MAY PASSE, *Fair Co-ed.*
HOPE LESLIE, *Unfair Co-ed.*
BAR TENDER, *Louis Hunt.*
CHORUS OF STUDENTS

Scene: S. W. corner class-room on second floor of W. Duke Building, Trinity College, Durham, N. C.; Ye Dope Shoppe of same College.

Time: 9:30-10:15 A. M., Friday, September ....., 1921; 9:30 A. M., Friday, September ....., 1922.

INDUCTION

Before the Class-room door.

Enter CHORUS

To be there is
A Woolley quiz
Upon this Friday morning;
Our prof., the Bull
Hath filled us full
Of fear with all his warning.
There is to be

MAY, (singing and dancing)

A quiz for me
But little care I
For I can get by
And why do you ask me why? (with a kick)

CHORUS, (singing and dancing), MAY (dancing)

To be there is, etc.

Enter BOOTEM

BOOTEM, (singing)

Alas, alack!
My prospect's black;
I fear I can't pass
By chats after class
And his quizzes are hard for a fact.

CHORUS, (singing and dancing), MAY (dancing)

To be there is, etc.

(Bell rings. All exeunt singing into the classroom)

SCENE I. *Within the walls of the Class-room. Bell rings. Enter MAY, HOPE, BOOTEM, BLUFFER, and Chorus seating themselves noisily at various desks*

HOPE. Forbid a day may come like this again!
Methinks I feel myself aslipping fast.
The time's at hand. Was not the bell that rang
The nine-and-thirty?

BUFFER. Yes. A plague upon't.

BOOTEM. But hark! doth not the Bull approach without?
Good Bluffer, lend thou me some theme paper.
And eke a peneil if an extra hast.

Enter BULLOCK with brief case

CHORUS. Ssh! the Bull!

BULL. Bu-hu, bu-hup; now Class,
Art full prepared for that of which I warned?
What's that? So Phresh is absent at a time
If not, 'twere better so.
Whose seat is that
So vacant there upon the utmost row?
When all should present be. Egad he flunks.
They call me hard, and hard I am, and so
You'll find me too. (Begins writing on the Blackboard).

BOOTEM (aside). Forsooth that's true, too true!

BLUFFER, (aside).
Ha-ha, he thinks to strike with fear my heart.
Full well I know he reads these papers not.

HOPE, (aside). Poor me.

MAY, (aside). Shall I be forced to faint?

CHORUS.

(Silence save for the squeaking of chalk on board.)

Curtain

SCENE II. *The Dope Shop* at 9:35. *Bartender at the fount.*

Enter PHRESH, rubbing his eyes

PHRESH. A dope, a dope, my kingdom for a dope!
And Louis, if thou hast a sandwich fresh
Of chicken or tomato brand, I say
Why, trot it out; but dope me first. Ah well,
Perhaps the Bull is late again this morn;
But be that as it may, I must now eat.

BAR T. The bell has rang full minutes five ago.

PHRESH. 'Tis nothing new.
But wait! Be still, my heart!

It cannot be my memory has tricked
Me until now. But yes, this is the day,
The fateful day! What will the bullock say?
BAR T. The day for what?
PHRESH. For what? The Woolley Quiz;
That's what.
Ammonia in that dope! More, MORE.
Prithee make haste! Another sandwich! Zounds,
The dastardly desire of Bull to flunk
Is equalled only by my appetite;
Both must be fed, and will be or I lie.
But this comes first while I am in command.
(Eats and drinks in haste.)
Hast thou fresh milk? then shake me one, I pray,
Of chocolate, while I dispose of this.
This college, Hunt, is out of time and I
Was born to set it right, but woe is me.
(Eats and drinks in less haste and thoughtfully).
To cut or not to cut, that is the question:
Whether 'tis safer at this hour to take
The risk of framing some excuse to sweep
Dean Racketmaker off his feet, or else
To face the Bull. To cut,—to flunk;
Methinks they are synonymous, and so
I'll take the sportsman's chance and classward go.
(Exit).

SCENE III. *Within the class-room walls after an interval of twenty minutes. Bullock is writing on the blackboard and all is silent save the scratch of an occasional pencil on paper and the continuous squeaking of the chalk on the board.*

BULL. (Looking over his glasses and beaming on Miss Passe)
Bu-hu, hu-hup! Well, Class, that's half
The quiz. Now, any questions? If so, speak
That I may now proceed the first three to erase.

CHORUS. Sir, we have not the first one finished yet.

BULL. The first? You should be through the tenth by now.
I see right now that there are those who flunk Amongst

BLUFFER. Sir, wilt thou please read for me

Sub-question "m" in number Twelve. The light is bad.

BULL. Bu-hup, the question, sir, is this:
"Write three descriptive pages on an "Ass".

Enter IGNATU, (still sleepy)

And if you want to know just how one looks
Behold he cometh in the door.
BLUFFER. (Laughing) Haw, Haw!
BOOTEM. (Laughing) Haw, Haw, Haw, Haw!
MAY, (giggling) Tee-hee, tee-hee, tee-heeee!
HOPE, (giggling) Tee-hee, tee-hee-hee, tee-heeee!
CHORUS. (Laughing and giggling) Ha, Ha, Ha-Ha, Ha-Ha, Ha!

BULL. Wake up, Iguatz, we're laughing at your speed.
If I were you, I'd go and finish out
My morning's nap. No chance for you! No chance!
You're FLUNKED: CO-F-L-U-N-K-E-D.
IGN. Sir, I was terribly delayed, but yet
'Twere better late than never. (smiling)
BULL. Out! I said;
I want no man on class of mine who comes
At this ungodly hour. (resumes writing on the board).
Exit Ignatz.

DEDUCTION

(Scene: Within the Class-room twelve months later)
The bell rings for the 9:30 class. Enter Ignatz.
IGNATZ. (Singing)

I've had my fun,
But now I'm done;
Why should one deny
It's no fun to try
Repeating in English One.

CHORUS. (Singing)
We were not late
But sad to state
He flunked just for fun
Aud now we're here
Another year
To major in English One.

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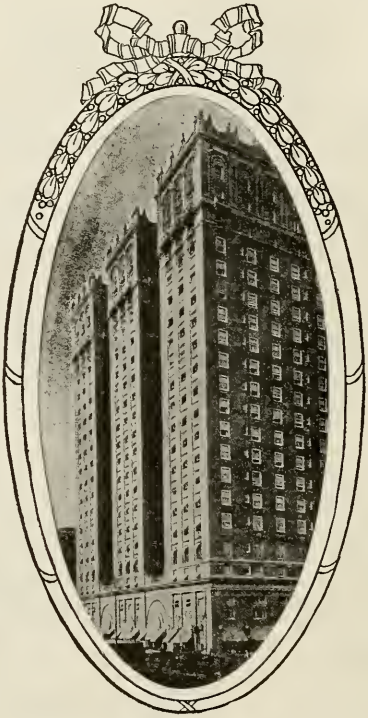

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The neighbors said that John B. will be president yet. And John B. always expecting to strike it rich put away nothing for the future. He never made that lucky strike. Part of J. G.'s hard earned money was always put where it would earn more money, and finally the day came when he keeps his dollars working for him, but now at 60 his income is sure whether he works or not.

Where will you be at sixty? Today is the time to find out. Can you keep a dollar? Have you the backbone to take a certain amount out of your pay envelope every week and deposit it in The FIRST NATIONAL BANK? and prepare for the LEAN DAYS, the RAINY DAYS, that are sure to come. They come to everybody. You will not prove an exception to the rule.

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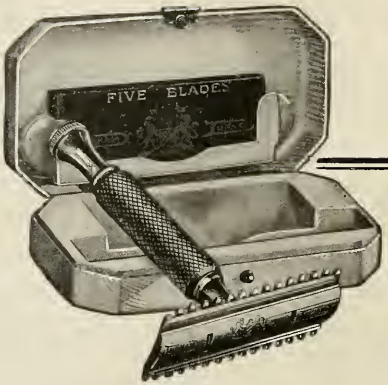

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EDITOR'S NOTICE

It is our aim this year to publish a live, interesting magazine for the Students, Alumni and Friends of Trinity College. We solicit literary contributions from Trinity men and women. All manuscript is subject to moderate revision. All material must be in the hands of the editors by the 20th of the month preceding date of issue.

MARCHING SONG

Frances Gray

The year has twined blue asters in her nut brown hair
And she marches out to die—
All in vivid beauty burning,
Down the path that knows no turning,
To the time of martial music with her head held high.
She has scarlet for her trumpets and a roll of distant drums
Is a misty, purple hill.
And the golden of her flutes
Can set your heart athrill!
And the dying year goes marching, marching, marching,
Marching to the measure of a gorgeous colored tune.
And at night you hear her singing, singing, singing,
Singing her marching song to the orange Harvest Moon.

Oh, has she caught the meaning in this mystic scheme of things
That she does not fear to die?
Or is she but so proud
That she fears to wail aloud,
And she hides her grief with glory and she holds her head a-high?
Is she strong or is she proud? Is she wise or is she brave?
Ah, what matter can it be?
She is exquisite and lovely
And magnificent to see.
And the dying year goes marching all in color, color, color!
All in fire and flame and color that takes away your breath—
And the dying year goes singing, singing, singing,
Singing, ever singing her triumph Song of Death.

WAY DOWN SOUTH

Ella Sherrod

MR. Jervis Leighton, novelist and playwright, was extremely angry, and, as he tramped rapidly along the little woodland path, he vengefully struck off the heads of all the weeds and flowers that grew within reach of his cane on either side. But this afforded him small satisfaction as he was angry with himself. "Serves me right! Yes, serves me right. Fool—boneheaded fool—to have come down here in the first place. Color? Inspiration? Might as well be on a desert island with monkeys for companions. Bah!"

Leighton had deemed it rather an honor a few months before when one of the most exclusive publishing houses in New York City had requested him to furnish it a play to be used on Broadway during the coming season. He had accepted eagerly, for what person possessing ambition can resist plucking a laurel that lies in easy reach of his hand?

Leighton had signed a contract, and even before he signed he had decided what he would use as subject matter for his play. He had long had a desire to write something dealing with Southern life—with the ideals and chivalry found there—, and he wished to depict to sordid New Yorkers something of the true Southern spirit. Although fired with enthusiasm at the time, he was forced to be patient because of the fact that he had other tasks on hand. Besides, he himself knew little of what the South was like in spirit; therefore, he planned to leave New York City in early summer that he might write his play amid southern scenes.

Leighton left New York filled with pleasurable anticipations. His objective was Pine Crest, a small village situated in the heart of Virginia. He had selected this spot because it had been represented to him as a place well suited to his purpose. Here was to be found what remained of huge tobacco plantations; here lived the blue-blooded descendants of English lords and ladies; here colonial mansions, fast decaying, proudly lorded it over the surrounding country —monuments of a dead past.

Small wonder then, that Leighton was keenly disappointed, after having indulged in dreams of a spot so truly ideal, to find it fall far short of his expectations. The tobacco fields were there, to be sure; time had not been able to change the broad, rolling acres. The colonial mansions were there—a few of them—but modern improvements had robbed them of a quaint air of their own. The blue-blooded citizens were there, or at least those who *claimed* to be, but the impression they made upon Leighton was not unlike that left by the typical New Yorker. They rode around in high-powered cars, gave dinners and dances and teas, talked of the latest books and plays, and discussed New York as intimately as do all outsiders.

These things passed rapidly through Leighton's mind as he tramped onward. A southern sun was casting the glorious light of morning all about the walking man. The leaves whispered to each other above him, around him, as the breeze swayed them to and fro; but he paid no heed. As he muttered to himself—"One could *imagine* a southern sun and a southern breeze, but where was one to find the southern *atmosphere* among the up-to-date men and women he had met?"

"The *human element* is what I'm after, and it seems that I shall be after it quite a while. Why don't I go on back to New York and give 'em another play concerning the divorce problem or some such subject of the hour," he meditated. "Modern jazz will catch the crowd quickest; so why should I be annoyed by bad hotel fare to find inspiration for something worth while?" He did not answer his question aloud, but in his heart he knew the answer well. He was weary of writing to please the crowd—yes, success was beginning to assume an unimportant aspect in his eyes. He had developed to the point of satisfying his finer sensibilities rather than the public taste.

Finally he took notice of his surroundings. He had passed from the well-defined path upon which he had first set out to a dimly marked walk that rambled on in the distance. Giant oaks towered above him, while a thick undergrowth of dog-wood, sweet-gums and elders hemmed him in. The breeze wafted the perfume of magnolias to his nostrils and somewhere close by, he heard the music of falling water. Some instinct warned him to advance cautiously, and as he did so, a startled young fawn dashed away into the thicket.

Leighton stood staring after the fleeing animal for

several minutes, scarce believing his eyes. Then he perceived a huge sign on a nearby tree, "Private Property—KEEP OUT!"

Now his interest was indeed aroused and he walked on again. He soon came to the bank of a small stream of water, which he decided to trace to its source. After walking a short distance through a thicket of young trees, he came to a high stone wall which was completely covered by clinging ivy. Leighton grasped one of the gnarled tendrils in both hands and gradually pulled himself upward. He was near the top when the strains of a violin fell upon his ear, causing him to pause in wonder. Someone on the other side of the wall was playing.

It was a joyful strain and reminded the man of singing birds and laughing waters in springtime. The melody rose higher and higher till it shrieked aloud in agony, and the listener was unconsciously reminded of the injustice, the wrong-doing, and the cruelty of life. Then with a tearful moan the music spoke in a lower key of wasted hopes and blasted ideals, of misspent hours and unseized opportunities. As Leighton listened, his body became tense with emotion. He wanted to scream aloud; yet his voice could find no utterance. But gradually, almost imperceptibly, the music changed. Softly, softly did the notes fall upon his ear till it seemed only a musical murmur, sadly meditating on memories of bygone days. Then the strains died away.

For several minutes Leighton clung to the ivy without moving. At last he pulled himself up so that he got a view of what lay beyond. The sight that met his eyes caused him to hold his breath in sheer admiration. It was a picture to hold the most unappreciative—an old-fashioned garden, brilliant with the color and fragrant with the perfume of midsummer. Winding walks bordered with posies tempted one's feet to dance in and out among masses of old-fashioned shrubbery. In the center of the garden was a large pool of clear water upon whose surface floated lilies of pink and white. But the object that at once drew the attention was a girl in white standing by the pool, a violin beneath her chin, a bow on high in her right hand. Golden sunshine fell upon beautiful auburn hair; brown eyes, mirrowing dreams in their shadowy depths, gazed into nothingness; lips half-parted suggested expectation. As though nature was not satisfied with the reality alone, she reflected the image of the girl in the depths of the pool.

Admiration held Leighton spell-bound, but not for long. With the smile on his lips that all his friends and acquaintances described as "charming," he lifted his cap: "Fair one of another world, wilt thou suffer mortal man to gaze upon thee?" he drawled in his most courteous tone of voice.

The girl's glance quickly shifted and focused upon the smiling face visible above the top of the wall. She hesitated a second, then responded in the same spirit, "Mortal man may gaze upon me but not from the height of a stone wall."

"Thanks for an invitation to come over," said Leighton, and he immediately jumped to the ground on the inside.

"How very presumptuous! But I shall suffer presumption if you will tell me who you are, where you came from, how you got here, and when you are going. This is my bidding."

"You make it easy, Fairy of the Bower, and it gives me great pleasure to do your bidding. I am Jervis Leighton, ne'er-do-well of New York City—got here by way of a rambling path which one discovers in search of inspriation, and lo! I have found it!"

An expression appeared in the eyes of the girl that Leighton could not fathom. Only a few moments it flickered there to baffle him—then disappeared to give way to a smile.

"Why seek inspiration?" she queried.

"Ah! *that,* oh, Dazzling One of Mystery, is a question I cannot answer standing. Shall we sit on yonder seat while I tell you my history, past, present, and future?"

With a nod she followed him to the seat he indicated, which was set in the shadow of a magnolia tree in full bloom. They sat down and Leighton related to her his tale of woe. Never had he had so appreciative a listener, and he experienced that feeling of wanting to confide his innermost thoughts to her—stranger that she was. When he had ended, he turned with a laugh and said, "I have related all the facts I can think of at present concerning myself. Would you think me presuming if I asked you your name?"

"Not at all," she coolly informed him. "My name is Margaret—Margaret Jefferson."

The violin which Margaret had placed on the end of the seat attracted Leighton's attention. "Do you know, you are a master musician? That was a wonderful thing you played while I clung to the wall on

the other side. Where did you learn to play so beautifully?"

"Playing a violin is just natural with me. I don't even know a note. When I hear the birds singing, when I behold anything beautiful, when anything impresses me deeply, I get out my violin. It's just one means of self-expression with me. Did you like what I played? I'm glad, for it is a composition of my own. I call it 'The Spirit of the South!' "

" 'The Spirit of the South!' Exactly the thing I've been seeking. What a coincidence!"

At the end of two hours Leighton reluctantly rose to go. Side by side they wandered through the garden until they reached a small gate set in the hedge Then they parted with the understanding that Leighton might call again.

For the next few weeks Leighton had no complaint to make concerning Southern life. He spent the greater part of his time at "Magnolia Hill," the stately old mansion which was Margaret's ancestral home. His time was not wasted, however. He and Margaret sat for hours in the enchanting atmosphere of the lovely old garden where they first met, and feverishly worked together on Leighton's play, which Leighton grew weary from his efforts and inspiration failed him, Margaret would soothe his tired nerves with showers of golden melody, or they would talk intimately together of life and their individual ideas and ideals until work invited him again.

The play was practically completed when a telegram called Leighton to New York. His time was so limited that he had only one brief hour in which to say good-bye to Margaret.

In the garden, a veritable fairyland of moonbeams and shadows, fragrant with the odor of magnolias, Margaret awaited him. As Leighton looked upon her, standing slim and white in the moonlight, the full realization of what she meant to him was born. He suddenly felt as if he could not leave her—as if he needed her to guide him and inspire him in his work, to watch over him in his hours of idleness, to be a playmate and a companion to him. Yet he restrained the words that almost fought for utterance. "My Spirit of the South, farewell. In the days to come I shall be thinking of you, but the time will not be long ere I return to Virginia and to *you.*"

Her firm hand clasped his—"Friend o' mine—farewell. I, too, shall think of you while you are gone. and may time pass quickly until we meet again."

Fate awaited Leighton in New York. He found it necessary to sail for Europe at once, so he immediately placed his play in the hands of the publishers and without delaying to arrange more than the most important details of his affairs, he was off.

Four months later Leighton again sat before his study fire in New York City and dreamed dreams.

Time had passed slowly for him from the moment of his departure from Virginia, so long ago. During his stay in Europe he had received no word from Margaret. Several times, while thinking of her, he had almost lost hope because of the realization that he knew so little of her after all. But ultimately the thought of her as she appeared when she said good-bye that night in the moonlight garden strengthened him. And now New York looked good to him because he was that much nearer Margaret.

His play, which critics claimed to be the best work he had ever accomplished, had taken New York by storm and was still running on Broadway. Leighton did not personally know the actress who was playing the lead, but she was hailed as a real artist and had become famous overnight upon appearing in "The Spirit of the South." He resolved to see her play soon.

As Leighton gazed dreamily into the dancing flames, the only light in the room, he reflected on all these things, his success and the future that probably stretched before him. But all gradually passed away and the face of a girl with beautiful brown eyes that smiled into his emerged in the glow of the embers. How pleased she would be at his success—she who had been his chief inspiration with a soul full of melody, innocence, and purity. How far removed from the lights of Broadway was she!

Leighton's reveries were rudely interrupted by the entrance of his servant who brought him a note. Impatiently he opened it and read it by the light of the fire.

"Friend o' Mine—I have just heard that you are in New York, and I wish to be one of the first to congratulate you and say 'I'm glad.' How many, many times I've thought of those hours we spent together last summer under the skies of Virginia! The critics say that my success has been as marked as yours, but if I have acted well, and I have done better than ever before, it is due to you, who by your splendid ideals and clean outlook on life inspired me with the spirit of your masterpiece, 'The Spirit of the South.' Allow

me to say 'I thank you.' Sincerely, Marguerite Manson, nee Margaret Jefferson."

The note fluttered to the floor. Leighton closed his eyes and tried to realize what he had just read. The bitterness of disappointment seized him. The keen cruelty of Truth slowly, surely bore itself upon him. In deepest despair, occasioned by the crumbling of air-castles and the falling of high ideals, he at last opened his eyes.

Far below the scream of a motor horn broke the stillness. The wind with a sobbing moan rose steadily until it shrieked like a demon in torment. The window panes rattled as though they were caught in the clutch of the icy blast.

Within, the fire had burned low, and as it feebly flickered, the shadows in the room thickened about a man who sat in a great arm chair and gazed unseeing into dying embers.

DEATH OF SUMMER

Dallas Walton Newsom

I hear the tramp of Autumn through the wood,
A great mysterious silence fills the earth,
And sadness broods about the dreamful berth
Where Summer sleeps; adown her path a flood
Of mem'ries plays where grace and beauty stood,—
Of things so fair, the one abiding worth;
For Summer's dead, fair mother of our mirth!
Remembrance droops her head and mourns the blood;
Asleep the fields, and pensive stand the trees,
Untenanted, forsaken by the bird;
The butterfly hath fled, and searching bees
Along the flowered paths no more are heard.
Joy spreads her wings upon a languid breeze
And Nature listens where her lost child stirred.

A COMEDY OF THE GOAL

H. M. North

(Second Edition)

PREFACE

THE critics are not at all agreed as to the date of the composition of this play. Some think that it is the author's masterpiece, and for that reason place it as the very last of his productions, claiming that it is the culmination of the development of his powers as a dramatist. Internal evidence also favors a late date: for instance, the mention made of the battlefield of Cardenas. And also the use of certain slang terms and profane expressions which were not known until the coming of the Spaniards. But those holding to an earlier date claim that there is even more evidence in their favor. One critic says that he saw it acted in the Globe warehouse when he was quite a boy. The age of this man is not known, but he is thought to have been born during the administration of Madison. These critics go on to say that the style and character of the verse is crude, and call special attention to the "rhyme-tag" which is never used in those works that we know were of a later date. Possibly the best evidence in support of an early date is an old copy of the Babylonian Herald, in which a column is taken up with a discussion of the merits of the play which had just appeared. But this overshoots the mark in that it places the time of composition just seventeen years before the birth of the author. Finally there are those that hold that it was never *composed* at all, but only happened. These men, however, belong to the school of extremists, and of course their opinion has but little weight.

As to the source of the plot. It is almost universally agreed that it is from observation and the distorted imagination of the author.

The duration of action of the play varies adversely with the season, being two hours in the winter and three in the summer. The reason of this is that eggs are more abundant in the warmer months, so that the audience may use them in preventing the performance.

Whatever else may be said about this work, it is a great contribution to the literature of this age. It deserves to take its stand with such works as "The African Count," "The Singing Sign Post," and "What the World Believes."

As to the disputed points, the reader must decide for himself. We know, however, beyond doubt, that the play has survived the test of time and must be reckoned a success.—Editor.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

The Members of the Visiting Team.
The Members of the Home Team.
College Students.
Spectators.
Ugly Dan, the Janitor.
Managers of the Teams.
Substitutes.
Scene: The College and Park.

ACT FIRST

Scene 1

(The morning before the game. The college guest-chamber. Enter Janitor followed by visiting team, carrying bundles, valises, etc.)

Captain (to Janitor):

Thou son of darkness, tell us now thy name;
For thou art darkest sun that ever rose.

Janitor:

An 't please you, sir, they call me Ugly Dan,
A very worthy name as I might say.

Captain:

Well, go thou, Dan, and bring some water straight,
To lave our duty countenances withal,
Before I crush that ancient, greasy hat,
That sits awry above thy grinning face.

Janitor:

Anon, anon, I'll come again in haste,
Or ever you can tell a half a score.

(Exit Janitor).

First Player:

The hostile team did practice on the heath,
Displaying each his form with agile show,
While we were walking hither from the town.

They seem to have the pitch of health and strength,
Most fearsome now it is to see them play.

Second Player:

Cheer up, my lad, and swallow down your fear;
We'll bid defiance to their strength, and wear
The lion's look above the chicken's heart.

Full Back:

A sorry team, I say, a sorry team!
It seems the running gear of evil luck;
Some as thin as Pharoah's starving kine,
And one there was for very fright did quake,
Each knee forlornly smote against his fellow.
A freshman band, or like to Preps;
An' we do not o'ercome with half our force,
I'll foot it homeward i' the dead of night.
(Enter Janitor with water, soap and towels).

Janitor:

Good, my sir, here's soap to bathe your face,
And towles for the man with shaggy locks,
And water for the homely one just there,
Though much it seems he needs to use them all.

Half Back (throwing chair at Janitor):

Avaunt, thou prating offspring of the night!
(Exit Janitor and Manager).
(Some of the players bathe, some do not).

Right Tackle:

'Tis now full noon and past the dinner hour;
The inner nature craves some sustenance;
Marry and we should better enter in,
To find the bill of lading for the day.

Manager (coming in from dining-room):

Beshrew me now if any one shall dine,
For I have just returned from out the hall,
Where they commend us to a strange repast,
Befitting more for rav'nous beast than man.

Captain:

What deep suggestions bring this angry tone?
Was there a drug or charm within the dish?

Manager:

Aye and worse; take down upon the list
The items of the feast while I discourse.

Captain (with pencil):

Call them forth and I will mark them down.

Manager:

A steak from twenty-summered beef there was,
That wintered near Cardenas' battle plain;
The pale-faced loaf that stood on end hard by
Had naught of leaven to expand its sides;
A bowl of grease, as clear as Fundy's Bay,
Sat grinning at a turnip's verdant top;
The coffee-pot in sheerest weakness stood
With arms akimbo, holding both his sides.
There was no sack nor fowl nor any fruit,
But union butter guarded all the board.

Left Tackle:

Why call you butter by that pseudonym?
Were there so many sorts conjoined in one?

Manager:

A plague upon a silly-pated fool,
Dost thou not know in union there is strength.

Captain:

'Tis passing strange that they should serve us thus,
And we have tasted nought of food since morn,
It likes me not at all; a ruse it seems
To win by foulest means the unplayed game.

Manager:

Who cares to dine on day so great as this,
When high and low are calling to the fray.
Let each man handle well the ball,
And the game is ours ere evening fall.
(Exeunt all to the field, giving yell).

SCENE 11

(Before the game. Room in college building. Enter Captain in uniform).

Captain (of Home Team):

Not to have the cigarette or sack,
Deprived of what the palate deems the best,
To run the track, scrimmage, and to bathe,
This the most prosaic part of all.
For three score days we've all been fleshed on beef,
To make us clamor for the coming game;
Almost my suff'ring patience is forspent,
To train, to train, to train but for a day,
And then perchance to lose the game,
And hasten homeward, hissed by mocking crowds,
The very crowds you tried in vain to please,
Who have no gratitude; as thankless hounds
That rav'nous rend the master's kindly hand,
That stretches forth to them the daily food.
But why do not the players come to time?
By all the pipers, some may lose their place!
(Enter Home Team in uniform, followed by half a dozen Freshmen).

Freshman:

I've just returned from off the foot-ball field,
Where now the opposing team is drawn for play.

Captain:

How row, Freshman! How appear the team?

Do they with show of confidence come on?

Freshman:

As warriors gird them for the fray, and haste
With ever quick'ning tread to meet the foe,
So come they on, impatient for the hour.

Captain:

Their eyes, you worthless scamp, how look their eyes?

Freshman:

Like hissing, crawling, serpents' vengeful orbs,
Their sanguine eyes do flash with seeming fire.

Captain:

Are all arrayed for war, in armoured dress,
Or more in pleasure's flaunting garb attired?

Freshman:

For strife, with visored nose and cleated foot,
And body clad in jerkin gory red,
By churls and vulgar tongues eclept a sweater.

Half Back (trembling):

I would the game could be of milder form,
This custom savours much of savage sport,
And even now it fears me for the time.

Center Rush:

I've heard it said that in the Northern games,
Where teams contend for doubtful mastery,
That life is held to them as little worth,
And broken limbs and hair uprooted from
The scalp are common heritage of all,
So beastly and so bloody is the game.

Full Back:

I' faith 'tis so, for I thus once engaged,
Nor storm nor Spanish war could be more rude.

Right Tackle:

I marvel much that you returned alive.

Captain:

What make of ball is there to start the game,
And such a puissant team to cope withal?

Half Back:

A goodly ball from skin of year-old pig,
That battened on the mast in Harnett's wild,
And on the dark of moon was slain and drawn,
And by the hand the pelt was shaped and stitched;
That every sign and season be observed,
And all the elements mixed with greatest care.

Captain:

Is there no song to whet our courage up?
For where the pipe and sherris are forbid,
A tune will course along the fibered nerves
Of men, and fit them for the royal game.

Freshman:

An' it please you all, I know a simple lay,
The self was sung on Rugby's famous field.

Left Tackle:

Silence all, the song, my boy, the song,
No one shall stir while you discourse the words.

Freshman (sings):

A cloudless sky,
An eager air,
A grand-stand full,
An umpire fair;
The conflict enter,
Call the time,
Rush the center,
Force the line;
Bravely thus 'til the conflict's done,
Bravely thus 'til the game is won,
With joyful shout
The yell rings out,
And then away for feast and fun.

Captain:

Well sung, my boy, for one of unripe years,
I, too, had once the mellow, soothing voice,
But age hath coldly locked it in my jaws.

Left Tackle:

But hark, the college clock is striking two,
Her slender hand a revolution lacks
To point us to the fatal hour of strife.

Captain:

What preparation is there yet to make?

Center Rush:

There's naught, my liege, for all was done ere noon.
The game now stands on expectation's toe,
And Fresh. and Soph. are gathered on the field.

Manager:

Then go we out to play like men,
And win or ne'er give yell again.

(Exeunt all for the field).

ACT SECOND

(The game is just over. Each side claims the victory, because of unfair advantage taken by the other team. Slugging and angry words are resorted to in every direction. The players retire in confusion from the field, carrying with them several of their wounded and bleeding companions. The crowd follows, as it always does. All enter a vacant lot in front of the college building).

Captain (of Visiting Team):

Zounds, but the game is ours and fairly won,
For they with iron heel upraised on high,
In vilest manner trod upon our men,
Downfallen i' the thickest of the fight.

First Spectator:

I saw the Full Back drive upon a man,
And slug him i' the face, a bloody stroke,
That caused the stars to fall about his head.

Full Back (Visiting Team):

If thou hadst less of tongue and more of eyes,
It would better serve thy mother's only son,
Who now doth warn the vision's normal trend.
He slugged me that I had seized the ball,
I slugged him that he did strike at me,
This the only violence I have used.

Second Spectator:

But thou didst pass the ball a forward thrust,
To gain by unfair means the distant goal,
And cursed with loudest mouth the umpire's word.

Captain (Home Team):

I mainly broke through line of twelve good men,
And then did lie headlong upon the ball.

Manager (Visiting Team):

Aye! thou sure didst *lie*, but not upon the ball,
But i' the face of most apparent fact,
For there were not twelve men upon the field.

Spectators:

Out, out, thou thieving dotart, out!
We'll show thee how accuse the best of men.
Now seize him, lads, and drive him driv'ling hence.

(The spectators rush upon him. A rough-and-tumble fight ensues. The visitors depart, followed by stones, bricks, and the curses of the crowd. Each declares for vengeance against the other. The Home Team gathers around their captain).

Captain (Home Team):

And now, my lads, the day is waning fast,
And Saturn's disk is hanging tree-top high;
The coolish evening air with chilly touch
Commands us all to seek the glowing hearth,
Where wine, was ail, jest and song,
Shall cheer the heart the whole night long.

(Exeunt, giving yell).

Finis.

LIKE A PINE

Edwin P. Gibson

IT was one of those hot fall days which occur in the cotton belt. From a window near her desk Sarah Morris looked out across the brown cotton fields. Nearly all the white fleece had been picked from the bolls, and the stalks were dry and dead. The leaves on the black-gum trees about the little one-room school building had begun to take on their fall tints. The hickory tree just outside the window was ragged, for its foliage had been stripped by the children in their haste to secure the almost grown nuts. Only the pines—most of them of the short-leaf variety—were possessed of the deep green color of summer. They were unchangeable. To Sarah they seemed always content; weak winds and strong winds alike left them steadfast and unchanged.

"I wish that I were like one of them," thought Sarah. "Never fretted and aggravated by the faults of the pupils—the pines are too strong to mind petty things; I am not."

Not many of Sarah's days were permitted her for such musing. In the morning there were the lunches of her younger brothers and sisters to prepare before she hurried herself away to the little school house. Then the afternoons after school were busy with sewing and cooking. At night she helped the children with their lessons. Even day-dreaming in school was not permitted, and this particular reverie about the pines was interrupted.

"Miss Sarah, Tom's got my pencil," a little girl of seven wailed, "and he won't give it to me." Sarah sent a searching glance in that direction.

"Tom, come up here," she said rather deliberately and with a trace of gentleness in her tones. Tom approached with shamed-face. He was a small boy, not more than nine. His checked-homespun shirt was dirty, and the bosom was spotted with molasses stains and little splotches of yellow which signifies eggs. His face was so very dirty that it made him utterly repulsive; nevertheless, Sarah drew him close to her and asked in tones so modulated that the other pupils could not hear, "Tom, why did you take Janie's pencil?"

"Teacher, hit's my pencil; it aint hern," he replied, beginning to cry against all efforts to the contrary.

"Jane thinks it's hern, Miss Sarah. Her's wuz like mine," he was trying hard to check the unmanly tears. "Look here, Miss Sarah, here's my tuff print on it."

Sarah was satisfied with the proof. She quieted Jane by giving her one of her own pencils, one all striped with yellow and green. The room became quiet again save for the humming of suppressed voices and the turning of pages. Sarah fell to musing again. All of her days were like this. She had set out at the first of October with high hopes. She would be of some use in the world; she would teach these ignorant children how to be good citizens. Nearly a month had passed and seemingly she had accomplished nothing. "Rome wasn't built in a day," her mother had reminded her, and Sarah had replied, "Yes, perhaps not, but surely one could see a change taking place from day to day. There is no change, no progress in my little empire." Today her thoughts were identical with the previous ones. Ten years hence the children she was trying to train would exclaim every time they would chance to see her—"I went to school to that thar lady onct." They would remember nothing that she had tried to teach.

When closing time came, Sarah was glad; one more monotonous day was about gone. She was sitting on the steps watching the children depart when a Ford coupe drove up. Likely it was the superintendent of education; he usually came around at such hours to bore her with some new method of teaching that he wished her to try. It was not the superintendent, however.

"Charles!" she said surprisedly, as the man came toward her.

"Sarah," he said, and there was a note of possession and of intense want in his voice. Her hand was tightly clasped in his. There was silence between them for a full minute. It was Sarah who broke it.

"I didn't want you to come; I didn't want you to come," she mumbled.

He took a step toward her as if to take her in his arms, but she stepped back.

"Aren't you glad to see me?" he asked. The look on Sarah's face gave him sufficient reason for his doubt. Her large eyes had lost their brilliancy.

"Charles, you were not to have come back 'til next summer."

"But I have, and you don't want me." Charles felt that it was the truth. True he had made a rather hasty promise that he would stay away until summer and give her one year in which to try teaching. If he had changed his mind and found that he couldn't exist without her any longer, why shouldn't he come and claim her?

Sarah was thinking, too; she resented Charles' intrusion. Why shouldn't she do as she pleased for one year? After that there would be plenty of time to cook, keep house, and rear children for Charles.

"Sarah, won't you come with me? You're wasting your life out here. Don't you know these brats don't appreciate you?" Charles was pleading earnestly. "Why don't you come with me to New York? There you'll find music and art and everything you like."

"But, Charles, I can't—" and even as she said it she knew that it was not true. She could; it was her prerogative. Only a few minutes before he had come she had convinced herself that what he had just spoken was the truth—she was accomplishing nothing. It was also true that she longed to spend hours in concert halls and art galleries. Music was part of her very soul. It had been scarcely a week since she had spent half a month's salary in order to attend the Kreisler recital in Charlotte. Perhaps Charles was right.

"Let's talk about something else, Charles," she said in more agreeable tones. "We'll ask Dad and Mother about it tonight."

"Righto, little girl," Charles replied. He was certain that he had won. It was so much the Charles of former days, the Charles whose easy confidence in himself had always brought Sarah to share in his opinion. He drew her close to him, and they walked to the Ford.

That night after supper, Sarah brought up the subject. "Charles wants me to quit my school and go back with him, Daddy." She paused as if she expected an answer.

"Well—" that was all that was forthcoming from Mr. Morris.

"What shall I do, folks?" She made it a direct question this time.

It brought no immediate response. Mr. Morris took his tobacco pouch from his pocket and began to fill his pipe. Mrs. Morris waited for her husband to speak. The clock on the mantle ticked slowly. Charles crossed his legs uneasily.

"When people get old enough to become engaged, they should be able to fix the date for the wedding," Mr. Morris said in tones of finality.

When Charles left that night, he was well content. Sarah had almost promised to marry him at once. She would give him her final decision in the morning, and he thought it would be in the affirmative.

Sarah went to bed, but did not sleep. She really it best to go with Charles; her life was counting for nothing here. The monotony of school was becoming more and more unendurable. Last month's salary was yet to be paid; the school committeemen were indifferent to her pleas for more desks and blackboard. The thought of school reminded her that little Marjorie Black had dropped a package of some sort in her coat pocket as she hurried away from school. In the evening's excitement Sarah had forgotten it. It was nothing, Sarah was sure; very likely it was a string of hand-made beads. They were quite the fad among the children. If it was beads, she would be expected to wear them to school next day. Perhaps there wouldn't be any more school. Very likely there would not be. Her curiosity got the better of her, and she got up and searched the room for her coat. She did not turn on the light—the moonlight that came flooding in through the windows was quite sufficient. She drew on the coat, for the night air was chilly. Then she went to the window and opened the package. Sure enough, it contained beads. They were almost as fragrant as the rose petals from which they had been made with childish care. Sarah almost overlooked the soiled and crumpled little note in the bottom of the box. She drew it forth and read it by moonlight. The writing was bad, but legible.

"'s; Sara—I made these beads fer you cause you lerned me to rite."

"I certainly didn't teach the child to spell though," thought Sarah. Then she remembered her conclusion that she was no good as a teacher; here was something to refute it. She had taught one girl to write, and she had been teaching but little more than a month. What could she accomplish in six months? But there [illegible] five more months of school, unless someone else was secured in her place. She was going with Charles to live in contentment and happiness.

She went to sleep well satisfied with her decision. An hour or two later she was awakened by the wind as it blew the draperies about and threatened to lift the

pictures from the walls. Sarah slipped her kimona on and went to the window to close it. The wind was blowing more fiercely than she had thought. The trees in the yard were being swayed back and forth with its power. Her attention was attracted to the tall pine just outside the yard. The wind seemed to be doing its utmost to cause it to bend as it so easily did the other trees. The pine, however, only trembled slightly while the wind whistled about it. It was not obedient to the will of the wind. The pine was Sarah's favorite tree—she had always longed to be like a pine, upright and unmoved by little things. And Charles—already she was beginning to give way to the will of another. She had resolved to teach a year and now she was quitting. Where would it end? Would she always do what Charles said do?

The next morning when she went downstairs her mind was made up. She crammed her roll book and pencils in her coat pocket. She would live up to her ideal. She would be like a pine, upright and unmoved.

NOTICE

WHAT THE MANAGER HAS TO SAY:

About the first Saturday in December subscriptions to this publication will be solicited in class meetings.

Two issues have been published; two copies of each having been delivered to each room on the park.

Kindly bear in mind the explanation concerning proportion of ads in this year's Archive: You will find that the size of print, page and the two columns pages of real reading matter than last year's Archive. In other words, one page over last year's small size, one column, large print, allows actually ten more of reading matter in the Archive for this year is two pages of last year's. But one page of ads is only one page, both sizes considered. Therefore, the added cost in publishing this magazine this year, since an advanced step has been taken, makes it absolutely necessary to have a large subscription list.

Now students, our budget is depending on your whole co-operation and for this publication to continue this better style we are looking to yon to sign yonr names in full on the subscription cards which we handed around in class meetings at an early date.

MANAGER.

EDITORIAL

COLLEGE PARASITES

WE are all familiar with the type of college man who is usually acclaimed a parasite. He is the fellow who comes to college to have a good time; who frankly has no desire to work, but merely wants to get into pleasant surroundings away from home and to "spread joy." This type of man has been subjected to universal criticism, and it is only just that he should be, because such a man is a liability to any community.

But there is another type of man who, though he has not often been the object of censure, has and shows parasitic tendencies of a far more deadly and despicable sort. The man to whom we refer is often found among the best students in college. In contrast to the other type of parasite, he works incessantly; he studies hard; he takes advantage of every opportunity to better himself. He is the student whom narrow-minded professors dote upon—the bookworm.

And yet, this man, this intellectual light, is far more selfish and contemptible than the other college parasite because, while he is in college, his sole purpose is *to get* all he can *for himself*, and in turn, he is not willing *to give* anything to *the institution* which bestows so much on him. His whole life is centered in himself; he is willing to work when it is to his personal advantage to do so, but he will never lift a finger to support student enterprises, to advance the interests of his college, or to co-operate in any worth-while movement.

This student is never found on the athletic field as a contestant and rarely goes as a spectator; he never does any work on the college publications; he does not go out for the musical clubs; he rarely goes into literary society work, and when he does do so, he only joins for what he can get out of the society, not for what he can put into it; he totally disregards all student activities.

Since this type of student contributes nothing to the college community, it is evident that he is just as decided a liability to the college he attends as is the man who goes there to have a good time. Hence it is apparent that in taking steps to rid colleges of the rubbish, the unprofitable elements, it is just as necessary to rid them of "*the studes*" as it is to free them from "*the sports.*" Personally, we prefer the man who gives nothing and takes nothing to the one who *takes all* and *gives nothing.*

ABOUT THE PUBLICATION FEE

The recent agitation begun among the students of Trinity to secure a publication fee has made much headway, and, though the matter was not acted upon by the Board of Trustees at its fall meeting, the question was brought up and referred to a committee.

This temporary set-back should not discourage those who have undertaken to put the movement across. It was clearly seen when the question was first brought forward by a number of representative Trinity men that it would be impossible to secure the passage of any measure which would alleviate conditions during the present collegiate year.

The most optimistic supporters only hoped that the fee could be put into operation by the fall of 1923. And though the matter has been deferred, it is still possible to have it established by the beginning of next year, provided the Trustees act favorably upon it at their meeting in June.

Arguments for a publication fee have been advanced by *The Chronicle* on several occasions, but it is well for us to picture again the chaotic conditions in which the Trinity publications have existed at Trinity in the past. From one extreme to another has the situation moved. One year a publication lacked a considerable amount of the sum necessary to pay its obligated bills. The bills, with no responsible organization or person behind them, had to be paid by individual subscription and untold worry and humiliation to the authorities and students was caused.

Another year the manager of this same publication realized a tremendous profit on his venture. In the first place, when such as this happens, the students must necessarily have paid for more than the value received from the publication. It must follow that the publication was not up to what Trinity College should have.

If a publication fee were charged every student in college, every publication would be received and supported by every student. How much better a paper would be that was backed by every citizen of a town. Similarly, a college publication which received the co-

operation of the entire student body would be one that would make Trinity College known in every hamlet and village of the state. Such matters as the benefit to the staff of a publication to know beforehand exactly how much money it will have at its disposal during the year; the relief of the anxiety felt by managers over whether the thing will pull through or fail; and the systematic basis on which everything can be run, all these, I say, are minor things but reasons within themselves sufficient to cause the serious consideration of the Board of Trustees when it goes to act on the matter.

EXCHANGES

THE magazines that have been brought to our attention during the past month have been, all of them, first issues of the year. With this in mind, we think that they show considerable work on the part of their editors and do credit to the students whom they represent.

Introduction

We realize the difficulties that are naturally connected with the publication of the first number, the inexperience of the new editors, and the limited choice of good material at the disposal of the staff. It is for these reasons that we make qualifications to be considered as a whole, before we make an attempt at any specific criticisms.

Of the many exchanges that we have received, we can only review three in this issue. The others we thank for having remembered us, and promise to subject them to our remarks at a later date.

The Furman Echo is to be congratulated upon its departure from its old style to the new plan of a strictly literary magazine. As such, it has an interesting arrangement and a select choice of material. Mr. Patton's "A Review of Poems" might more appropriately be termed "A Quotation of Poems," since there is very little reviewing done; but the poems quoted, especially the one by Miss Moore, of Hollins, are among the best metrical compositions by college students that have ever come to our attention. "The Blue-eyed Chinaman" has an excellent style, but it is the least bit long. The review of "Lost Valley" is certainly to the point and unreserved in its opinions, which is the only way in which criticisms or reviews can be of value; but the digest of the story is rather vague. The style of the author might have been touched upon more fully. "An Old Story—In Rhyme" has an unique method of starting each stanza which catches the eye and at the same time introduces the metrical paragraph. An Esop's Fable follows this selection, in the form of a translation from the Chinese, which is primarily of literary value as a translation, not as a story. The article called "Lawful Piracy" is rather flat and a disappointing ending for so good a magazine. The section devoted to notes on the alumni seems to us to be slightly out of place in this type of magazine, but possibly matters of this kind do not come within our department of criticism.

The Furman Echo

The first content of *The Meredith Acorn* is of the kind that college literary publications should feature. It shows a vivid imagination, an easy style, and is the kind that a more or less casual reader will be attracted by. The periodical is made interesting as well as a useful medium for recognizing literary ability. The second article on "Shakespeare's Use of External Nature in the Great Tragedies and Romantic Comedies" is excellent as an intelligent treatment of the subject with which it deals, but as a contribution to *The Acorn* it is not so good. In the first place, it is too long. Again, it is uninteresting to the average reader of the magazine. We must say, however, that it shows that a great deal of work has been put on the subject and that the author knows whereof she speaks. "Moon-shine" is flat and hardly worthy of a place in so worthy a periodical. Several places, however, show that the author is capable of a much better production. "The Everyday Life You Live" depicts in a good poetic style a philosophy that is as old and as true as life. "Mountains and Molehills" is another type of article that makes a magazine of this kind interesting. It is short, concise, but above all, thoughtful. The main quality of "The Shadow" lies in its ever having been conceived. It is largely inter-

The Meredith Acorn

esting because it is so different. The most characteristic thing about the poem by Miss Warrick is that we are forced to say when we have read it, "She has been there, she has certainly seen what she is telling."

Characterizing the magazine as a whole, it is good. With the exception of being slightly less interesting than it might, *The Acorn* passes inspection very creditably.

The Wake Forest Student

Quality, not quantity, is the keynote of the first issue of the *Wake Forest Student* for this year. The initial poem asks a question that certainly stimulates thought, and had it but been answered where asked, the poem would have deserved a place among the immortals. The story entitled "Georgiana" is well handled, but the plot is one that has been a little overworked by previous writers. If "The Mermaid's Song" was written for poetic atmosphere, it is an undoubted success, because atmosphere is about all it contains. "The Juggernaut" is the best written short-story that we have seen in a college publication for some time. "Memories of Venice" draws a vivid picture, but the reader is not struck with the beauty of the poem from a rhetorical or figurative point of view. The last poem, "To the Sea," undoubtedly shows more poetic ability than any of the other selections. Both the thought and the mechanical construction of this poem are exceedingly good.

The Student as a whole is a credit to Wake Forest.

IN THE DECEMBER ARCHIVE

In the December number and each subsequent issue of THE ARCHIVE will contain a humorous department. Mr. E. P. Gibson, who will be in charge of the department, wishes to put into it the best college humor and solicits contributions from all Trinity students. Tickle your funny-bone and send us something to laugh over.

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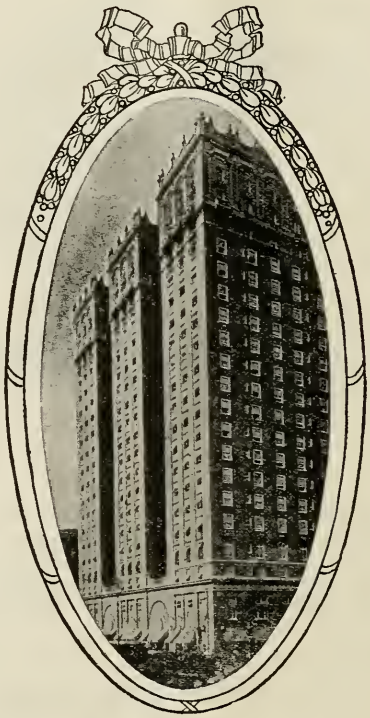

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Editorial

THE HONOR SYSTEM

FOR the first time in the history of Trinity College examinations will be held under the Honor System when the mid-years begin, the latter part of this month. For years the old system of professorial inspection has been in force and has proved itself ineffective in preventing cheating; moreover it has been distasteful to the great majority of students who will not cheat and who resent the accusation on their honor made by the detective tactics employed by some faculty members while giving exams.

Cheating has existed at Trinity during the past to a disgraceefully large degree. It has been charged that the conditions under which the exams have been given have been responsible for the situation which has existed; some say that the attitude taken by certain professors has led students to regard the exam as merely a contest of wits, and since the professor expects you to cheat, it would be *too bad* to disappoint him; consequently they do "everything they can get away with." Whether this is a correct diagnosis of the case we do not know, but it is true that the attitude taken by the students of the College in the past has not been what it ought to be. *Cheating has been tolerated.* Men who would under no circumstances do a dishonest deed have seen their friends cheat and have not condemned them for it.

But the new era should do much to eradicate this evil which has been prevalent in our midst. Under the honor system each student will be placed on his honor not only to play square himself but to condemn dishonesty on the part of his classmates. We believe that Trinity students will respond to an appeal of this nature and that the Honor System will eradicate once and for all *cheating.* But we would like to add one word of warning to those who are responsible for putting across the new plan—if you want to establish the honor system at Trinity, put the students on their honor. Do not try any half way measures because the students will see through them and will become disgusted. Therefore we believe that the plan whereby the students are to be placed on their honor during examinations but are to have their blue books examined beforehand is the sort of thing that will bring disaster to the system.

CONTRIBUTE

IN the first issue of *The Archive* we made the statement that the success of the magazine this year would depend upon the students of the College—that we can not hope to publish a creditable paper unless the students submit material for publication.

Our appeal for contributions has, so far, brought little response. We have been able to secure a few short stories and a few poems, but the number has been woefully small. Essays, articles and sketches have been totally unobtainable.

We are, therefore, making another appeal to Trinity students for their work. It need not be a conventional story to insure publication. We would be glad to get something different, whether it be a short story, essay, or whatnot. Everyone is included in our invitation to submit material. Freshmen as well as Seniors—men as well as women. Write whatever you wish and then hand the articles over to one of the editors.

HUMOR

INSTEAD of creating an entirely new humorous department, as was intimated in the November issue, it has been decided to increase the size of Wayside Wares and to include in it the type of material usually included in a humorous department, as well as the original material which this department was supposed to contain.

The Trinity Archive

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EDITOR'S NOTICE

It is our aim this year to publish a live, interesting magazine for the Students, Alumni and Friends of Trinity College. We solicit literary contributions from Trinity men and women. All manuscript is subject to moderate revision. All material must be in the hands of the editors by the 20th of the month preceding date of issue.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

January, 1923

MEMORIES

C. C. Ervin

IN mem'ry's hall a thousand portraits stand
On dreamy canvas drawn by unseen hand;
Of those whom in the seeming long ago
I learned to love, and loving, came to know

The joys of friendship, precious and sublime,
Which fadeless are and brighter grow with time.
Ah, these enhancement dear to life doth give
And make it doubly sweet this life to live.

* * * *

A girl there was—ah, yes, a girl so rare;
Like Helen, "tall and most divinely fair;"
A lass with laughing eyes of deepest blue,
With loving lips and hair of golden hue.

'Twas she who taught me first to love aright;
And tho' she has forever pass'd my sight,
Yet memories still will troop into my brain
Wafting her fairy form to me again.

I see her now in pictur'd memory—
A shadow, yet made real by fantasy.
And thus I fondly meditate—until—
Stern duty calls; then Memory's voice grows still.

But ever when I idly sit and dream
Upon those former friends, unseen yet seen,
That form comes floating back to me,
Fair as a silver sail upon a summer sea.

FIRESIDE REFLECTIONS

THE little gas jets of blue flames faintly spurt out between the gratings in the open fire, and as I sit tonight in my deep, easy chair and gaze vacantly into the embers, I am transported into a realm which is half dreamy and half pensive. The only light in the room is that given off by the glowing coals and the little flickering flames that sporadically dance out from the bottom and strive for footholds on the top of the grate. The only noise is the peculiarly pleasant sound which is made by the faint buzzing of the gas as it breaks out in a blue coat from the black dungeon which has encased it for a thousand years. Now and then a pop from the grate designates that the heat is firing its ammunition of red coals at its enemy, the drugget on the floor. All this flickering and sputtering is just enough to keep away the sandman.

My mind wanders into that realm of contemplation which leads one to consider the use of it all—what enjoyment we derive from our existence. What happiness, and under what circumstances are people visited with this element which alone makes life worth while? Omar Khayyam considered supreme felicity as being:

"Here with a little Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of verse—and Thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness—"

and Longfellow wrote, in a somewhat better strain but with a similar idea in mind:

"Then read from some humbler poet
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the author
The beauty of thy voice.

"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents as the Arabs
And as silently steal away."

There are as many different ideas of happiness as there are men who have written or thought on the subject. Montaigne considered that it was only to gained during the life after death, while Saint Augustine felt that joy was only to be found in the pursuit of a fuller knowledge of God; to Bacon, on the other hand, delight lay only in the search for truth. Pliny wrote to his friend that the happiest man, in his opinion, was he who lived in the conscious anticipation of an honest and enduring name, and secure of future glory in the eyes of posterity.

If there is to be no happiness during one's earthly existence, and if the only justification of a righteous life lies in the hope of a blissful eternity, my faith in the supreme wisdom of the Creator of life must at least momentarily falter. But then, what is it that yields delight? Alexander conquered the world, but sighed for greater success; Leicester held the highest place in the kingdom of Elizabeth, but ruined all by an attempt to share the throne itself. No, success is not happiness, for no matter how great the success, satisfaction is not found as an accompanying factor. Neither is anticipation nor "great expectations" the solution, for forebodings of evil or misfortune creep into the most modest of hopes.

I am forced to believe that happiness is not derived from big things—major projects—but from seemingly minor and unimportant actions. I am of the firm opinion that people are only made happy by doing something for someone other than themselves, the commission of a materially disinterested and entirely unselfish act. As I look back over my past life, my only acts which I remember to have given me genuine pleasure are those which were done for somebody else from a purely unselfish motive. Such actions are equally easy to commit from any station in life; every person can, therefore, derive the same amount of happiness from his existence. It seems to me that the enjoyment of life lies wholly within a person's state of mind; life accords with what individuals believe it to be, not with what external circumstances tend to make it.

My fire is going down, and my eyes are beginning to droop. In the last coals I can barely recognize the thought that lingers that a life of happiness is "twice blest." Those who do charitable deeds derive personal satisfaction from the act, and those who receive the benefit of the deeds are made happy by the acts themselves.

THE ACID TEST

M. B. J.

I

THE great night was over. The event to which the many members of the class of —— had looked forward for four long years was past, and the great University was rapt in the pathetic silence which followed so rapidly on the events of graduation day. The final event, a dance given by the graduating class, was scarcely over, and yet the campus was quiet with a passive stillness which the mellow gold of a June moon made ever more noticeable by the shadows which it cast on the beautiful old grounds. A few lights in the almost deserted dormitories showed that there still remained a few men getting ready to leave on the early morning trains for distant homes. When tomorrow's sun arose even these would be gone and the campus would be entirely deserted.

In the big stadium of the university were two men who had come to bid a last good-bye to the scene of many a hard conflict. They stood alongside the baseball diamond, silent, unmindful of the beautiful picture which was produced by the moon shining down on the great tiers of white seats which lined the mammoth stadium. And as they stood looking out on the field which had witnessed so many battles and struggles, memories, happy memories, bitter memories, filled their minds.

For four long years Donald Wallace and Bob Lee had been the two outstanding stars on the gridiron, and had been also two of the strong men on the diamond. Thrown together during their freshman year by chance, in the person of the registrar, the two boys of congenial dispositions had roomed together during their entire college career and had been members of the same fraternity. United by the struggles and trials of college life which they shared in common, they had become the truest of friends.

Many a time on the gridiron when fought to a standstill by opponents or even beaten by them for two or three quarters, Donald, as captain and quarterback, had called upon Bob, the hulking tackle, for a hole through which to make a gain, and many times what love of college and love of victory could not accomplish, love of friend had brought about; and the fact that the two years of Wallace's captaincy had been the most successful in the history of the university was due largely to the "All-American Left-tackle" who could do and often did, the seemingly impossible in order to gain a victory for his captain.

But now it was all over. The toll of the college bell that afternoon which officially ended the college year, also brought about the end of that intimate friendship which had bound the two men together during the past four years. All day this thought had been in the minds of each and had doubled the feeling of despondency which dominates the graduation day of so many men.

The severance of ties between the student and the scene of his happiest days can only be surpassed by the severance of friend and friend. But when both come together the heart is indeed steel which does not quiver in an unaccustomed manner.

"Remember that last game, Don, when you crossed Harvard's line for your last touchdown?" inquired Bob.

"You bet I do, old man, and I remember who opened that hole for me so that all I had to do was to hold the ball and walk on through. That is one game I shall never forget. "All-American Captain" and quarter isn't so bad, Bob, even if you did do more than I to make it for me."

"Oh, forget it. Just because I happened to get my man in that one play, you've been saying ever since that I made you a place on the All-American," replied Bob. "But just think, you and I have played our last game for the old Tiger."

"The last, the very last, and only yesterday I was that green little freshman nervously awaiting my first game with Colgate. I was so scared that I couldn't think of but one signal and that was for punt formation; so I had to punt on my first down."

"But that didn't make a bit of difference with a lucky devil like you. The Coach told you after the game that he had never seen a freshman before with sense enough to punt on the first down even if he did have a thirty-mile breeze behind his back," said Bob in a tone of pretended disgust. "If I had your luck, I would be President some day."

"Well, maybe I shall be some day; but if we don't get a move on, I won't be lucky enough to get to New York on the 3:45."

With a final lingering glance at the well-known scene the boys hurried to their rooms to get their suitcases. The ivy-covered walls of their home again raised a flood of memories. Dances, parties, and other events crowded in the mind as they gazed on the many trophies which lined the walls. Heedless of time and forgetful of the approaching train, they lingered on in the house dazed, perhaps, by the oppressive thought which struck them with an overwhelming significance. They had now come to the final leavetaking, and, as always, it was the hardest. Happy-go-lucky times they had been which had been spent in the old house, but they had been full of fraternal affection, and it gripped the heart to say goodbye.

Finally Don in a trembling voice said, quietly, "We'd better be moving." And as they left, the door swung to with a fearful thud. Closed and locked it was to them for eternity; for though they might revisit it in later life, it could never be in the manner as before.

Silently they walked the few blocks to the station. A few minutes more and then the last good-bye must be said and the last farewell spoken. Not a word was uttered, but as they waited the shrill whistle which both knew would soon be heard, each put an arm around his brother. The whistle sounded, and Bob, who was leaving on this train, thrust out his hand in the old grip and in a husky voice said, "Take care of yourself, old man, and don't forget me."

Don, with tear-dimmed eyes, muttering some reply, took off his ring and handed it to Bob. "You wear it, Bob, and let it always remind you that whatever I have is yours, always." Bob also took off his ring and handed it to Donald.

The train roared up to the station; Bob jumped on board, and uttering a scarcely audible "Good-bye," was whisked off into the night on his way to far off Virginia. A few minutes later Donald took an express bound for New York.

II

Time speeds rapidly and works many changes.

Twenty-five years had passed since the night when the south-bound train carrying Bob Lee to Virginia had separated the two friends. During this interval of space, Time the wonder worker had done its deadliest work.

For several years after they had been graduated from Princeton, Bob and Donald had corresponded regularly, but the demands of the law on the one hand and of a growing business on the other caused the letters to pass less and less frequently until they ceased altogether. Gradually present demands forced past memories into the background until friends of college days were forgotten. No, not forgotten; not that. Friends are not forgotten but they are pushed into the far background until they become obscure. Although there lay in the mind of each dormant memories, Bob and Donald had become separated by the ever moving process of time.

Donald Wallace progressed rapidly in the law and was equally successful when he turned to politics. By a series of brilliant performances, he became District Attorney for New York City and shortly afterwards Mayor of the city. After four years of clean, capable government in the great metropolis, he was sent up to Albany as Governor of the Empire State by the largest majority ever given a gubernatorial candidate. This great majority was given to him the same year that the National Democratic ticket was slaughtered by the opposition of the laboring classes, and thus made him one of the most eligible candidates to lead the party in its attempted come back in the next election.

Robert Lee became interested in his father's manufacturing enterprises, and at the death of his father ten years later, he took over the management of the company. By the use of skillful business practice, Lee amassed a fortune and expanded his business. In this expansion, he built a number of factories in various parts of the country.

One September morning of the year—Lee, who had been called up to Waterford, N. Y., to try to settle a strike which had kept his New York factory shut down for a number of months, sat in the office of his New York factory in consultation with a committee representing the labor union.

"You see, Mr. Lee, our position is just this," the leader of the delegation was saying. "Our members have stood for many things in the past but—"

"But what? Haven't every last one of you received every penny I contracted to pay? Haven't you men received as high wages as any men employed in the industry? And what are you kicking about now? Just because I won't fire a few American citi-

zens simply because they don't want to belong to your damned union!" said Lee, in tones of anger.

"But you see, Mr. Lee, it is the principle we are contending for. We have come to the conclusion that it is to our best interests to run on the closed shop basis," replied the chairman.

"Run what? My factory? When did you take it into your heads that you were to decide how my business was to be run?"

"When we became strong enough to do it. We now have the upper hand—"

"What upper hand! Get out of my factory and never come in here again," exclaimed Lee, getting up and advancing in a threatening manner.

The members of the committee hurriedly started for the door; but just after he stepped out, the chairman thrust his head back in the door and said, "We'll stay out all right, until you send for us, but so will all the rest of the men." Lee, who was just sitting down, leaped from his chair, and overcome by anger grabbed up a heavy paper weight which he threw towards the door. The weight crashed through the glass door and struck the man, who had hesitated for a moment over the eye. He dropped with a thud to the floor.

Several hours later William Smith, head of Union 743 of the United Silk Weavers, died in the Emergency Hospital from a fractured skull, and Robert Lee was placed in jail on a charge of murder.

The case was hopeless from the very beginning. Opened amid a seathing attack from the press, the united opposition of the laboring people, many of whom, still on strike, thronged the court-room, and with a judge noted for his socialistic tendencies presiding, the trial ran in favor of the prosecution from the very beginning, despite the utmost efforts of Lee's lawyers. Therefore, the sentence of death imposed after the jury had returned a verdict of guilty did not come unexpectedly.

Lee was carried to the death row in Sing-Sing, where he awaited the day of execution. His twenty-year-old daughter Virginia, his only relative, was with him almost constantly, but she only made his suffering more acute by bringing before him the thought of what he was going to lose. One day less than a month before the date set for the execution, while paying her usual visit to her father, Virginia suddenly asked, "Father, why don't you appeal to the governor to commute your sentence?"

"I've thought of that, dear; but the Governor, even though he was formerly my best friend, can't pardon me in the face of all my enemies," replied Lee, bitterly.

"Your best friend? Governor Wallace?"

"Formerly, child. I lived with him for four years in college, and was his closest friend; but that was a long time ago. However, if it wasn't for all the political opposition against me, I believe he would do it. You see this ring, Virginia?" he said, as he showed her the ring Wallace had given him the night they finished college. "Donald Wallace gave it to me the day we finished Princeton and said for me to let it remind me that whatever he had was mine, 'always.' But he didn't have the Presidency staring him in the face then."

"But, daddy, if he was your best friend, he will surely prevent this unjust sentence being executed, and I'm going to Albany tomorrow to see him," said Virginia. "If everything he has is yours, I shall bring your pardon when I return."

"It is all right for you to go, Virginia, but don't expect anything favorable. If he were to pardon me at this time, it would mean giving up the Presidency of the United States because right now he is in such a position that all he has to do is to say the word and he will become the next President; but if he were to pardon me, it would be impossible for him to get it."

The next day Virginia called upon Governor Wallace at the State House and was shown into his private office where she made her plea in a straightforward manner. "Governor Wallace, father admits and has always admitted that he killed the man, but at the same time it was upon great provocation and entirely unintentional. This fact was brought out in the trial, but with public sentiment so bitter against him, he did not have a chance at a fair trial. He could not, and did not, commit cold-blooded murder. He was your friend in college, and you yourself know that he could not deliberately kill a man." As she spoke, Virginia handed him the ring which she had brought with her.

"What! Robert Lee is old Bob Lee of Princeton," exclaimed the Governor. "The best man that ever lived condemned to death as a murderer. But that sentence shall never be executed. I will pardon him, because I know that old Bob could not commit any deed which would merit a sentence of death. Why didn't you come to see me sooner so that I could have ended the matter before?"

These words, which exceeded even her highest expectations, almost stunned Virginia; but she quickly

recovered and, after thanking the Governor time after time, hurriedly set out for Ossining to bear the good news to her father.

The Governor had prepared the pardon, and he was engaged in examining the document preparatory to signing it when Senator Fournier, one of the leaders of the Democratic Party and foremost exponent of Wallace's candidacy for the Presidency, called to discuss the political situation.

"Senator," said Wallace after the two men had taken their seats, "excuse me a moment while I sign this paper. It is a pardon for Lee, who was convicted of killing Smith in that labor row a few months ago."

"What? You are going to pardon Lee? For heaven's sake man, don't you know that such a step would ruin you?" exclaimed the Senator springing from his seat and snatching the pardon out of the Governor's hand. "What do you want to pardon him for?"

"Because I am convinced that he killed Smith unintentionally in a moment of anger and also because I know personally that Lee could not commit cold blooded murder," replied the Governor.

"You are not going to sign this pardon, Wallace, and I'll tell you why," said Fournier. "If you sign it you will arouse the antagonism of every laboring man in New York State. They will prevent the New York delegates to the convention from giving you a vote and instead of being the outstanding favorite of the Democratic Party, which is sure to carry the election now that the Republicans have split and elected two different candidates; instead of having the Presidency in your grasp as you now have, you will, by this very act which you are now contemplating, become only a negligible figure, being repudiated by your own state. Why should you do such a thing? This man has been duly tried and convicted. From all indications he is guilty of first degree murder, and yet you want to give up the greatest opportunity of a lifetime to save him from a just punishment, in violation of the oath you took when you were inaugurated as Governor of New York."

Wallace listened quietly and attentively to the Senator. He had not thought of the matter in this light when he gave his promise to Virginia. Suppose he had done wrong in making such a promise? But he could still revoke the pardon if he thought best. After thinking the matter over for several minutes, he said: "Senator, I hadn't thought of the matter in that way before. If it means giving up the Presidency, the matter should be given much more consideration than I have had time to give it. I will think the whole thing over carefully tonight, and let you know tomorrow what I decide to do."

"All right, Governor. It is up to you; but remember that you have a duty which you owe to your party, to your state, and to your country, to say nothing of what you owe to yourself, which can only be fulfilled by allowing justice to take its course." Putting his arm on the Governor's shoulder, he walked towards the door, and speaking in a subdued tone, said: "Wallace, laying polities entirely aside, I like you, and I don't want you to ruin yourself by taking this false step. Think it over sensibly, laying aside foolish sentiment and tell me in the morning that you will be the next President of the United States."

The Governor of New York did not sleep that night. Throughout the night he alternately paced the floor of his library or reclined in a big leather chair. In either position his mind was concentrated upon the one question, the question which he now realized was to be the big problem of his life: "Should he pardon Lee?" It was a fight between ambition and friendship. Through the long hours of the night the battle raged with each side advancing and retreating. At one time ambition was triumphant and held the field uncontested for a short while. This was when ambition put forth the argument that he was bound by his inaugural oath not to allow personal desires to interfere with the duties of his office. But after apparent annihilation, friendship recovered sufficiently to deliver a vigorous counter-attack by declaring that in his heart, the governor knew that Lee was innocent of premeditated murder and consequently should not be executed. This come-back, while it routed ambition temporarily, did not maintain a decisive advantage, and along towards the break of day the Governor did what so many men had done before—he compromised.

When Senator Fournier called at his office the next morning, he told him the nature of the compromise. "I am going to pardon Lee, but I shall do it in such a manner that it will not interfere with the contest at the convention. The convention will meet on the first day of June and should select its candidate by the sixth. Therefore, if I can put off my decision concerning the pardon until after that date, I shall be able to kill two birds with one stone. I shall be selected as the Democratic nominee for President on

the sixth, and on the seventh, when all my plans have been carried out, I shall issue a pardon for Lee."

"That's a good plan, Governor, but for the fact that Lee is sentenced to be executed on May seventh, just one month before you can possibly be nominated."

"Oh, I've provided for that. I will grant Lee a reprieve for thirty days, which will prevent the sentence from being carried out until after our scheme has been carried out."

The best laid plans sometimes miscarry.

The Democratic convention met at Chicago on the first day of June. It proceeded to draw up its platform and to transact the regular business. Senator Fournier hastened the work of the convention as much as possible, and was so successful in his efforts that the convention was ready to nominate by the fifth day.

However, on the first ballot taken, the Senator and Wallace both discovered that their plan had miscarried. Despite the fact that Wallace received nearly five hundred of the eleven hundred votes cast, the New York delegates refrained from voting and stated that they would take no part in the proceedings until the case of Lee had been settled. The labor leaders of New York had suspected the plot hatched by Wallace and Fournier and were determined to prevent its successful execution. But though this action proved a bombshell to the Wallace supporters, it was not necessarily disastrous because it was only necessary for them to secure two hundred more votes to secure the nomination for Wallace, and he had already a great plurality.

The convention took ballot after ballot and with every vote Wallace secured additional supporters until on the twenty-fifth ballot he received six hundred and fifty-seven, only fifty under the required two-thirds necessary for nomination. But after reaching this point, he was unable to gain. After taking forty-two ballots, he still had his six hundred and fifty-seven, but had been unable to add an additional vote. The convention adjourned for the night at this point, and immediately the various candidates and their managers began a vigorous all night campaign to better their positions. At the headquarters of Wallace, delegation after delegation called to get the governor to abandon the course which many believed would cost him the nomination. That was the attempt to postpone deciding the Lee case until after he had bee nominated.

One of the many callers, Senator Watterman, in talking to Wallace, said, "Governor, you must decide by ten o'clock what you are going to do. If, when the convention reconvenes in the morning you have not definitely decided to let Lee be executed, the New York delegates will cast their votes for Senator Calvin, and that will precipitate a slide in his direction. You know what that will mean at this stage of the game when everything appears deadlocked. There is a two to one chance that the slide will put Calvin across; but even if it fails to do that, it will take a number of votes away from you which you can never regain and consequently your chance at the nomination will be destroyed."

The final effort to force him to change his mind came when the New York delegates sent a committee to him the next morning, less than an hour before the convention was to meet. This committee offered him the ninety votes from the Empire State if he would pledge his word not to interfere with the sentence imposed upon Lee. "Governor Wallace," said the chairman of the committee, "you have a great opportunity before you and also a great duty to perform. You owe it to your party and to your country to accept this position which is within your grasp. Will you abandon the call of duty for the sake of a mere friendship? Will you give up the Presidency of the United States of America to save the life of a man whose life has been declared forfeited by the law of the land?"

Wallace hesitated. He realized that he could put off his decision no longer. The great problem of his life must be decided and decided immediately. Would he, by merely saying the word, realize the ambition of a lifetime—the goal to which he had striven for the larger part of his life? Or would he by saying a word turn down the greatest honor within the power of the American people to bestow? While he still hesitated the chairman began again, "Do you hesitate, Governor? Surely you cannot realize what lies ahead of you? Will you make every man in New York State despise you? Look ahead, man. See yourself as President of the greatest country on the face of the earth. Powerful, respected and honored by one hundred million people. The strongest and mightiest of rulers, the equal of kings and emperors. Can you not see your actions making history, history that will last till the end of time? Think of the honor and the

power which will be yours! You will be one of that group of less than two score who, out of hundreds of millions, have held this honor. Refuse! Turn down this honor and then what? Do you not see yourself the most despised man in the United States? Can you not see the glances of anger, distrust, suspicion and hatred which will be turned on you when you return home with this blot on your character?" the speaker waxed eloquent.

Slowly Governor Wallace rose from his chair and in a tone which seemed to be dictated from a far away mind said, "I see it all. I will feel glances which I know will pierce my very being, but there is one glance which I dread even more—a look which would sear my soul if I but glimpsed it. Gentlemen," said Wallace as he looked into the eyes of his hearers, "either on this earth, in heaven, or in hell, I must again see Bob Lee, and though the look which he would give would make the angels of heaven or the fiends of hell pity me, they could not save me from the greatest punishment the mind of man can conceive—the look of reproach from a wronged friend. I must pardon Bob Lee! I will pardon him."

Senator Calvin was nominated on the third ballot taken by the convention after it reconvened. Later that day Wallace pardoned Lee, and immediately afterwards resigned as Governor of the State of New York.

III.

It was the fourth day of March, and Washington was crowded with visitors come to witness the inaugural ceremonies. Among the many thousands who crowded the sidewalks and windows along Pennsylvania Avenue was Mr. Donald Wallace. When the inaugural procession passed opposite his hotel, he looked out at the open automobile in which were seated the President and the President-elect. As he looked his eyes grew misty, and suddenly he saw seated by the out-going President, not President-elect Calvin, but Donald Wallace. The vision lasted only an instant, however, for when he drew his hand across his eyes to wipe away the mist, he also wiped away the vision of "what might have been." And as he turned away from the window there came to his ears the sound of cheers, applause for the thirty-first President of the United States.

Scarcely had the inaugural oath been administered when a messenger boy knocked at his door and handed him a telegram. The message read:

"Mr. Donald Wallace, Washington, D. C. Father died this morning. Virginia Lee."

And Wallace laughed.

COME OUT WITH ME

Robert James

COME out with me to the ocean's side,
Where we can watch the rolling tide
Of white-capp'd breakers keeping pace
Like great white horses in a race.

And gaze with me out far beyond,
Where sky meets sea: the horizon.
There see the radiant, rising sun
Richly adorn the day begun.

See how across the vast expanse
Of wandr'ing waters, nimbly dance
The new-born rays; and gently spread
Gold-tinted blankets, golden, red.

The breakers, dashing, splashing, too,
Take up the rays which, shining thru,
Send many spectra bright and gay,
Into the flying, splintering spray.

* * * * *

Ah, will you come? Come out with me
And as this sight we see, we'll ponder
Of God's great glory, works, and wonder.

NATIONAL POLICY RESPONSIVE TO POPULAR WILL

R. D. Ware
(Winner of Wiley Gray Orator's Medal, 1922)

"THE fortunes of mankind now rest with the common people of the world." This significant assertion which came from former President Woodrow Wilson, one of the most influential and constructive statesmen of all time, has a direct bearing on the bettering of conditions among men. Today world affairs, economic, political, social, national, and otherwise present disorder and complexities hitherto without parallel; it is quite fitting then that we should think for a while of means whereby improvements must be effected.

Since the beginning of the Christian era, three distinct movements characterize the progress of civilization and the development of government as we know them today. In the earlier times it was the empire, "an institution of predominating force, where law, religion and administration emanated from the center and were directed toward one end. That center was the imperial will; that end, universal dominion. In it the basis of governmental machinery was obedience; submission was the criterion of citizenship." But a force was set in motion to overthrow it. This was the monarchy. Here a strong leader was placed at the head of government, and, supported by an accepted theory of "divine right," in power supreme he ruled the nation. The people were not sovereign but were subject. "Sustained by the sanctity of religion and defended with the ingenuity of philosophy, his power was irresistible and undisputed."

But man awoke. Just as the Peace of Westphalia in 1648 had marked the highest point in the development of the monarchy, so did the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 indicate positively that it was beginning to decline. The theory of "divine right" was set aside, "and by this the very foundation for absolutism was destroyed." We then had the period of revolution. "Where there had once been the empire, continual in its scope, we got the idea of a strong central government; the monarchy, local in its scope, gave us the idea of a state—but now there comes, strongly, a new force, a force which declared that the people are the source of law."

In making practical the principles of government by the people, the American nation was established. "The United States is possessed, then, with a strong central government; we have states which denote territorial divisions and organized local interests, just as had the monarchy;" but more than this, we have the recognized sovereignty of the people. Essentially this is the controlling element in our governmental machinery. "The stream of national power as well as that of state power," to use the expression of Hamilton, "flows from that pure, original fountain of all legitimate authority—the people."

This was the beginning of democracy. Apart from the old ideas current in Europe a new principal was planted. High and holy is the faith to which it has been dedicated. All the strength of our people has been given freely to spread it to other lands, to the end that people bound with the oppressing decrees of monarchs might possess the freedom which is inalienably theirs. In only recent years, we remember, we engaged in a mighty effort to crush forever from the earth the final vestige of imperialism. In the words of our great war leader, "We had no quarrel with the German people. We had no feeling toward them but sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their government acted in bringing on the war. It was not with their previous knowledge or approval. It was a war determined upon as wars used to be determined upon in the old unhappy days when people were nowhere consulted by their rulers and wars were provoked and waged in the interests of little groups of ambitious men accustomed to use their fellowmen as pawns and tools." Today then, with this evil influence removed, the world is quivering with the urgency of popular spirit. Released from the dungeon in which they were too long held captive, the peoples of the world, as a man liberated from a dark dungeon, stagger under the brilliant radiance of the new light they now see.

What is the challenge that faces this new order? What is that which must justify labored and sacrificial efforts to bring it on? Conscious of power, the peoples of the world have sensed the meaning of democracy, a term derived from a combination of two

Greek words, *demos*, the people, and *krotein*, to rule, Democracy has extended itself over the world. It has become quantitative; it must now become qualitative. Ideals have effected it; practice must conserve it. The people, theoretically, have been given the rnle; they must learn how to use it.

The recent conference at Washiugton, if it indicated anything at all, certainly indicated that man is worn and weary of competitive armaments, of the burdensome folly of intrigue, and of the devices of selfish men which always have led to war. Stifled with the horror of secret diplomacy, where bogies of covenauts and iniquitous schemes galore have deceived the people into believing that their will was being respected, man now cries out that the old order must yield to the new.

At the conference in Genoa, Mr. Lloyd George significantly observed that "the war is over but the snarling goes ou." Prompted by the notions that controlled emperors and monarchs, far too many of our national leaders have zealously carried on work that makes for war.

This and accompanying conditions clearly iudicate that there thrives in the hearts of these men an ambition and a struggle for power and prestige. Imperialism, nationalism, and commercialism—each of them ministers only to the material—portend defeat for the most praiseworthy ideals of the people. Diplomats have exploited patriotism and the aspirations most deeply rooted in the hearts of mankind. But hark! a uew force is alive in the world. The force that established America is quickened. The people are aware that they are the source of law, that they must dictate the affairs of government. Old leaderships are breaking down because they are not in tune with the rational demands of the people they represent.

How may this force, now rising so wouderfully, be made safe? We fought valiantly to make the world safe for democracy; we must now fight just as resolutely to make democracy safe for the world. Enlightened people must act together. This righteous force must become educated with a thorough knowledge that will instill into the peoples a consciousuess of the practical usefulness of the privileges they enjoy. But how is America, the leader in this maguificent enterprise, to measure to the respousibilities she has assumed? Consider for a moment. More than ninety per cent of our national wealth is even yet dedicated annually to the cause of war, notwithstauding the fact that more than seventy per cent of our people have degrees of learning that place them in the intelligence scale below the age of 14 years. These items are worthy of our most studied concern. The explanation for them is that we do not give enough of our money to our schools, our churches, our libraries, and those institutions which make for character in the hearts and lives of our individual citizens.

Peuding in the National Congress today a measure known as the Smith-Towner bill calls for regular and systematic appropriations for our schools. Teacher training, a matter woefully neglected, and moderu equipment that will allow for expanded curricula, are crying needs throughout our country. This act will provide a secretary of education in the President's cabinet. Positively, it would in no wise deprive the local communities of their power of decision in matters regarding the course of instructiou and detailed items of administratiou. The fundamental and acknowledged rights of the community would experience no federal interference.

The value of the proposal comes in the fact that it will offer money for the education of our people. It will mark a beginning in political progress, in world progress. You recall the statemeut of the immortal Lincoln that "at some good day the highest function of government should be to give to all an unfettered start in life." The conservation and the making of character—vitalizing character—is one of the most ideal aspirations of government. The Smith-Towner bill will ward off the threatening dangers of ignorant democracy, alas, so pitifully illustrated in the Russian communistic republic today. It will make us nearer able to direct intelligently the affairs of our "representative" authority, in domestic concerns as well as in international policies. Natioual elections will more certaiuly represent the real wishes and aims of the people; for say what you will, the practiced methods of petty politics and politicians, the ingenious devices of world diplomats, are above all else a reflection on the intelligence of our citizens.

A word then which has come from the midnight of oppression, from the crystallized traditionalism of other days to the dawn of an era where man himself directs the progress of his couutry, sends out urgent and unstopping calls for educated citizens. America has taken the leadership in bringing democracy; this self-same America must take the leadership in bringing popular educational opportunity to the doorsteps of every home. We must have educated men at the polls, every one of them; we must have educated leaders, conscious of truth and possessed of high and com-

pelling character who, responsive to the yearnings of a thousand million hearts, will lead the world from the stagnant pools of ancient fraud into the consuming light of a new day. "Behind them there will be the thought of the plain people of the world, here and everywhere, people who enjoy no privilege save that of enlightened minds but who have simple standards of right and wrong. This is the air that all governments must henceforth breath if they would live." Education, educational opportunity, and the consequent enthronement of truth in the very natures of each person, are the very foundations on which governments must henceforth endure. The crisis of democracy has come; it is intensely and increasingly real. If we, as a nation strong, meet it, we shall see that the innumerable sacrifices incident to establishing the new order shall not have been made in vain. If we meet it, we shall redeem with our lives and our fortunes the great faith to which we are born, and a new glory shall shine resplendent on the faces of our people. "Governmental policies responsive to popular will" contains the only hope of the world for the preservation of our most fondly cherished possessions, and that great man, now torn with the marks of his own sacrifices in proclaiming this truth, voiced the hope of humanity when he declared that "the fortunes of mankind now rest with the common people of the world."

THE TALE OF THE BOOT-JACK

R. P. Harriss

TH' coffee pot bubbled an' steamed an' thumped,
On th' hook by th' chimbly fire;
A cold rain poured and the wind it roared
Outside like a moanin' choir;
My pal wuz asleep on th' bunk in th' rear,
An' wrapped in his blankets lay dreamin'—
On an old ca'tridge box lay a pile o' damp socks—
By th' hearth wet clothes wuz steamin'.

Th' soft shadows flickered about th' room,
As th' fire to red coals wuz dyin',
An' th' hearth wuz lit, by th' flicker 'n flit,
Whur our huntin' boots lay a-dryin'.
Half dreamin' I set by the friendly warmth,
A-toastin' my shins an' my toes
When my foot wuz bumped, an' I sorter jumped
An' waked up frum my doze.

Then I heard faint sounds like th' witches make,
But I can't remember them now—
An' befo' I could wink, now what d'ye think?—
Th' boot-jack made me a bow!
Then it walked right over an' set on a log
An' asked for a chaw o' t'backer,
An' I give him some "Mule," an' he chewed it cool
An' calm as a Georgia Cracker.

Then it up an' spoken in boot-jack talk,
(Th' langwidge I've plumb forgot)
But I understood, an' I listened good—
An' th' coals wuz glowin' hot.

Well, this boot-jack told th' weirdest tale
That wuz ever my lot to hear—
An' the firelight gleamed, an' th' wet boots steamed,
An' my partner slept in the rear.

Th' boot-jack told how a man wuz killed—
Murdered in this same shack;
It told how his ghost wuz doomed to roast
In th' chimbly hot an' black.
It said that his spirit ha'nts th' place
When th' elements is loose;
An' I thought I saw blood on th' hearth chink mud—
Or wuz it t'backer juice?

Th' jack talked on and my hair it riz,
An' th' wind it howled outside;
An' th' ha'nt come down, an' danced aroun';
I could feel him by my side!
So there I set, 'bout scared to death
An' I guess I must of yelled,
For my pardner woke, an' th' spell it broke—
In a spell I'd shore been held!

My pal he shook me good an' hard;
He yelled: "You're actin' quare!"
"An' Bill," sez he, "what's ailin' ye?
You been havin' a nightmare!"—

* * * * *

I never did tell what th' boot-jack said,
For fear he'd laugh or scold,
But my thoughts goes back, when th' nights is black,
To th' tale that th' boot-jack told.

TWO ROUND TRIPS

By M. B. M.

FROM eleven years old to forty-five years old is a long tiresome trip as Father Time measures it; but from forty-five years old to eleven is a mere nothing as Father Memory measures it.

Paul Underwood gazed speculatively at the shiny surface of the seven-passenger car. Quite obviously it had just been polished. Paul examined it more closely and then gave a short laugh. "That's funny. Last Sunday when Daddy told Bob to wipe the dust off the car 'fore we went to church, Bob didn't do it. Now he's goin' out with Frances, there ain't a speck o' dust anywhere. Bet he sweated over that polishing! It 'ud 'a killed him to work that much if she wasn't 'a goin'." With the curiosity characteristic of his eleven years, Paul opened the door into the back of the car to see how thoroughly eighteen-year-old Bob had cleaned up.

The first thing to meet his eyes was the robe. Instantly his mind was alert. Next week was the Fair, and—well, it took lots of money to see everything.

Paul heard Bob coming down the path to the garage whistling. He jumped into the car, pulled the door shut quietly, dropped to the floor, and covered himself with the robe. He could hear Bob at the gasoline tank, at the water tank, then lifting the hood to see about the oil supply. Evidently everything was all right because Paul heard the engine start. If only Bob did not discover him before Frances got into the car! He knew he would be safe then.

Frances got into the car, and away they started. All that Paul could hear was a low hum of voices. "One thing is sure," he thought, "if I expect to hear anything I'll have to get out from under this robe." Cautiously, he crawled out.

"Frances, you're marvelously beautiful tonight," Bob was saying.

Paul knitted his brows thoughtfully. "Huh!" he said to himself, "she looks just like she always did. Got on her same old blue dress. I've seen her wear it a dozen times. I don't see no difference."

A long time after this Bob was still assuring Frances of her matchless beauty. Paul carefully shifted his position. "Gosh, wish I hadn't come," he grumbled to himself. "My foot's asleep 'n I ain't heard nothin' yet 'cept how sweet and beautiful she is. He's been a 'tellin' her that for 'n hour. Bet I could a made it snappier than that. Wish—" Paul stopped abruptly. Bob and Frances were moving closer and closer together as if they were going to tell secrets.

"Ho-o-o-ld her Newt!" burst involuntarily from Paul. Quickly he put his hand over his mouth, but it was too late. Bob and Frances jumped apart, there was a grinding of brakes, and the big car came to a standstill.

Bob seized Paul savagely. "You little imp of Satan, what are you doing here?"

"Just wanted to come that's all," answered Paul innocently. "Didn't you want me?"

"Want you?" thundered the irate Bob, "of course we didn't want you."

"Well, what are you goin' a do about it, now I'm here?"

"We are going to take you right back home," answered Bob with dignity. "Sit up on the seat now, we're going."

"Gee, do I have to take the place of five folks?" asked Paul, getting on the rear seat reluctantly.

"Hush up," snapped Bob, as he started the engine.

Down, down, down the mountain the car sped. Paul gazed moodily on the cold October moon. A low hum of voices reached him from the front seat, but not one word could he distinguish. "Gosh, I can't hear nothin'," Paul complained to himself. "I got to hear somethin' if I want to see all the side-shows at the Fair. Wish I knew some way I could hear." Paul looked meditatively at the moon and trees as they flew by. "It is cold for October," he thought. Then the big idea came to him.

"Bob," he said in a small voice.

"What?" Bob asked shortly.

"Bob, I don't have any overcoat on, and, Bob, it is cold back here," Paul said meekly. "Wonder if you'd mind if I came up there with you and Frances?"

"Yes, I would! Hush, now. You had no business coming along."

"Oh, Bob," pleaded Frances sweetly, "how can you be so hard-hearted? Let him come up here if he is cold."

"Bob's weakenin'," Paul observed to himself. "I thought maybe I could get her sympathy."

"Well, come on, then," Bob said as he slowed down the car.

Paul had thought that he would get between them, but Frances was too quick for him. He sat very quiet, listening intently. They evidently realized that Paul was paying rather too close attention because all they talked was small talk. After about fifteen minutes of this Frances turned to him and said, "My, but you are a quiet little boy."

"I never talk when I don't get the chance," answered Paul gravely.

Bob frowned threateningly at him, but Paul was looking at the moon again. Bob and Frances resumed their conversation.

"Ding bust the luck," Paul complained to himself, "I sure drew a lemon this time. I ain't getting a consarn bit o' evidence and I won't get to see hardly any side-shows on just my allowance." He pondered on the situation gloomily. "Just think, here I could a' been up at Roger's playin' Indians 'stead of listening to all this gab about other folks, music, books, 'n other dry stuff. I'll be a stiff till I get home."

"Paul, dear," Frances said winningly, "Bob always fusses with me when we go out. Why is it?"

"Search me," grinned Paul, "but I'm sure glad you're along 'cause he'd fuss with me if you weren't."

Paul saw her cast a smiling sidelong glance at Bob. "A little evidence," remarked Paul to himself. "But very little. Not worth mor'n a dime."

"Oh, I'm going to try real hard to get him in good humor again though," Frances was saying.

"I surely do hope you do, 'cause I'll catch it when he gets home if you don't!" Paul saw Bob signal frantically to him. His face lighted up with a disarming smile, and he turned again to Frances. "Say, Frances, did you know Bob wrote you a poem?" The car swerved dangerously. Bob positively glowered at him.

"No, dear, what is it? Please tell it to me," Frances pleaded.

"Well, I don't know it all," Paul acknowledged reluctantly. "You see, he was sayin' it when he was dressin' the other morning when he thought I was sleepin'—but I wasn't."

"Tell me what you know then," Frances insisted. "You know I'd like to hear it." Then turning to Bob, "I didn't know you wrote poetry."

"I don't. I didn't—" Bob began.

"Oh, yes, you did, Bob Underwood," Paul interrupted. "You was sayin' it the other mornin' when you was tyin' your bow tie." Then addressing Frances, "It was this way. He said about six lines 'n then his tie turned all cockey-wampus 'n he said 'Damn it'—"

"Paul, I'll give you a dollar to hush," Bob offered.

"All right, I'll take you up," Paul told him. Then to himself, "Gosh, I couldn't have quoted a word of that junk if I'd been shot for it. Got a dollar anyhow. Now about two more 'n I'll be all set to go to the Fair."

Paul was so busy thinking about that dollar that he paid but desultory attention for the next few minutes. After a while he heard Bob say, "Oh, Frances, that night on the lake! You looked like one of the lilies. I never shall forget the picture you made sitting there in the boat with your fingers touching the water ever so lightly, and the moonlight embracing you—"

Paul laughed heartily. "Oh, I'll have to tell Mother and Dad that! They don't know nothin' about that boat ride." Paul was holding his sides and laughing. "Moonlight embracin' her! Say, embracin' means huggin', don't it, Bob?"

Bob looked at him helplessly. "I'll give you another dollar not to report what you've heard tonight," he offered.

"No, sir, can't do that," Paul managed to say. "No, sirree! This will be worth a front seat in the balcony when I tell it."

"I'll make it two more dollars," Bob bargained frantically.

"We—ll, I'll think it over," Paul answered doubtfully. With a quick change of mood, he added, "But I guess I'll take you up on it—as a favor to you, see?"

The car turned into the lane leading to the Underwood home. Bob sounded the horn and Mr. Underwood opened the door. As the car slowed down, Bob called to him, "Father, Paul hid in the back and went part of the way with us. We brought him back." The trace of anger in Bob's voice was anything but slight.

Paul jumped quickly to the ground. "I'm sorry this happened, Bob," Mr. Underwood apologized. "I'm sure it will never happen again."

As Paul and his father went into the house, Mr. Underwood went to the door of the library and, addressing his widowed sister said, "Nell, Paul and I have an engagement with the switch. I'll be back

soon. Say good-night to Aunt Nell, Paul," he added sternly.

"Come, kiss Aunt Nell, dear," the lady said gently. "What is wrong?"

"I went with Bob and Frances 'n they didn't know it 'till—but I promised I wouldn't tell," Paul finished lamely.

Paul turned to follow his father. "Bob," Aunt Nell said with a suggestion of tears in her voice, "remember—" but she could not go on.

Father and son went to Paul's room. As Mr. Underwood reached for the switch another scene came before his eyes. A little boy, strangely like Paul, had just been discovered under a davenport on which a girl who looked like Nell but much younger was sitting with a young man. "But, Bob, why did you do it?" the girl questioned. He could not tell her that next week was the Fair and—girls, older folks just did not understand.

Mr. Underwood put the switch down on the dresser. "Kiss father good-night, son, and don't do this again," he said gently.

Father Memory had measured the years from forty-five all the way back to eleven.

"ONE MAN IN HIS TIME"—BY ELLEN GLASGOW

A REVIEW

James Secrest

THE romantic phase of a sociological problem has been woven into a delightful novel in a masterly fashion by a writer who is intimately acquainted with the aristocratic society of Virginia about which she writes. "One Man in His Time" is a melodramatic story built upon a problem of sociology which has been particularly prominent in sections of the United States since the war. As it is necessary that every plot of any consequence has a struggle in it, Ellen Glasgow has taken the struggle between democracy and aristocracy, and has cleverly intertwined it with the destinies of a young man who comes from one of the leading families of Virginia aristocracy and a girl who is the daughter of an unknown circus rider.

The novel starts out with an evident sureness of purpose, continues with a delightful quality of description, and finishes in a logical way. The well-knit plot and a bit of mystery make it compare favorably with the author's most popular books up to date, such as "Virginia," "Life and Gabriella," and "The Voice of the People." The description of the city of Richmond is surpassed only by the characterization of certain types in the society of Virginia. Miss Glasgow presents a problem without attempting a solution; neither are her views entirely clear concerning her attitude toward the two classes represented. The author has probably intended, however, to show the effect of an unfortunate condition of society rather than to offer any panacea for the ills that exist. She is prominently a novelist and not a sociologist or political scientist.

The story is that of Gideon Vetch, a former circus performer, who has been swept into office of Governor of Virginia on a tidal wave of popular reaction against conservatism and who finds himself in society where blood and breeding are permanent. His vivacious daughter, Patty, feels her lack of culture and conventional refinement keenly. She becomes so eager to make her way into the aristocratic society which centers about the capitol that she resorts to a study of a page of the dictionary every day in order to broaden her vocabulary.

All the characters stand out clearly against the background which the author so artfully sketches. Corrinia Page, the charming widow, is the one character that serves to unite the two diametrically opposed classes that are introduced at the beginning of the novel. Her cultural beauty radiates throughout the entire story. At forty-eight she is far lovelier than most girls in their teens, for she possesses that flame-like inner radiance, that glow and charm that come from a noble and unselfish heart.

A touch of dramatic situations is evident in some of the latter scenes of the novel, but on the whole the story approaches the melodrama much more than the drama. Miss Glasgow makes several attempts to throw some light on human nature, and in a few in-

stances she is successful in uncovering minor observations of life that would indicate that she is somewhat of a student of human nature.

The author is not prejudiced or narrow-minded in her criticism of the society of Virginia, for she portrays its merits as well as its defects. On the other hand she does not hesitate to point out the weakness and the selfishness of the advocates of democracy. As a novelist she is much more concerned with the outcome of the romance of Stephen Culpepper and Patty Vetch and with the portrayal of the noble character of Corrinia than with the unraveling of sociological problems The novel is well worth reading, and easily deserves a place among the foremost works of fiction published this year.

Exchanges

The November issue of this magazine is disinctly a success. Its only marked defect is its poetry, the sonnet contributed by Miss Hayden, "A Friend," being the only one of a serious nature that is included. The two poems contributed by the editor of the magazine appear to be noble efforts on her part to prevent so notable a lack of poetry in the number. If this is the case, she is to be commended upon her efforts. The poem by Miss Hayden, however, is really good.

The College Message

The two short essays, "The Profession and the Home" and "On Just the Home," are the features of the issue. They are short and interesting, and show thought on the part of the writers. While we are naturally inclined to bear towards Miss Morris' point of view, yet we certainly admire Miss Newberry for so boldly taking the stand she does and congratulate her upon putting it forth in so logical and convincing style. Such articles as these are really what make college magazines interesting.

The short story, "Two Weeks," has an excellent opening paragraph, but the body of the story is a bit disappointing with the exception of one place, which contains a description of what the heroine saw gazing from her window as "the eleventh hour of night was drawing near." The plot of the story is rather weak. The other short story of the issue, "Never! Never!" is very commendable. It has a good plot which is well handled with the lone exception of the accident at the very last of the story. This incident is a little bit flat. The line, "She put on her hat and coat, *powdered her nose*, and went out into the cold . . . " is no doubt true to life, and it is interesting as a human element touch in a girl's composition, yet in order to preserve coherence of style this sentence should have either been accompanied by others of a similar nature or omitted entirely.

The Archive has had the pleasure of exchanging this month with two of the best issues of college magazines that have ever been offered for our perusal. The *Phoenix* is even better than its sharer of our criticisms, *The Message*. The contributions are few but good.

The Emory Phoenix

The plot of "Lagoons and Lizards" is simple, but it is exceedingly well handled, and the style of the author has the ease of one more experienced than are the majority of college students. His two negro boys, however, were braver than those with which we have come in contact.

"Cadences and Rhymes" expresses a good sentiment when it strives to check the encroaches of *Vers Libre* upon American poetry. With one exception, we can give our unqualified support to its denunciations of this new form of "poetry" but we feel that had Mr. Hartcock read one poem of this character that it has been our pleasure to read, he would not have been so unqualifying in his rebukes. The samples that he quotes are really amusing.

"Hold 'er Newt, She's A-Rearin'," a light "Waltonian" poem, fits in well with the more serious nature of the other numbers of the issue.

"What's in a Story?" is a learned explanation of what really constitutes a good story. The lengthy quotation at the end, however, makes the article almost as much Mr. Bennauer's as it is Mr. Morrison's. If this information had been reproduced in the student's words, with suitable acknowledgements to the source, the treatise would have been stronger. The information conveyed, however, is extremely interesting. The magazine as a whole is of a high standard and speaks well for the college it represents.

Wayside Wares

LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN

Seborn Perry

FRIEND and stranger, both alike,
Please listen to my plea—
And if you can, I beg of you,
Restore my friend to me.

You see, folks, it was just this way:
For years we've been together—
Me and this here friend o' mine—
Through storm and sunny weather;
We've hiked along the mountain trail
As happy as could be,
We've fished the streams for trout and bass—
This here friend and me.
We've hunted turkey, duck and quail:
We've hunted coon and rabbit.
We've chased the fox, and shot the deer
Until it's now a habit.
But most of all, it's proved the bond
That binds us two together
When we would sit beneath some tree
And dream through summer weather.
We've hit the white lights of the town—
Cabaret and opera, too.
(But we don't crave that kind of life,
Nor can we see why others do).
Old Caruso sure could sing:
Galli-Curci knew her stuff,
But give us two a week of this—
And we have had enough.
We've drifted through two college years,
With hearts all filled with wishing—
Till now, the time we've waited for—
When we can go a-fishing.
But the hand of Fate has done us dirt—
And got us two friends parted.
Days and days for it I've searched,
Till I'm most broken-hearted.

The friend I've lost, so tried and true,
Is a friend of familiar type—
(Much gold I offer for its return)
A damn good Dunhill pipe.

AND IT CAME TO PASS

By Icabod Crane, the Scribe

THERE dwelt on the campus of Trinity College a mighty man of valor—yea, very mighty, according to his own reasoning—and he was of the tribe of Sophomores, even the Sophomores who were ever at war with the tribe of Freshmen.

This Sophomore was known far and wide on the campus at a man possessed with much good looks. His hair was bright as the morning sun, yea, even brighter thau the sun. And he was withal of a ruddy complexion. And this Sophomore was much more pleasant to look upon than the other men of his tribe.

And lo this man's tribe called him Red, even Red Wall, for his surname was Wall. And it came to pass that Red jourueyed unto Southgate, even unto the women's place of abode.

And when this brave and wise Sophomore drew nigh unto the place Southgate behold he lifted up his eyes and lo a fair damsel ran to meet him. And he did marvel greatly and he spoke as one possessed of great timidity, aud he said unto the damsel:

"Oh, beautiful damsel, all the things that I canst desire are uot to be compared with the joy of playing teunis with thee. I am overcome with joy. At what hour shall we play?"

And it came to pass that about the eighth hour they journeyed unto the tennis court, yea, even to play tennis. And straightway they began the game, and when Red had served the first serve, he counted the score and behold he did speak, saying: "Fifteen, love!"

Aud when these words fell upon the ears of the fair damsel, who was of the tribe of Freshmen, she was exceedingly vexed, for she thought he spake in a strauge tongue because she knew not the words which he spake. And she shouted iu a loud voice and said: "Thou fresh young thing!" And straightway she left him.

Behold the brave Sophomore withered as a branch cast off from the tree. Yea, he withered as he didst often wither when Bullock, whose surname was

Brown and who was of the tribe of Profs, didst ask that he writeth an essay.

And it came to pass that the beautiful hair of the Sophomore, even the hair that was brighter than the sun, didst turn white as the hoary cotton field. And Red was no longer the most beautiful of his tribe.

* * * *

OUR GYMNASIUM

Half a brick, half a brick,
Half a brick upward,
Into the atmosphere,
Bricks rising tier on tier,
Up from this earthly sphere,
They built the gymnasium.
Bricks to the right of them,
Cement to left of them,
Steel beams in front of them,
Mixed up with lumber.
Oh, that contractor's look
When the brick-masons took
Their own time and hook
To build the gymnasium.

Screeched all the students here,
Complained the trustees there,
Raising the contractor's hair,
While his mind wandered.
Theirs not to reason why
Our gym was built so high,
Theirs but to gasp and cry,
Oh, our gymnasium.
Bricks to the right of them,
Cement to left of them,
Steel beams in front of them,
Mixed up with lumber.
Worked they with shout and yell,
Drowning the college yell,
While the park wondered.

Dire the contractor's glare,
Flashed his blue-prints in air,
Sounding fresh orders here
About the gymnasium.
Soon to the sky they built;
Some feared the gym would tilt,
Some student might get kil't
If he should blunder.
Stars to the right of them,
Moon to the left of them,
Earth down beneath them,
The gym was a wonder.
Oh, the good work they wrought,
Up in the clouds they got
So the boys could play, and yacht
Out in the milky-way—our gym's a wonder.

* * * *

CLIPPED FROM FRESHMAN THEMES

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* * * *

These Girls.

"Free love," quoth she, "is quite the thing,"
(And Johnnie blew a big smoke ring)
"It is a sin our youth to waste."
(And Johnnie's arm stole around her waist).

"Of course I know free love is wrong;"
(And Johnnie's face grew very long).
"True men will scoff at such display."
(And Johnnie slowly edged away).

"But Grandma's days are not for me,"
(And Johnnie thought he could agree).
"We modern girls are not so shy."
(And Johnnie knew it was no lie).

* * * *

She—"Help! Police! Stop him! He tried to flirt with me."

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Lv. Selma, Southern Railway .....3:00 P.M.	Ar. Kansas City, Frisco Lines .....10:20 A. M.
Lv. Raleigh, Southern Railway .....4:05 P. M.	
Lv. Durham, Southern Railway .....5:08 P.M.	Ar. Montgomery, A. & W. P. Railway .....11:40 A. M.
AR. GREENSBORO, Southern Railway .....7:30 P. M.	Ar. Mobile, L. & N. Railway .....5:12 P. M.
LV. GREENSBORO, Southern Railway .....7:55 P. M.	Ar. New Orleans, L. & N. Railway .....9:45 P. M.
Ar Atlanta, Southern Railway .....5:40 A. M.	
Ar. Birmingham, Southern Railway .....12:10 P. M.	Lv. Atlanta, Southern Railway .....6:10 A. M.
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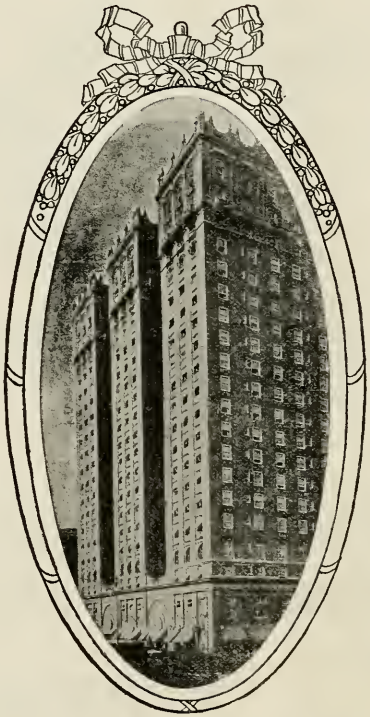

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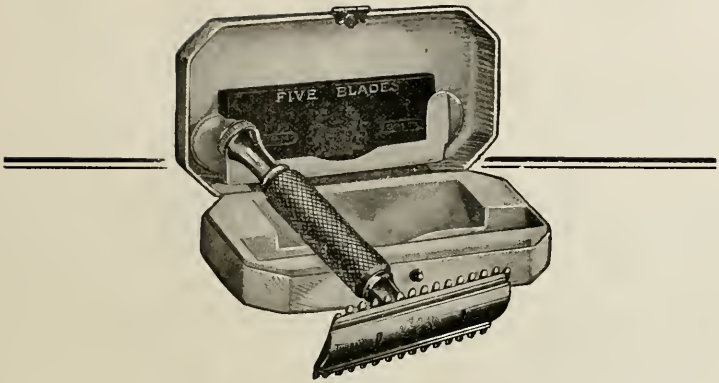

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CHAS. H. PEGRAM, College Representative

Editorial

CLASS SPIRIT

THE most progressive movement launched by undergraduates of Trinity College during the present year is the arrangement for a class banquet to be held this spring by the Senior Class.

The undertaking is significant for what it portends rather than for what it actually will be. On the surface it is merely a social function for the purpose of bringing the members of the class together for a good time, but the originators of the movement assert that their purpose is to bring the members of the class into a closer relationship, to develop a feeling of comradeship which will crystalize in a class spirit which will endure after the class of '23 has been listed on the alumni roll.

If this deeper purpose is realized—and there is every reason to believe that to some extent it will be—the instigators of the plan will have rendered a valuable service to the class as a body and to the college as a whole, for if one hundred men and women go out from Trinity with a strong class spirit, they will necessarily have a feeling of loyalty for their **alma mater** which will be of great help in the future development of Trinity. The class of '23 will thus become a more potent part of the alumni body because it will have been solidified and united by the feeling engendered at the class banquet.

But though the movement will be more than justified by accomplishing to even a small degree its aim, we choose to see in it an ever bigger and vastly more important result—the dawn of class spirit at Trinity. We believe that as a result of this action on the part of the class of '23, not only the Senior Class will be drawn closer together but that the other classes—Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen—will follow the example and will undertake similar measures to bring each class to a fuller realization of its own individuality.

If the different classes can be made more coherent units and a feeling of class spirit developed at Trinity, the fault which has been most glaring among the student body during the past few years will be remedied. The lack of class spirit which has been so noticeable will give place to a class feeling so strong that a better and finer college spirit will result.

It may be that we are ultra-confident, but we firmly believe and devoutly hope that as a result of this action on the part of the Senior Class, there will be developed a better class spirit among its members which will spread to the other classes—thus there will arise a stronger class spirit at Trinity which will bring about a better college spirit which in turn will cause a more highly developed alumni spirit—the whole culminating in a greater Trinity. **Quis scit?**

OUR PURPOSE

IN presenting the series of articles on "Woman's Place at Trinity College" in this issue, the editors of **The Archive** are hoping that by raising issues, we can stir up the student body to think about and discuss this and all other college problems.

Too often college students are inclined to turn away from anything that requires thought; to stand aloof and refuse to consider a matter which goes below the surface of superficial knowledge and can only be settled by the concentrated use of brains. Because of this fact many students fail to get the greatest thing that a college education offers them—training to really *think*.

It is for this reason that as often as possible in the future, we are going to present in the pages of this magazine different problems which arise in the course of student life with the opinions of various students concerning them. By so doing we hope to stimulate and, if necessary, create issues which will stir from slumber the brain of the college man which too, too often sleeps peacefully through four blissful years of college life.

The Trinity Archive

A Monthly Publication Published by the Senior Class of Trinity College, Durham, N. C.

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EDITOR'S NOTICE

It is our aim this year to publish a live, interesting magazine for the Students, Alumni and Friends of Trinity College. We solicit literary contributions from Trinity men and women. All manuscript is subject to moderate revision. All material must be in the hands of the editors by the 20th of the month preceding date of issue.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

February, 1923

THE PINE TREE

Frances Gray

I LOVE trees. Trees have souls like people
And knowledge infinitely deeper.
I love the supple saplings that bend when the wind blows,
And slim birches white-bodied and green-haired in the spring,
And the translucent yellow of September poplar leaves.
Then there are the old oaks that have withstood storms
And borne the brunt of years.
Their trunks are gnarled and their limbs are twisted,
But their strength endureth all.
Their strength is like the faith of firm men—
Tried and driven against and unshaken.
My heart dances and laughs with the maples,
The gay exultant maples
That wear coral in April and scarlet in October!
But the pines, the tall straight pines!
They are my best friends.
They are as eager as saplings and as beautiful as birches
And they are as old as the oaks but they are not gnarled.
Snow lies upon their branches and melts
And leaves them as green as ever.
And when the dawn breaks iridescent among them
They enhance its loveliness;
And the amber glory of the moon, also,
Is more glorious for the silhouette of the pines.
And they are so tall and so straight.
They know all that other trees know.
They have drunk the pathos and sweetness of life
From the earth's breast;
And the happiness of the sunshine is theirs.
But they know more. They know that there is more to know
So they stand straight, on tiptoe,
Straining to touch a star.
I love trees. All trees. They understand.
But—I wonder—how soon—we shall touch that star—
The tall pine and I!

WOMAN'S PLACE AT TRINITY COLLEGE

For a Number of Years One of the Biggest Problems Facing the Student Body of Trinity Has Been the Position of Women in Student Life. In this Series of Articles Two Men and Two Women Give Their Views on the Subject. Which One is Right? Do You Have a Different Solution?

By HERMINIA HAYES

THE question of the status of women at Trinity is a very vital one to those interested in education in its broadest sense, and in Trinity in particular as an educational institution presumably for men and women. The question is often asked, "Is Trinity really co-educational, or is it merely co-ordinate?" Who will answer authoritatively?

The men seem to feel that once a man's college means always a man's college, while the women agree, "Yes, once a man's college, but today Trinity is a woman's as well as a man's college." Hence, the impatience oftentimes on the part of the men and the acute sensitiveness on the part of the women are all due to misunderstanding and a spirit of "tit for tat" rather than "give and take."

The place of women at Trinity was established in 1896, when Washington Duke gave $100,000 as a permanent endowment fund "on condition that young women be given all the privileges granted to young men as students of Trinity College." Had this condition remained, there would be no question as to the status of women in Trinity. But Mr. Duke, just before his death, removed the proviso, thus giving the trustees of the college free rein except as they had become bound by tradition and public opinion to a certain extent. Hence, the only guide as to woman's position here now is the position accorded her by the best generally accepted opinions of the age.

The time was when women were supposed not to need to know anything—not even how to write. Then, through the progress of civilization, ideas changed and women were allowed to go to academies which served their day admirably, but eventually turned into superficial finishing schools. But with the coming of the public school movement in the early eighteen hundreds the artificiality of women's education was discarded for more solid, fundamentally worthwhile work. This latter idea spread and gained force so that today women are accorded practically the same privileges and opportunities for education as are given to men. So that though Trinity is not bound by stated conditions, she is still bound by the most wholesome, progressive ideas of the modern day, for being one of the foremost colleges of the country she cannot lag behind in the race of progress.

About six years ago there were more than six times as many men as women enrolled in this college. This year there are only three times as many, and, if there were another woman's building on the campus, the proportion would be considerably less. Trinity has grown in size. Has she progressed as rapidly in policy with regard to women's education?

Women have been given equal advantages and privileges in the academic phase of college life and have held their own with the men. The remark is often heard that they hold their own so far as grades go, but that they do not make their mark in the world as do Trinity men. It must be remembered that the college, as Trinity College, has been graduating men for sixty-two years now, while it has been graduating women for only twenty-five years in the proportion of three men to one woman. Besides, the fact that the interests and work of men lie in the public, spectacular walks of life while the interests and work of women lie in the more secluded, generally accepted, therefore called ordinary walks of life should be taken into account. Surely, then, Trinity cannot justly expect so much from her alumnae as from her alumni. Besides, I doubt whether the very distinguished Trinity alumni would average more than about one out of every ten. However, I am not saying that that fact is any reason why the alumnae should feel smug and self-satisfied. Instead, they should endeavor by all means to do their part to reflect credit and glory on their beloved alma mater.

There is much to be said about woman's place at Trinity today. Frankly, I feel that much needs to be done before even a semblance of equality between men and women can be attained in the athletic phase

of college life. The women pay the same athletic fee as do the men. The men are provided with two coaches and an athletic director for their physical culture, football, basketball, baseball, track, and courts for tennis. The women do not have a regular physical director, although they have some equipment and enjoy the use of two tennis courts twice a week.

Even granting that men should have much more physical training than women, the fact still remains that the women should have a reasonable amount of proper training under proper direction. The new gymnasium will mean much to the college community, provided the community *as a whole* shares the opportunities for development afforded by such a building.

As the athletic is the most unequal phase so the actual academic is the most equal. There is nothing to be wanted in that respect, and the women have measured up fully as well as the men. The present class is just about 50-50 in honors.

The provisions for the social life of the women are by no means perfect, but at least the needs are partly realized and some efforts are being made at improvements and time will bring those to pass.

In the administrative phase of life I believe that the Dean of Women should be on a par with the Dean of Men, especially so far as that office deals with men and women as students. There should be also a woman on the board of trustees so that Trinity may measure up to the highest standards set by the best colleges and universities of the United States in order that Trinity graduates may be eligible to membership in that very important and worth-while organization, the *American Association of University Women*. Trinity is one of the leading colleges in the country and probably of the South; yet she lags behind with the smaller colleges in this respect.

The comment is often made that if women are not satisfied with conditions at Trinity they can go somewhere else. As the sunflower chooses to follow the highest and best light possible even though that means the annoyance of turning its face from east to west in order to follow the sun, so women will choose the best if they are given a fair opportunity. Trinity is the best college in the state if not in the South; hence we choose Trinity and love our *alma mater* intensely even while realizing that she has some faults. We have explicit faith in her well meaning and in her ultimate sure progress. She has been expanding rather rapidly within the past few years; hence we are now in a period of readjustment, and I doubt not that, with modern public opinion back of her, woman's status at Trinity will be in every way absolutely on a par with the status of men, not only in opportunities and privileges, but also in responsibilities. Then there will be less stress on *men* and *women* at Trinity and more on *students* of Trinity. Then what is best for *students* of Trinity will be best for *women* of Trinity.

By HALL LANDER

ALL progress is necessarily slow. Furthermore, it is often retarded by a thing known as the lack of funds. Appearances indicate that certain plans formulated by the "authorities" to create a distinct, but co-ordinate institution for women within the organization of Trinity College have not been carried out because of the above mentioned items and because of the impracticability of carrying out substantial changes in a very short period of time.

The solidarity of the two elements that compose the Trinity student body means something to the progress of student affairs during the college year. While there have been times when misunderstandings have arisen and ideas have been misconstrued, it is generally conceded that if in no other way, the presence of co-eds has a decided effect in the tempering of the demeanor and appearance of the students. Visitors are often heard to comment on the fact that the presence of ladies on the campus has an effect which is noticed in the general tone of life here. To some the presence of co-eds has solved the social problem.

Apparently there are certain co-eds who are constantly imaging themselves the victims of certain wrongs, thinking that they are being wilfully slighted. These girls give one the impression that they desire something that they do not possess. What *that something* is, possibly they themselves do not know, but it might be mentioned that some of these desires are in the same line with the general clamor for such things as new equipment, all-night light service, permission to have college dances, etc. The opinion of certain co-eds that they are here working under difficulties, living under an undefined situation, and the victims of neglect is mostly imaginary.

The women at Trinity College have a chance to compete in various endeavors. The only women students in North Carolina who can be taken into membership in Phi Beta Kappa are those that attend Trinity. Here

they have a chance to compete for class honors, for the various contests in the field of monographs, and there is no reason why they cannot compete equally in the senior oration contest for the Wiley Gray medal. They have paralleled such organizations as the 9019, Tombs, and Sigma Upsilon by similar units.

The women have to pay their athletic fee, although they do not have intercollegiate athletics. However, they do not complain that they do not have intercollegiate athletics of their own, but that they have to support Trinity athletics.

In regard to the matter of publicity on the campus, I may say that the co-eds are receiving it in proportion to the news value of their activities, and not in the ratio of the strength of their numbers on the enrollment books to that of the men students. As an example, when the May Festival is held, it generally receives more comment in the news columns than any other event, but a Y. W. C. A. meeting write-up will be cut down or pushed out to make room for a baseball story. Several years ago women students began to receive appointments on the staffs of the various papers, and since 1921 they have been connected with all of them. In addition, as members of the rising senior class each year, the women students are an important factor in the election of the editors of those papers controlled by the class.

Whether women students improve or detract from Trinity College, I will not say in this letter, as its subject is limited. Women have a right to enter Trinity College, and in doing so they are entering the best college in the South. While here they will receive class honors and distinctions if they deserve them; they will be the leaders in class-room work if they are able to; if they do something of importance, the event will be duly recorded. If they want further honors, they can get them by competing for them. If they want sympathy, they can get it at home.

By HELEN CANTRELL

THERE are arguments for and against co-education—much to be said on both sides—but this fact remains: Trinity, primarily a man's college, is now unavoidably a co-educational institution. Since it is, the question confronts us: What place should the women have on the campus?

Until recently the woman's place has been very much like that of a small sister, whimpering because the older brother held the upper hand, and bragged about it. And it was quite logical. The men were here first; they outnumbered the women and so they proceeded to "show" the women who was "high-man out." Their manly dignity simply could not afford them to let mere women "put anything over on them," and that is what they thought the women were trying to do. Yes, it was quite logical and just as logical when the mere women fussed a bit about it —fussed mostly because they were not understood.

Today this attitude is changing. The women are proving themselves worthy of the place they are occupying on the campus. They are beginning to realize that they can get what they want if they go about it in the right way. And after all what is the objection to having them on the campus? Their scholarship is equal to the men's; they are enthusiastic in supporting all manner of school activities; they run their own organizations except where the men have asked to join with them. In short, they are to be found to attend to their own business rather well, if one would be interested in examining reports and records, and surely they do not interfere with any of the men's activities.

That they have made foolish mistakes in the past, the women have the grace to confess, but they are cheerfully profiting by their mistakes. They do not see why they are so much in the way, and they do not see why they should not be given a chance at the same education as the men. They realize the help they obtain by being in the same classroom with the men and getting the man's point of view about things. They really would like to know what the big objection is. But whisper softly, they do believe, now that they are learning better how to live their lives as co-eds, that the men do not object to them any more than they think good old tradition demands.

If we could only forget this sex antagonism in striving for goals of common interest, we could accomplish worlds of things and find that we really were a help to each other. Man has always conceded woman to be the power behind the throne; so why should she not be given the chance to get his point of view in things and therefore be better fitted to fill her place in life? The women do not want to "put things over" on the men; they do not want to "run things." All they want is a chance to take their share in things as they prove themselves intellectually capable of doing so.

The women are here, and to stay, and they are mak-

ing for themselves such a place on the campus that fifty years from now folks will wonder what Trinity was like when only men constituted the college, and the women will hardly be able to sympathize with their pioneer sisters, who by weeping and strategy, wits and hard work, made the path smooth for them.

By A SENIOR

THE answer to the question which is the subject of this series of articles has often been, "Woman's place is anywhere but at Trinity College"; while others, who are more liberally minded, merely say "Her place is over on the hill. Keep her there." The strange part about these two answers is the fact that they are so generally accepted as correct by the men, both students and alumni.

This view is not only taken by the conglomerate mass of students, but it is also held by the leaders in college activities, the men who are supposed to constitute the thinking element of the community. Prominent alumni, men who attended the Old Trinity in Randolph county, are just as firm in their conviction that Trinity College is a man's school and that the women are intruders, who at best are merely to be tolerated.

But there is a contrary view which is held just as firmly and believed in just as sincerely by the women, students and alumnae, that Trinity is as much a woman's college as it is a man's, that the official statement that Trinity College is a co-educational institution is more than a "pretty saying." They believe that as students of a co-educational school women are entitled to all the privileges enjoyed by men—not only equal opportunities in the class-rooms but in every department of college life.

In view of these opposing contentions, it necessarily follows that either the man's side or the woman's side is fundamentally wrong. Which is it? By finding the answer to this question we will enabled to find some facts which will aid us in determining just "what is woman's place at Trinity College."

When we look at the facts involved in the controversy we soon discover that there is support for both of the contentions under existing conditions. The college is publicly known as a co-educational institution and, since it is, women are entitled to all the opportunities which the men enjoy: women have the same classroom privileges; pay the same fees; have similar organizations; have all privileges in class organizations as to the men; and have equal opportunities in various combined organizations—and in some cases more. On the other hand, though the institution is co-educational, women are not on the board of trustees, nor is the proportion of women to men on the faculty in the same ratio as the women to the men in the student body; women do not enjoy the same athletic advantages as do the men; and they do not hold the place in college affairs to which they are entitled by reason of their numbers.

We see, therefore, that as a matter of fact women neither have equal privileges as do the men, as they desire, nor are they "kept on the hill," as the men prefer. As things stand, neither the men nor the women are satisfied, the problem has not been solved, and there is a conflict which is constantly present to some degree and which breaks out into sporadic struggles which do not tend to promote the best interests of the student body as a whole.

The question, then, is not "What is woman's place at Trinity College?" but "What should be woman's place at Trinity College?" Our belief is that women should be given the same privileges accorded men in every phase of collegiate life except those in which the sexes must necessarily differ because of physical differences.

Of course we have the same natural antipathy toward women at Trinity as does the average man here, but are we to let blind antagonism and unthinking preindices cause us to forever fight against an outcome, inevitable because progress, whether wisely or unwisely, has so decreed? It is foolish to say that women do not belong at Trinity when they are here and here to stay. It is useless to say "Keep them over on the hill" when it is impossible to keep them on the hill. It is ridiculous to attempt to limit their activities when they are destined to keep on expanding until they invade every field which has hitherto been held to be man's sacred precinct.

But do not think that in advocating this policy there is any surrender to the inevitable. We would be the last persons in the world to abandon a losing fight solely because we were destined to be beaten. We would not surrender or give up the struggle for the sake of peace because "the right is more precious than peace." It is because we believe equality is not only the inevitable outcome, but also because we are convinced that is also right and desirable. The con-

troversies of the past have been the result of pettiness and littleness on the part of both the men and women.

The men, as "lords of creation," have said, "This is our college; get thee hence or else retire to a secluded nook." The women in their new-found freedom, which they have mistaken for license, have said, "We are entitled to everything" and without waiting to prove their claims have laid hold on the things which man, in his colossal conceit, deemed his exclusive possession. The result is that there have been incessant bickerings and fighting—a two-sided attempt to check the other instead of a feeling of mutual co-operation and appreciation.

The time has come for broad-minded men to realize that the women are as much a part of Trinity College as are the men, that they should be recognized and treated as fellow students. It is also time for the broad-minded women to realize that Trinity is their college but that it is also the men's college; that there is no division. They must realize that when they go to athletic contests and cheer for opposing teams they are not merely repudiating the men but are betraying their own **alma mater.** All must realize that in the little differences over which they have been quibbling both are wrong, and that the only result, the only possible outcome, is a hindrance to the well-being of the student life of the college.

It is not enough to realize that the Trinity of today is essentially a co-educational institution. The men must, hard as it may be, realize that Trinity is a bigger, better, and finer school because women are admitted here on the same basis as men. The women must realize that equal privileges involve equal responsibilities, and that the right to rule with men does not mean the right to rule men.

Thus by recognizing the interdependence of the two sexes and by bringing them into a harmonious relationship, the student body will become stronger and there will arise a greater Trinity—an institution existing for the purpose of equipping men and women to go out into life to render the best possible service in a world which needs both strong men and fine women to accomplish its tasks and solve its problems.

THE TENDEREST FLOWER

D. W. Newsom

O HAVE you the love and the tender heart
Of a woman in your keep?
Then know that you hold earth's tenderest flower
That grows where tears are deep.
O bruise not this blossom so wondrous pure,
So fragile, so God-built and sweet,
So woven in beauty, so tender of touch
That it bleeds 'neath an angel's feet.

O nurture it lovingly lest it should fade,
Lest in pity and longing it dies—
This flower that hallows the paths of the earth
Though born 'mid the fields of the skies.
O man have a soul for this angel of earth
That was sent for the faithful and true,
That in grief or in gladness, in life or in death,
Is a-nestling so close unto you.

THE RAID ON SAM M°GEE'S PLACE

James Secrest

THE sun was just concealing itself behind the uneven line of skyscrapers that form the western horizon of New York City. The heat had been intense all day, and even now was oppressively dry and sultry. The innumerable particles of dry dust that saturated the summer air created a reddish hue about the setting sun. Long Island was closing shop for the day—that is a part of the city was—another part was busy preparing for a big business that night.

The streets were jammed with traffic of every description. Perspiration stood in beads on more than one traffic officer's forehead as he vainly tried to steer the bewildered automobiles and trucks in their proper channels. The wide sidewalks were crowded with thousands of people moving in a never-ending line toward some imperceptible goal. Men of every nationality—Greeks, Poles, Jews, Irish, Germans, and divers other foreign-born citizens of this cosmopolitan city—brushed elbows with American-born citizens of every station in society. This unavoidable association gave one a sense of international brotherhood which erased for the time being all lines of casts or social standing.

Such thoughts were running languidly through the mind of a dreamy-eyed young man who stood on the street corner idly watching the passersby rush hurriedly to their destinations. The young man bore a rather hopeless and despondent expression despite his seeming youth. A psychologist would have accused him of being a melancholy dreamer. The style and texture of his clothes revealed his delicate taste, and his slight frame would lead one to think he was little accustomed to manual labor.

He stood for some time on the street curb without showing any inclination to follow the pedestrians. Finally he roused himself as if from a stupor, and joined the file of New Yorkers that was pressing toward the brightly illuminated advertisements just ahead. How they glared and glittered in the gloom which night had brought, for the sun had now set beyond the channel, and the moon had not yet risen to replace the gloom with romance. He halted for an instant before the gaudy front of a burlesque theatre, but, on feeling in his pockets as if he expected to draw forth the price of admission, he reluctantly resumed his walking. Some three or four blocks farther on he stopped before a quick-lunch counter and timidly asked for a ham sandwich and a glass of milk. A greasy looking Greek shoved the ordered articles across the smooth oil-cloth on the counter and held out his hand expectantly.

"How much is it?" asked the young man in a feeble voice.

"Thirty cents," the proprietor curtly replied.

"But I have only twenty-five cents," responded the young man as he opened his hand and revealed two dimes and a nickel.

"Let's have the milk then, kid. What do you want for nothing, eh?"

The lunch vender hastily jerked back the bottle of milk which he had just pushed across the counter, and, taking the two dimes from his young customer, he returned a nickel and soon busied himself supplying the wants of more prosperous looking purchasers.

The young man ate in silence. He appeared not to notice the disdainful glances cast upon him from time to time by the other customers who fed sumptuously on ham and eggs. Presently he again entered the street and leisurely wandered his way toward a nearby park where five or six cast iron benches, a slimy fish pond, a bronze statue, and a few scattered patches of withered grass bore the name of Hyde Park. The park was dimly lighted by three dirty arc lights which cast their ghostly rays upon some half dozen haggard looking men and one woman who were taking advantage of the city's charity by resting themselves on the uncomfortable benches.

Seeing but one bench that was not filled, the young man cast himself down beside a filthy tramp from whom arose the distasteful odor of garlic. He dreamily watched the occasional touring cars that drove hurriedly through the somewhat deserted streets. Deserted they were compared with New York's business section a good half mile to the south. His companion tried to strike up a familiar conversation with him, but the young man seemed disinclined to talk at all. How strangely he contrasted with the scum that surrounded him; why did he mingle with such riffraff? He was certainly superior to any one in that park;

yet he remained sitting on that iron bench for some time without making any perceptible motions of life.

Presently the vagabond who had spoken to him arose and walked away. As the bench was now left to him alone, the young man wearily stretched himself out on the cast iron seat in order to relax his tensioned nerves. The bench did not make a very good bed, but to lie on it was much better than standing, especially if one had walked all day long. He did not intend to go to sleep; rest was all he wanted. A tired, lonesome boy, far from home with no money, was the verdict of his chance companions of the nearby benches. The woman started toward him once, but she recoiled at the stern glance of the policeman and sat down.

Several hours later the young man felt again the keen pangs of hunger. Remembering that he still possessed a dime, he decided to cross the street to an all-night restaurant where he hoped to find something which he could purchase to appease in part his intense hunger and not have to pay over a dime for it. He felt himself to be in a trance as he walked to the street. His mind was in a whirl; his vision was blurred; his thoughts seemed to move slowly.

Just as he stepped off the curb a large sedan automobile approached at his left. The car appeared to be going at an enormous speed. The frantic young man looked from right to left as if he knew not which way to turn. His feet seemed chained to the asphalt pavement. Fortunately the machine turned slightly as it passed, but not enough to prevent the curved end of the bumper from knocking the terror-stricken young man into the gutter.

The car slowed down about a half block farther on, and turned back to the curb where the young man lay dazed by the fall. An elderly gentleman, dressed in an evening suit and wearing a tall silk hat, descended from the machine as it came to a halt. His face bore a kind, yet somewhat humorous, expression; and despite his age, he was as lithe and vivacious as a boy of nineteen. Rushing hurriedly to the side of the fallen young man, he took him in his arms and anxiously inquired if he were seriously injured. He did not wait for an answer, however, but beckoning to his chaffeur, he raised the young man from the gutter and would probably have carried him to the car had not the chauffeur relieved him of part of the burden.

Meanwhile the dreamy-eyed young man had opened his eyes. He was vaguely conscious of the preceding events although he had much trouble in determining his present situation. The fact was that his head had struck the curbstone when he fell, and consequently his mind had been somewhat dazed by the blow.

The elderly gentleman soon perceived that the fall had not been serious and that his companion was already stirring. As soon as the young fellow opened his eyes, the gentleman again inquired concerning his injuries, but, on being reassured that no harm had been done, he began to question him.

"Where do you live, my friend?" he asked.

"In Covington, Kentucky, sir," the young man replied.

"Are you in New York on business or pleasure?"

"I came to New York to find work of a journalistic nature, but no editor will give me a chance to prove what I can do. I have been here for a week, and nothing has turned up yet. My money is gone, and I am discouraged. Ever since I wrote my first story for the college newspaper I have aspired to go to New York and work for one of the big newspapers, but I am afraid my aspirations have turned out to be mere fancies which fade into thin air when I reach after them."

"Well, don't lose hope, old fellow; probably I will have some influence with one of these obstinate editors. Tomorrow we shall go together and see what can be done. Now rest easy tonight, for that was some bump you had awhile ago, and you are likely to have a severe headache unless you remain quiet. By the way, what is your name? Mine is Newberry."

"Howard Mettle, sir, though most people call me 'Stick.'"

"An odd nickname, most certainly," said Mr. Newberry.

The remainder of the journey was passed in silence. Presently the car turned into a spacious driveway bordered with heavy hedges on either side. It stopped before a magnicent edifice of stone, and the two occupants quitted the sedan and entered the house. The interior was richly furnished with costly settees and velvet-like rugs. The woodwork was a rich walnut: the walls were decorated with oriental tapestries.

Mr. Newberry ushered young Mettle into a lavishly furnished dining hall where an appetizing dinner was already prepared. Howard ate as if he were famished, although he tried to act as gentlemanly as possible so that his benefactor would not think him an unprincipled beggar. Mr. Newberry appeared very well pleased that Mettle enjoyed the meal set before him.

The remainder of the evening was spent in discussing the principles of good journalism in which How-

ard found to his profound surprise that Mr. Newberry was much better informed than he, despite his training in the University of Kentucky. Young Mettle went to bed some time before midnight, though he did not know exactly what time it was.

It seemed to Mettle that he had scarcely gone to sleep when Mr. Newberry awoke him for breakfast, informing him that it was already past noon and they must hurry to the city in order to see the editor of the **Sun** before he plunged into the nightly grind.

After a hurried meal the two men again entered the sedan which had been the cause of Mettle's good fortune, and soon they were in the jam of traffic in the midst of the city. The car halted just outside the office of the *Sun*, and Mr. Newberry and young Mettle immediately found their way to the office of the night editor who graciously received them both. Mettle observed that this man was not the editor who had turned him away several days before.

In a few minutes Mr. Newberry had explained Mettle's situation and asked the editor to give him a chance. To Howard's surprise the editor acquiesced at once without further inquiry.

"I will give him his chance tonight," said the editor. "There is to be a raid on Sam McGee's place at ten o'clock. If he will get a good story on this raid, I will try to give him something better tomorrow."

'Will he be in any danger?" anxiously inquired Mr. Newberry.

"O no, I think not," replied the editor. "Of course, that is providing he keeps out of the way when the gun play begins."

"You can depend on me for not being in front of a gun when it goes off," interrupted young Mettle.

After Mr. Newberry had bid Mettle goodbye and wished him success in his venture, he left the young journalist with his new employer.

"You're a lucky chap to have the big boss apply for your job. We turn most fellows of your age away unless they have had several years' experience with other newspapers of mediocre quality," said the editor after closely scrutinizing his new reporter.

"So that is the owner of the *Sun*, is it?" replied Mettle. "I thought you gave in mighty easy."

"Yes, didn't you know who he was?"

"Nothing, except that his name was Mr. Newberry and that he has been very kind to me."

Mettle then proceeded to tell him his experience in a few words. After the editor had questioned him regarding his preparation for a while, he finally remarked that Mettle had better wend his way toward the East Side police station, where he was to join the raiding party at ten o'clock. He gave him full directions as to how to find the police station, and likewise handed him enough change to make the trip.

Young Mettle felt a sense of pride as he rode toward the police station. He began to build air castles in which he was either editor or owner. Finally he decided that he would rather be a foreign correspondent, for there was more experience and traveling in such a position.

By this time he had reached the East Side police station to which he had been directed. He felt rather dubious as to how he should be received, but nevertheless he went straight to one of the officers who appeared to be in command and timidly told the policeman who he was and the purpose of his mission.

"All right, be ready in ten minutes, kid. You're a new one aren't you?" the officer inquired.

"Yes," said Mettle rather crestfallen, for he had intended to put up a bold front before the police to make them believe him an old hand.

"I thought so," replied the officer as he glanced rather disdainfully at the youth.

In ten minutes the raiding party was ready. Ten policemen, one plain clothes man and two reporters composed the group that crowded themselves into the small patrol wagon. The *Herald* had likewise sent a reporter. Rivalry put new determination into the youthful reporter. The other reporter appeared very friendly during the ride, however, and persisted in relating to Mettle other experiences in which he had taken part.

Finally they arrived in an obscure section of the metropolis which is well known in police stations and detective headquarters for the numerous criminals it harbors. The patrol wagon stopped on the outskirts of the district, and the remainder of the journey was made on foot. They halted before a dimly lighted house, set back a hundred yards or more from the main thoroughfare. The plain clothes man went boldly up to the house and knocked on the front door while the police and the two reporters concealed themselves behind a tall board fence which skirted the edge of the house. The detective was admitted by a colored maid. Suddenly a keen whistle broke the deathly silence. It was the expected signal, and the entire police force rushed as one man, broke down the door, and was soon inside.

Meanwhile young Mettle had become a bit nervous

due to the fact that he had been unused to such experiences. He heard the *Herald* reporter calling him to follow the police into the house. Despite his fears he rushed into the house, cursing himself all the while for a baby and a coward.

Inside the big room where the battle was raging the atmosphere was stifling. He was confident he scented garlic somewhere close beside him. The smoke burnt his eyes until he could hardly distinguish the police from the gamblers. In one corner the women were huddled like frightened sheep; one of these women was the one he had seen in the park the day before—no, they were all like her. Just then the lights were suddenly extinguished by a pistol shot. Mettle became terror stricken at this new state of affairs; he vainly ran for the door. O how he wished he had never come to New York. If he only escaped death this time, he would forsake the journalistic profession and return to his home in Kentucky.

All at once he felt himself falling—he knew n where. Probably through a trap door, he thought. H mind became a whirl of policemen, gamblers, wome vagabonds all tangled into a mass of he knew n what. Visions of park benches, a statue of bronze, fish pond passed across his inflamed imagination. H wildly reached for something to catch hold of—som thing tangible which would save him from falling fu ther. His hand closed about a piece of cold iron, b just then he landed with a jar upon a concrete flo so it seemed to him.

He dazedly opened his eyes to see a policeman the same one he had seen in the park the afternoon b fore—bending over him. He heard a roar in his e as the policeman spoke.

"Say, do you intend to sleep here all night? shouldn't have let you go to sleep at all. Gee, b that was some fall you had off the park bench. Wh your face is as white as a sheet!"

TO JOHN CHARLES McNEILL

Robert P. Harriss

LIKE Burns, who touched and still doth touch the heart—
Who sang in homely and in courtly phrase,
Thou cared not for Convention's binding ways;
Thy songs have played, and still shall play their part,
As, burning with the genius of thy art,
They live not for today, but for the days
To come. Nor will they, like this age, depart.

O rare McNeill! Thy flame will live when we
Like smoky candles have long since expired
Or by the passing years, have been be-mired
In the black mud of dimmed memory.
Not for an age—thy works—but soul-inspired,
They live that generations yet to be
May see the sparks that thy bright genius fired.

THE SLEUTH

H. I. McDougle

"WELL, it beats me, and I ain't goin' to worry my head about it no more," said old Josh Haywood, as he lazily tilted the box upon which he was sitting back against the counter and began peeling long shavings from the corner of the box. In spite of this seemingly final statement, every one else gathered around the stove in the village store knew that Old Josh would be the last to give up talking of the mystery and the most reluctant to accept its solution—if the solution ever came.

"But I tell you somethin' will come of it yet, and it ain't goin' to be no small matter, neither," ventured Jones, the proprietor of the store and chairman of this noble assembly.

"Air you quite sure it warn't there when ye was goin' home in the evenin', Joe? Maybe it was a little dark like and you didn't notice it," said Josh for fear the others would be willing to let the conversation drop.

"No, it warn't dark an' the hole warn't there 'cause my dog Rover scented a rabbit and the scent led right pass where the hole was the next mornin; and I tell ye the hole wasn't there then."

"About what time in the mornin' was it when you come along?" asked Jones.

Then for the twenty-seventh time Joe Jackson, a prominent farmer of the community, repeated the story which had given the loafers in Jones' general store something to talk and to think about.

"Well, it was just like I said afore," said Joe. "I was comin' along to town with some butter 'n eggs, as you know, Jones, 'cause I sold 'em to you."

"That you did, and as good a butter as I ever saw too," said Jones.

"Well, just as we, Rover an' me, was a-comin' along, Rover he starts off through a laurel thicket a barkin' uncommon like, so I know'd somethin' was wrong an' followed him. He went right square into the bushes and stopped in front of a hole there in the ground, fresh dug and just about big enough to put that box Josh is a settin' on in it. Now I wouldn't a thought so terrible much about it if I hadn't been right by there the evenin' before and the hole wahn't there. I know'd it was dug in the night, and what in thunderation would a body dig a hole there in that out-o'-the-way place and in the night to boot for? Answer me that now if you can."

Since all the answers anybody could think of had already been ventured, no one answered immediately.

During all the conversation there was one silent though intensely interested listener. This one was a lad of about sixteen years, by far the youngest member of the group. He sat on a chair behind the stove with his feet on a round, his elbows on his knees, and his chin in the palms of his hands. He sat listening with eyes and mouth open as well as his ears. From a back pocket of his overalls projected a magazine, much worn and soiled, on which, had the cover not been torn off, one could have read the title "Detective Story." This lad was the unrecognized village sleuth. To the men who were in the store that afternoon he was just "that worthless Tom Green whose pa couldn't do nothin' with, and couldn't make do no work." Green knew his reputation for industry was not so good, but he was determined to show them that there was something to him after all, and besides that, he thought that perhaps his chance had come at last. So while the others went on with the conversation he sat silently drinking in all the information he could get.

While he sat thus and just as Old Josh started another remark, the front door opened and the town constable walked in. He came up to the stove, warmed his hands, eyed the crowd with a professional air, then asked, "Say, any you fellers seen Dutch lately?"

"Bye the bye," said Jones, "I was beginnin' to wonder what he was a doin' for rations, as I ain't sold him nothin' since yesterday was a week ago."

"Well," said the constable, "I wouldn't a missed him myself, but I happened to be goin' out past his old shack this mornin' and thought I would drop in and rest a bit as I always did like to listen to him talk, you know, and I knocked at the dor, but nobody answered, and as the door was not fastened I just took a look in. They warn't a soul in the room and it was a lookin' all deserted like. I went in to see what mought the trouble be, if they was any. Some of his stuff was gone and some of it was still there. Then I just begin to think when I had seen him last, but I couldn't, so that's why I come down here."

"Now, where in thunderation do you reckon he got

off to, and let me see, I believe to my soul he owes me yit for that last gallon of ile he bought," said Jones, leaving his position where he had been leaning his elbows on the counter, and going over to consult his book.

"He ain't in the habit of goin' off on sprees. I ain't knowed him to leave here a single time since he came here nigh on ten years ago," put in Josh.

At this juncture in the conversation one of the loungers, who had been heretofore silent, spoke. "Didn't any of you all see that stranger that was here last week with Dutch?"

"No, when?" asked the constable.

"I don't know when he come, but it was last Tuesday that I saw Dutch and a feller I never saw before goin' down toward Dutch's shack, but I ain't seen neither of 'em since."

Now our young detective had always taken considerable interest in the man called Dutch and his solitary life in the community and had tried to make a mystery connected with him, so he would have something to work on. Therefore, as his mind was able to run in but one channel, he immediately connected the mystery of the former conversation with the disappearance and in his intense interest he had leaned too far forward in order not to miss any of the conversation and thereby lost his balance on his perch and came near falling face forward on the floor.

"You poor good-for-nothing fool," said the constable, "can't you keep your seat; they ain't nothin' goin' to hurt you."

The youth jumped up, indignant at the insult, and exclaimed, "That's all right, maybe I am a fool and all that, but you fellers sit around here and talk about this here mystery and wonder what it can all mean and all that; but by gravy, I got brains enough to work it all out, and I am goin' to, and then I guess you won't think I am such a fool after all."

At this unexpected declaration they all laughed and poor Green silently, though coolly, turned and left the store.

"If that boy was mine I would break his neck but what I got some work out of him, and made him stop mopin' around, forever doin' nothin' but readin' trash, and eatin' his pa's vittles and a wearin' out his clothes," declared the constable.

"Well, he says he is a goin' to figger out this here mystery for us, and believe me I sure would be much obliged to him if he did," returned Old Josh.

"Figger out nothin'!" put in Jones, "he could come about as near figgerin' out a mystery as Joe's dog a settin' there."

"Now looky here, Mr. Jones," said Joe, not a little offended at the reflection on his dog, "I'm here to tell you that Rover could come darn nigh doin' just that, and a heap nigher'n some human beings a settin' not far from me."

Thus the conversation waxed warm and then waned, and got back in the same channel in which it had begun. With nothing more accomplished than that the day was nearer to its close.

Time went on and Dutch did not return nor did the other half of this, now double mystery, clear up, but the interest in it gradually became less and less until people quite forgot to speak of it any more. Dutch was gone and it was useless to try to find where. The mysterious hole remained. It's banks began to crumble and fall in; this together with the fallen leaves almost obliterated it. To Rover it was but an irregularity in the trail of his rabbit; he leaped across it and went on his way.

Tom Green went on his way "mopin' around," forever reading "trash" and paying little heed to anyone.

One day, about a year after the foregoing conversation, young Green walked into the store; came up to the stove where the usual crowd of loafers were holding each his particular box or chair. Some looked up and nodded to the boy, others paid no more attention to him than if he had not come in.

"Oh, bye the bye, young feller," said Old Josh, the ever-ready promoter of conversation, "here we all are settin' and a waitin' for you to reveal the solution of this mystery to them, which, it bein' so long, we almost plum forgot you had promised to do."

They all laughed at this banter at the boy and expected to see him humbly take his leave. They were surprised, however, for instead of his fulfilling their expectation, he flushed a little, eyed the crowd over, and exclaimed, "All right, Mr. Haywood, you think you said somethin' funny, but you asked me to do exactly what I came in here for." Here he walked over to the counter and picked up a bag he had thrown down beside it when he came in. He walked deliberately over to Josh and running his hand into the bag, he drew forth a human skull, and sticking it under Josh's nose, cried, "There, who does that look like?"

The old man turned a shade paler, while the rest moved uneasily in their seats and seemed afraid to speak, and yet not to know what else to do. Then

Old Josh, swallowing a lump in his throat, and trying to calm himself, said, "How should I know who it is, just looks like a old skull to me."

"Yes, that's what it is too," said the boy, "but supposin' they was meat on that face, an' they was black hair on that head, and they was lips there a hiding them teeth with a little black moustache on the upper 'n, an' they was ears here where they ain't and the left un had ur chunk cut off the bottom of it, and—"

"My Gawd!" exclaimed Josh, pointing a trembling finger at the skull, "that ain't Dutch, is it?"

"I ain't sayin' it is, and I ain't sayin' it ain't," answered the youth, drawiug himself up to his full height, "but I've worked this thing out by hard and careful study until I'm plum certain it is. I told you all I would work it out, and I wasn't foolin' neither. You all laughed at me, sayin' as how I was a fool and such like. And I says to myself then, 'So help me God, I'll show these fellers who's a fool and it won't be me neither,' and so I sets to work diligently and carefully takin' advantage of every clue that come under my observation, always pushed on by tireless determination to—"

"Cut out the long winded speech makin' and come down to business, boy," said the constable, growing anxious to hear what the boy knew. "Tell us what you know, or think you know, and make it short. I ain't got no time to sit here and listen to jabber all day."

"That is exactly what I am a doin'," said the youth, showing impatience at being interrupted. "As I says, with this determination of mine, I have been watchin' for clues. Well, yesterday my chance come, just like I know'd it would. I was over on the side of South Mountain cuttin' wood—"

"Cuttin' wood!" exclaimed Jones, "you a cuttin' wood."

"Yes, I was a cuttin' wood. You all say I don't do no work, but I do a blame sight more'n some of you as says I don't."

"Go on with your story," said the constable. "Jones, don't bother him now, but if he lies to me it will be the worse for him."

Green swallowed the double insult and went on. "Well, as I says, I was cuttin' wood. I was trimmin' up a tree I had cut down, and while I was walkin' through the brush my foot struck somethin' that rolled, and I fell down. When I got up there was that very skull, layin' there and lookin' me square in the face. Now most o' you fellers would have got scared and run, but it didn't scare me a tall. I just says to myself, 'Tom, here is another clue and a good un,' and picks it up and puts it in my horse's feed bag and brung it home. Now here's what I figured last night while I was a layin' in bed:

"Dutch disappears, somebody digs a hole over in Jackson's woods in the night time; they was a stranger with Dutch the day he disappeared; everybody knows Dutch was a miser and had heaps of money somewhere; and then at last I finds this skull. When I had thought of all this, the thing comes to me as clear as day. This stranger was a man that Dutch know'd somewhere, and he kuow'd Dutch had money. He hunted Dutch and found him and played friends with him and then killed him in the night. He wanted to hide his body somewhere, so he wandered out in the woods and digs a hole to put him in, then he discovers the hole is too close to the road, so he gits a little more desperate and carries the body up on the side of Old South and hides it in the bushes."

Tom had been talking on so rapidly that he was quite out of breath when he stopped.

"Well, I'll be hanged if I don't believe the boy has hit it exactly right," said Old Josh, rising from his chair. "That is just like I figgered it to myself the minute I clapped my eyes on them bones."

"Upon my word, I believe the boy is right," said the constable, picking up the skull, "though this thing does look rather old and dry, but layin' out in the weather a whole year is enough for that." Then turning to young Green he said, "Tom, my boy, you are a good, hard-working, industrious young man. Give me your hand. Now, when I am gone, if you will just keep up your studies until then, you may be able to make pretty near as good a constable as I am."

But poor Tom did not hear these last words. His eyes went on the door, toward which the constable had his back, as it had just opened.

"What in thunderation is the matter with you all?" said the constable.

No one could speak. Old Josh only pointed to where Dutch was leisurely walking down to the stove.

"Give him back his skull," whispered Jones, "he has come after it."

But the constable had dropped the skull and it had rolled under the stove.

"B-b-b-but spirits don't opeu doors and they don't make any noise when they walk," said Old Josh in a trembling voice.

Just then Dutch came near and looking at them all somewhat surprised, said:

"Vot iss, you iss all sick, does it giff an epidemick since I go vay on a visit to der city?"

After considerable pause and stammering the whole group managed to get out what they supposed became of him, and he answered:

"Dot skull I know nuttings of, but dot man he my uncle. Ve vent to der voods and dug up mine Limburger cheese and took it mit on our visit to city."

THE FOLK SONG

R. P. Harriss

THE black man sat by the chimney fire—
With the child on his knee—
His face was wrinkled, his hair was white,
An old ex-slave was he;
"—And Uncle Eph," the white child said,
"Now sing that song to me."

The black man grinned and lit his pipe,
As thoughtful as could be;
"Yo' as much like yo' pa as his picture dar,
When Ah rocked *him* on dis knee."

SONG

"Oh, de raccoon is uh cunnin' thing,
It travel in the dark,
An' nevah uh thought disturb his min'
Till he heah ole Ranger bark!

CHORUS

"De rabbit skip en de rabbit hop—
Tap yo' feet Miss Loo!
Oh! de rabbit et mah turnip top—
Swing yo' feet Miss Loo, Loo,
Swing yo' feet Miss Loo!"

The white child cried out with delight,
"—And Uncle Eph," he said,
"Jus' sing the rest, for it's the best,
And then I'll go to bed."

SONG

"De raccoon wa'ar a bushy tail,
De 'possum tail am bar',
De rabbit w'ar no tail at all—
Nuthin' but uh bunch o' ha'r!

CHORUS

De rabbit skip, en de rabbit hop, etc.

The darky finished his crooning song
For the white child on his knee;
Then he told about the ring-tailed cat,
And the wampus, and garkies three;
But the white child never heard the rest,
For fast asleep was he.

"JOAN AND PETER," BY H. G. WELLS

Hal Oliver

A REVIEW

THE story of the education of Joan and Peter, who were supposed to be half-brother and sister but who, in fact, were no relation at all, begins with a dark picture of the late Victorian system of the nineties breeding its race of ignorant people to deal with the difficult problems of the Empire. This spectacle is shown by a young Englishman, "Cousin Oswald", who, coming home an invalid from the active service of the Empire in India and Africa, finds himself in charge of two young wards for whom he is determined to do his utmost. Thus conditions are made as favorable as possible for an experiment of what England can do for her young. The guardian, Oswald, is a public-school man who has found himself inadequately trained for the hard work which it is necessary for him to do abroad; therefore he determines that Joan and Peter shall be trained to serve the world through the Empire. How this training shall be carried out he does not know. After going to the Education Department at London and to many learned instructors for advice, Oswald learns that the Empire does not care at all what becomes of its children and that he must experiment as best he can. His influence and certain changes that are taking place at this time help towards a flexible development of the two young people according to the vague and fluid standards of their original. At the close of the story, as at the beginning, Joan and Peter remain expositors of the spirit of Wells.

Joan is not a woman, but a being wrought in her creator's image. She is recognized as the kind of modern female one hears about from nearly all men authors today.

"Cousin Oswald" is also of the Wells imitation although in a feebler way than Joan.

It is through Peter that one gets the real spirit of Wells. The author says through this hero that his objection to peace as an end is simply that it would be so dull. He is not sufficiently in love with the twentieth century to forget his hatred of the Victorian age. Life, as Wells portrays it, is one long, vast, youthful adventure, and the only thing that really matters is that one should not permit it to become ordered and cut-and-dried.

The other figures of the book, not of the same blood, are more or less frank caricatures. Several of these characters, especially Lady Charlotte, seem to catch the infection at times and to speak very much in their author's manner.

Never has Wells been more eloquent, more suggestive and acute and yet less consistent than in *Joan and Peter*. The book is brilliant, daring, stimulating, as well as ill-ordered, unbalanced, and inconclusive. The production presents momentary impressions, which are both ardent and shifting, of personalities which would be regarded today as unmanageable children.

Exchanges

HOLLINS MAGAZINE

HOLLINS, you are to be congratulated on your magazine. For a school of your size, and for any school for that matter, such a magazine as your January *Hollins Magazine* is a credit to be extremely proud of. There is only one point in the entire issue that yields to adverse criticism. This is the small amount and somewhat mediocre quality of the material poetry which the number contains. So far as the free verse is concerned, both the amount and quality are good; but we regret to see college magazines devote such a large percentage of their space to that style of poetry which Miss Moore, the editor of the *Hollins Magazine,* writes so well. Whether this deficiency is due to a partiality of the editor for this kind of poetry or whether only *vers libre* comes within the poetic ability of Hollins' students, we dare not presume to conjecture. "Two Selves" is a straight-forward, fearless, and, we believe, a correct picture of modern young people of the class spoken of in the essay. It is a work that is versatile enough to allow everybody, regardless of his age or position, to draw a lesson applicable to his own life. The author's reactions, however, might have been stressed a bit more fully. "The Princess and St. George" is a sketchy but pleasantly imaginative story. "The Last Scrap" certainly pictures *fate* in its most fortunate and pleasing aspect. A rather trivial matter, however, served to bring about such an important result as reconciling a man with his run-away wife.

Of the poems in the issue, the "Revolt" is by far the best. It is characteristic of the forceful style of the editor of the magazine. We can only wish that Miss Moore would try her hand at imbics, tetrameters, a-b-b-a's, etc., once in a while so we could find out if she is as excellent a disciple of Tennyson and Wordsworth as she is of Miss Amy Lowell. To those who disregard the power of blank verse, however, we quote these lines from "Revolt", by Miss Virginia Moore in the *Hollins Magazine*:

"I am tired of modulated voices
And slow smiles,
Give me the shout
Of strong men, unrepressed . . . .
I am tired of these weak things
That enervate the sonls of men . . . .
Although I am destroyed
By the rampart storm,
I must have strength."

THE AURORA

IN the *Aurora* of Agnes Scott we look in vain for the serious essay. If this one department came up to the standard set by the poetry and the short stories inclnded in the issue the magazine would be well rounded. The poetry, especially "Youth Cries Out", is well above the average for college magazines. Miss Foster, in her story "The Loving Cup", shows plainly that the author is a woman making a bad attempt to handle in a natural manner those experiences and conversations that only a man experienced or spoke. The point of the story, however, is well made. The issue as a whole is slightly unbalanced.

Wayside Wares

RED DEVIL—IT'S A LIE

THE door to the English office was opened slightly; so really I couldn't be blamed for listening at what was going on inside, especially since I was one whom it concerned. Dr. Brown was doing most of the talking, and when he would pause a sepulchral silence filled the room. I could see that the air was filled with cigarette smoke, and the theme readers were lounging about comfortably while Dr. Brown walked about the room as he talked.

"Men, you were too strict on those last themes. What was the matter with you?"

"But, Dr. Brown, I thought that was a pretty sorry bunch of themes. Two of the boys violated 227." It was Phi Peter Kappa Sprinkle speaking; I knew, for I missed 221d one time and he gave me 50 C. R.

"Mr. Sprinkle, don't you realize that you shouldn't flunk a person just because he violates a dozen or two technical rules?" Dr. Brown questioned. "Why, I hardly ever concern myself as to whether they punctuate correctly or not."

This speech was followed by silence, save for the rustling of papers. Someone coughed; I knew he was preparing to say something.

"Dr. Brown, I wouldn't object to giving high grades if it wasn't for Dr. White's readers. Those boys never give high grades like we do, and the students are beginning to complain that we don't find the mistakes. It's none of my business, of course, but, Dr. Brown, I wish you'd make them give higher grades." Jim Secrest spoke with the usual frankness which characterizes his conversations with Dr. Brown.

Summers championed the cause of Dr. White's readers. "We've got a reason to flunk them; if you had a sorry bunch as we's got, you'd flunk 'em too. The other day I read some of Dr. Brown's themes and gave everyone of them over 95."

"Well, boys, let's get down to work," said Dr. Brown. "Smith, is everybody here?"

"John Bridgers told me he couldn't be here. I think he's gone to the Orpheum."

"That's perfectly all right. I wish he wouldn't miss these meetings, however. A person learns a great deal from going to high class shows. I wish some of my freshmen would get into the habit of going." I had heard Dr. Brown shoot this line to us on class every week since I entered college.

"Dr. Brown, I'm getting rewritten themes in here all times of the week, and sometimes they come in a month late," Smith complained.

"That doesn't make any difference, Smith," Dr. Brown replied. "It doesn't matter so long as they get in sometimes." This was followed by a momentary silence, during which Dr. Brown had a second thought. "And, men, don't be too severe on those who fail to make corrections on their themes; don't ever lower their grades because of it."

"Dr. Brown, do you want this table cleared off today?" inquired Smith.

"No, any time next week will do. You boys may go now. You've been up here fifteen minutes. I hardly suppose any one else is coming up."

I hurried away, for the theme readers were moving slowly toward the door. I stopped at the book-room, for I had to have some theme paper. Dr. Laprade was talking to Knox.

"Well, Mr. Knox," I heard him say, "I guess we'd better cut the price of books in two. Umph, if there's anything I detest it's exorbitant prices." Then he began singing—

> "I'm pressing on the upward way,
> New heights I'm gaining every day."

"All right, Doctor," Knox replied.

"You know, Mr. Knox, high prices caused the fall of the Roman empire. Even France succumbed to them. Napoleon was a favorite of circumstance. High prices brought about the revolution." Dr. Laprade forgot that this was the forty-seventh time he had made this assertion to Knox.

"Some theme paper—a quarter's worth—how much does that get?" I questioned as Knox came to wait on me.

"Three packs," he replied, and he reached below the counter for it.

"Throw in an extra one, Mr. Knox," Dr. Laprade said.

"Charge it, please."

"Wait a minute," said Knox. "Have we your parent's address?"

"Never mind about that," Dr. Laprade interrupted, "we are not going to bother with sending bills home any more."

I left the book-room, and, deciding that I needed some ready cash, I went to the treasurer's office. I wrote out a check on my father's bank account.

"Mr. Newsom will you please endorse this for me?" I questioned.

"Yes, indeed, I am delighted to," he replied instantaneously. "Any time that you want checks endorsed come to me."

Only one thing remained to be done—I had to get my check cashed. Therefore I went straightway to the Dope Shop.

"An Eskimo pie, Louis," I demanded impatiently. I got it and took several large bites before I produced the check.

"Ten dollars," said Louis. "I'm glad it is so large. We've got too much change on hand."

A friend approached me and asked, "Have you heard the news?"

"No, shoot."

"The faculty's gonna give a holiday tomorrow."

"The dickens, I thought you knew something. Holidays come so often they're tiresome."

I went to my room. "Here's a couple of letters for you, Poverty," my roommate said. I opened the one from home. It was from my father, and read—

"Dear Son:

"I'm delighted with the grades you are making. Don't work too hard; you might injure your health. Spend as much money as you want to; there is always more where the last came from. Go to the show often and be sure and send Mary Jones a nice corsage bouquet. Much love,

Dad."

SONG OF A FRESH

THE pool was green, the pool was deep;
The Soph, he said, "Come take a peep".
I ventured near the slimy bank
He pushed me in and deep I drank.

Oh, foul deceit he shouldn't did,
But like a fool I run and hid,
He sought me out and did me dirt,
He put a lizard in my shirt.

And now I'm back upon the farm
Where naughty boys can't do me harm.
My mother says it was a sin
For them there boys to push me in.

BARGAIN DAY

He: "I'd give a million dollars,
For just one kiss from you."
She: "Well, Old Dear, produce the cash,
And then I'll make it two."

—*Virginia Reel.*

* * * *

"Hello, I want to order a box for tomorrow."
"What size?"
"There will be six of us in the party."
"But they only come in single sizes—we'll have to have it made special."
"Is this the Lyceum?"
"No, this is the undertaker."

—*Widow.*

* * * *

Fond Parent—"What is worrying you, my son?"
Willie—"I was just wondering how many legs you have to pull off a centipede to make him lame."

—*Sun Dodger.*

* * * *

Fresh Primus—"What would you do if the girl on whom you were calling said that she never wanted to see you again?"
Fresh Secundus—"I'd jump on my feet and leave."
Fresh Primus—"And let her fall to the floor?"

—*Lyre.*

* * * *

He—"Aren't his fingers unusually agile for a piano player?"
She—"Well, you see, he used to be a cheerleader at a deaf and dumb institution."

—*Panther.*

* * * *

"Heard that story about Ben?"
"Ben who?"
"Ben Zine. It leaked out somehow."

—*Virginia Reel.*

* * * *

Bimbo—Forsooth, child, the goldfish hath contracted eczema!
Bozo—Of what import? 'Tis but on a small scale.

—*Yale Record.*

Freshman (to flashy co-ed in new suit): "Looks like you struck an oil well."
Co-ed (gazing at his sleek hair): "Huh, looks like you struck one too."

—*Humbug.*

* * * *

Mother—"You know you don't really love Jim; it is only puppy love."
Helen—"Hot dog!"

—*Toronto Goblin.*

* * * *

Jim—Fraternity weather, this!
Slim—Howzat?
Jim—Gives everybody the grippe.

—*Tiger.*

* * * *

I rose and gave to her my seat!
I could not let her stand—
She made me think of mother, with
That strap held in her hand.

—*Tiger.*

* * * *

Blub—"I hear you are working in the shirt factory."
Glub—"Yes".
Blub—"Why aren't you working today?"
Blub—"Oh, we are making night shirts this week."

* * * *

He—"Would you accept a pet monkey?"
She—"Oh, I would have to ask father. This is so sudden."

—*Phoenix.*

* * * *

"I flunked that exam cold."
"I thought it was easy."
"It was but I had vaseline on my hair and my mind slipped."

—*Brown Jug.*

* * * *

I kissed a girl on the chin once.
How blind indeed is love!
But as soon as I had done it
She cried, "Heavens above!"

—*Mink.*

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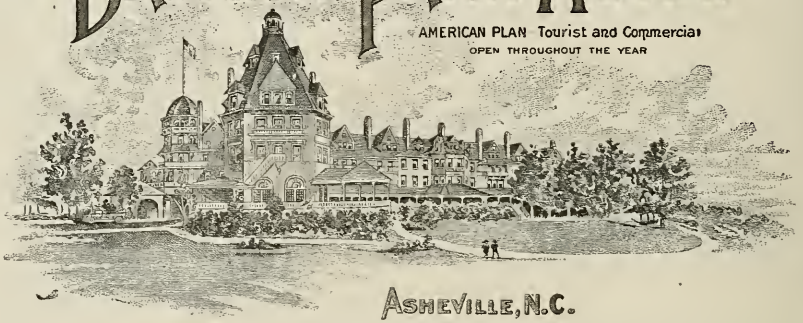

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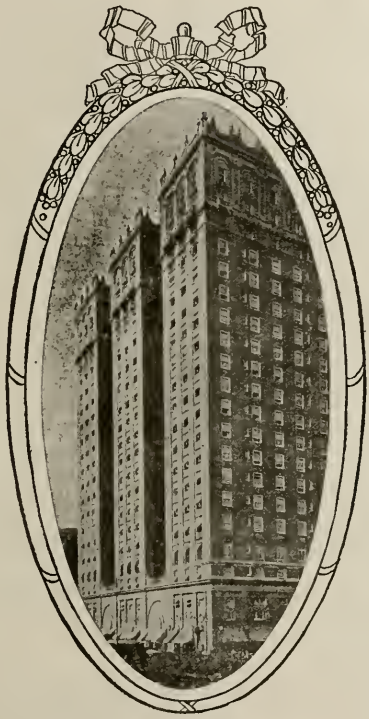

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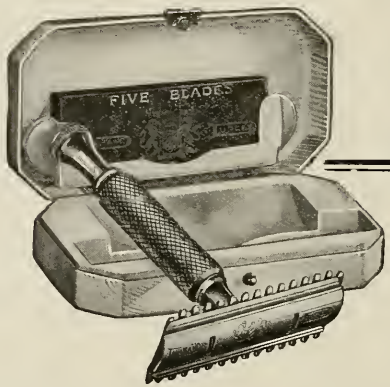

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THIS age of progressiveness calls for more and better concentrated thought on the part of society, and in order to appreciably enjoy progressiveness, an attitude of indifference must not be associated in any degree with society's programme.

Peculiarly, it is true that College men and women assume attitudes of indifference in many phases of society. Versed, as they are, on progressive subjects of the age, the casual unthoughtfulness of youth grapples their consciousness and appears and conspicuously functions through their general conduct in everyday life.

Perhaps one of the best evidences of the college student's character-calibre, which determines his value to a progressive order of society, is portrayed through the influence advertising has on him.

This may be explained somewhat through this very publication. The Trinity student who disregards our advertisers and deliberately patronizes the merchant closest at hand, regardless of whether that merchant is helping make publications possible at our College through advertising, is catering towards something deadly to any form of progress, indifference.

The thoughtful realize the importance of adhering to the ARCHIVE'S slogan: PATRONIZE THOSE WHO ADVERTISE, and therefore glance through the advertising pages before exchanging trade with any merchant. The all-rounded student appreciates the necessity of College publications and understands that the advertisers go to make up their success or failure.

Without further comment on this matter so vital to the interests of the entire College community, is it not possible for thinking College men and women to resolve now that the attitude of indifference shall be cast aside and in its stead an attitude of thoughtfulness coupled with real College intellect, will be assumed for the promotion of a bigger, better, and more progressive order of human society?

NOTE: One or two things to bear in mind as time goes on: May the first will soon be here. The members of the ARCHIVE'S business are busy working for you Trinity men and women. We, therefore urge each subscriber to pay his subscription fee to any member of the staff at his earliest opportunity. The liberal date of May the first has been extended to our subscribers for fee settlement, and we are going to bank on each man and woman to help lighten the burden of collections by voluntarily attending to his or her individual account.

——and remember, PATRONIZE THOSE WHO ADVERTISE.

WALTER Wm. TURRENTINE, Manager,
TRINITY ARCHIVE,
"The Monthly Publication of the Day"

Editorial

SPRING

THE warm, caressing winds of sunny spring have again come to drive away and to dispel the cold domination of icy winter. Once more the earth is fragrant with the perfume of budding flowers; the air is cheery with the trills of singing birds; the soul is happy with the pulsating warmth of glowing life. Beauty, peace, and carefree pleasure have come to lure, like a gentle, pleasant drug, youth away from the tedium of books and work.

Reason must give way to feeling; the cold, calculating mind must succumb to the warmth of the soul. Ambition is lulled. Dream days banish sordid aspirations and dull care. Days of sunshine and happiness, of life and love are here, so "hence loathed melancholy" for our purpose holds to dream away the youth which comes but once, and being lost, can never be regained.

DRAMATICS:
A STUDENT ENTERPRISE

THE presentation of *If I Were King* by the Trinity College Dramatic Club this month will mark another milestone in the progress of the college. The club is to be commended for its purpose and should receive the approval of other college organizations and all students interested in the future of Trinity. For many years the college community has felt the need of an organization, such as the Dramatic Club, whose purpose is to stimulate in students an appreciation of dramatic art.

Amid the clamorous enthusiasm of students for athletic contests of every sort one is in danger of missing the greatest opportunities of college life. A college should be a center of culture and a breeder of students who have a love for art of the highest type. If an educational institution allows physical development to supersede mental and cultural training, it is undeserving of the dignity of the name it bears. For this reason the Dramatic Club should be encouraged in its enterprise and congratulated on its beginning.

To the women students great credit is due, for they first put the idea of a dramatic club at Trinity College into execution. After they had achieved commendable success in the presentation of three plays to the college community, the men students awoke to a sense of responsibility of co-operating with the women in this creditable undertaking. Now that the Trinity College Dramatic Club has become a reality, the responsibility falls upon the students of the college as a whole. The club is a college organization despite its limited membership, and its success or failure will in a large measure depend upon the attitude of the students toward its productions.

On the other hand the Dramatic Club must justify its existence and the faith which the students put into it. The members of the club must prove to the college community that they have not only an appreciation of dramatic art, but also the ability to present plays in a creditable manner. Of course defects will be perfectly evident at first, for no organization of amateurs can attain perfection in dramatic presentation without a vast deal of experience and training. But the productions must be attractive enough in themselves to draw students because of their merit and not because of their need of charity. In other words students should be made to feel that they are not donating money for the support of a collegiate organization but that they are spending money for entertainment.

Moreover, the Dramatic Club is under obligation to extend its activities. There is a need for more entertainments of a higher type at Trinity College during the scholastic terms. College students would gladly lend their support to any movement by which chautauqua or similar performances could be brought to the college community at a reasonable price. Here is an excellent opportunity for the Dramatic Club to win the approval of both the college students and officials by simply assuming the responsibility of promoting a series of artistic exhibitions of a more or less popular nature for presentation at Trinity College. Thus the club may serve a dual purpose: It can be of service to the college community by bringing more professional entertainers to the college. And it will be of an educational value to all students interested in dramatic art from the technical point of view.

—J. D. S.

The Trinity Archive

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EDITOR'S NOTICE

It is our aim this year to publish a live, interesting magazine for the Students, Alumni and Friends of Trinity College. We solicit literary contributions from Trinity men and women. All manuscript is subject to moderate revision, All material must be in the hands of the editors by the 20th of the month preceding date of issue.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE
March, 1923

THE WINGS OF SPRING

Dallas Walton Newsom

SPRING, glad Spring
Is on the wing,
And the earth is swiftly waking;
The birds of song
Are coming along
Their old love-story making.

The kine test the horn
In the fresh of the morn
And scamper away with a bound;
The dog with a croon
Feels the charm of the moon,
And the deep shadows dapple the ground.

The frogs thaw out
With a garrulous shout
At the sight of a new spring day;
I see the smoke-spires
From the spring god's fires
And the children come out to play.

The old earth is new
With a shining dew,
The frost-king is retreating;
I hear his weird tread
Where winter lies dead
And the vernal queen comes fleeting.

The hills turn green
With a downy sheen
And are dashed with maple wine,
And from every bower
Peeps a glad wild flower—
A new-found friend of mine.

The sap knows the way
To the glad new day,
And with wonder in the eye
The daisy looks up
With the buttercup
At the first fresh butterfly.

I hear the fleet wing
Of the creatures that sing
In the soft, appealing shade;
And I know where the dove
Shall be telling his love
And the bough where his promise is made.

The naiads of night
And the noiseless sprite
Are weaving a carpet of green
For the soft-petaled feet
Of the on-coming fleet
That follows the vernal queen.

O let me drink deep
As the world wakes from sleep,
For the leaf shall soon be grown;
Just give me the right
Of a young, wild delight
E'er spring with her magic hath flown!

O had I the wing
Of the creatures that sing
And the leisure of the wild,
With naught for the day
But the spirit of play
In the heart of the happy child!

I'd go first I think
Where the shy blossoms wink
With the passionate call of the spring—
To the shady dell
Where the violets dwell
And the first sweet sparrows sing:

Where the kiss of the breeze
Wakes the slumbering trees
And the ruddy maple lips,
With young blood aflush
Bear the passionate blush
Of the wine-blooded nectar she sips;

Then to drain nature's cup
With the last, sweet sup
Of the golden glow of the west,
And revel at eve
When the glad world I leave
In the heart of the friend I love best.

ON WORRY

George V. Allen

A friend once remarked that he was forever busy at two omnipresent occupations: laughing over the things that he worried about yesterday, and worrying over the things that he will laugh about tomorrow. This caused me to think. What is really the cause of all this worry that seems forever to overshadow a student's mind, and which always intrudes insidiously into the most mirthful of laughter or the most joyful of hopes? Is it really a bugbear that casts his shaggy weight against the sunbeams of laughter and joy, or is it a blessing sent by the divinity to curb that reeklessness of spirit which usually accompanies a care-free disposition? I am inclined to believe that worry is a blessing that has been abused.

Just as happens to every student at least once or twice during his college career, I have often become negligent and slothful; my college duties and classroom work have piled up to a seemingly unsurmountable degree, and my spirits and aspirations have sunken to a proportionate extent. As have most other students, I have been in positions out of which my meagre brain could discern no exit. For instance, tomorrow a paper is due, a quiz has been scheduled, a report must be made, and probably an essay has to be written. Due to neglect, procrastination, forgetfulness, or a combination of them all, not a word of my work has been prepared. The outlook is indeed gloomy. The question presents itself of whether it were not better to discontinue this downhill struggle with college life and its unsympathetic professors, and go back home to help dad in the store—at least, to find some method of ceasing this unending life of worry, worry, worry. But time plays his usual role of consoler and mediator, and the determined mind drags the timid body to class. On the first class there is possibly a cut, on the second the quiz is postponed, and on the third the paper is written on class. Or maybe the day has gone harder, the professors have raved and the students jeered; nevertheless, the day was not nearly so hard as it had been pictured, and if worse comes to worst, I at least survive the experience. The moral follows: Worry is forever magnifying difficulties and creating great boulders that are only myriads on the journey; therefore, let us cease to worry, let us no longer enlarge our petty obstacles by that magnifying glass of dread so that things will hereafter assume their correct proportions.

But wait; have we thought to the bottom of this matter? What if we were to eliminate worry from those evils that beset humanity? Suppose, for a second example, that the end of the term were approaching. Term papers must be written, notes must be systematized, and examinations, for which either a view or a review is necessary, must be prepared. Under my new system, or philosophy, if you wish, a more propitious time for beginning work is continually awaited, examinations find nothing done, and report goes home to father that son has "flunked out." I can but wonder if a little worrying at the proper time would not have paid. Suppose that I were the editor of a college publication. The date for the copy to be in the hands of the printer is fast approaching, but under my new system no monster, Worry, enters to spoil the beauty of a perfect college existence. The manuscript is consequently got up at the last minute, the issue is bad, and the reputation of the college suffers. Would it not have been better to have worried a bit? Suppose, in truth, that nobody worried any. Suppose the world were run by care-free, happy-go-lucky people who were bothered by no play of fortune, no straining of circumstances, or pressure of duties and obligations. Where would the world look for its sober-minded stabilizers and fulfillers of obligations? In fact, did we not worry a bit, I fear that very little would ever be accomplished, and civilization would strive vainly to advance.

The truth, then, seems to lie somewhere between these two extremities. Worry, like all other elements of creation, should be indulged in moderately. An immoderate use of it magnifies coming events and turns the timid away from approaching duties; while its absence tends to produce carelessness and improvidence. The fact remains, however, that nine-tenths of the worrying that is done is useless. "Never worry worry until worry worries you."

THE MARTYR

E. P.

THE big clock in the hall struck eight. Mr. Rawls entered the dining room punctiliously. Punctuality was one of the things that he prided himself upon. It is necessary to efficiency, and Harry Rawls was *efficient*. For twelve years at precisely eight o'clock, excepting Sundays, Mr. Rawls came down to breakfast. If the meal was not served promptly at that hour, he would not wait. Two such offenses on the part of the cook were cause for dismissal. Few people can afford to be so exacting of their servants. Mr. Rawls could, however; he paid them well and in return he expected service.

Mrs. Rawls was already at the table. She looked up at her husband when he entered; it was an admiring look. Mr. Rawls deserved her admiration if any man did—if one is to accept the judgment of the world. His gray business suit fitted perfectly. He was handsome, and the photogravure sections of the Sunday papers had several times proclaimed it to the world along with a list of his accomplishments in business.

"Good morning, Mary; has the paper come?" he inquired in perfunctory tones. His gaze did not rest, in turn, upon the still youthful face of his wife—women were supposed to be beautiful for men to enjoy looking upon; he took it as a matter of course. Mrs. Rawls expected no admiration; she handed her husband the *Times* and continued eating in silence. Here eyes seemed glued for minutes at the time on the single rose in the slender silver vase on the center of the table. But Mary Rawls did not see the pink petals of the lonely rose nor anything in the room.

At eight-thirty to the minute Mr. Rawls arose to go. His wife glanced up at him. "Harry, I shall expect you to be home in time for dinner," she said questioningly.

"Something special?" he inquired as he turned to go.

"Thomas Blake, perhaps you remember him, is coming up. I met him on the street yesterday and asked him to call."

"My old rival, eh! Sure, I remember that chap—always quoting poetry and such tommy-rot. If the Lawson deal comes off all right this afternoon, I'll probably be here in time," he replied. Then as he went out the door—"Don't wait dinner for me."

Again Mrs. Rawls' eyes seemed to be focused on the rose in the center of the table. An inward conflict was evidently taking place. She was motionless. A divorce! She glanced apprehensively about her as if she feared that she had given her thought voice and someone might hear.

Yes, a divorce was the only remedy in such a case. Helen was nine now. The horrid affair should be over before the child grew old enough to realize what was taking place. Things had come to a showdown. She would not rear her child in a home—no, in a mere four-walled prison—where there was no love.

There had been no enmity between the two. Mr. Rawls was attentive in a way. The flowers which had just come in from the florist was a silent witness of the fact. But Harry never brought them now; he had a standing order with the florist, no doubt, so that he would never be bothered with the details. He gave her all the money that she could possibly spend sensibly.

Mary admitted—was forced to admit in justice to him—that he was good to her. Did love in the final analysis amount to any more than that? Of course, there is always the glamour of courtship and early married life, but after that was everyone's life identical with hers? Many of her married friends had laughingly admitted such to be the case. But she—no, she would not believe it. Love was real. She had the right to be loved. It was not of herself she was thinking now, however, but of Helen. She would take her away from it all—perhaps to Europe, just as far as she could possibly get. Helen would never know.

There would be no subterfuge about the matter. Tonight after Thomas Blake left, she would face the issue squarely and tell Harry that they were leaving. After a period of separation the divorce could be obtained quietly. Both would be free.

It was ten o'clock. Mrs. Rawls arose hurriedly. She went to her room and opened her book of engagements; it was filled up. At eleven she was to entertain the St. Mary's Charity Committee. After luncheon there

was a matinee party; such parties were usually boresome.

At eleven the St. Mary's Charity Committee arrived *en masse* and began the premeditated attack on Mrs. Rawls. "Your husband is such a wonderful man, such a factor for good in the city," Mrs. Newbery, as spokesman, recited graciously. Mrs. Rawls acquiesced silently with a forced smile. When the committee departed with a fifty dollar check, they were so elated with their success that they failed to notice the discontent that lurked in their patron's eyes.

The theatre party proved a bore also—at least, the party part of it did. The play itself was rather entertaining. It was a comedy of youth and fun—one in which an unmoneyed youth vied with a wealthy business man for the love of a gay young flapper. The moneyed man was successful in the end. The music ceased. The curtain dropped.

"Plays now-a-days are so horribly untrue to life, don't you think?" inquired Mrs. Bland with forced gravity as they drove away from the theatre. Mrs. Rawls settled back comfortably into the deep velvet cushions of the limousine, and permitted the others to discuss the play. If she had expressed her opinion, society would not have lacked a timely subject to discuss.

This evening it would be Thomas Blake—a welcome diversion from the demands from society. To Mary Rawls, Thomas had always been a puzzle. He had been an ardent lover for the brief period of one summer. She had admired and even encouraged him. Then Harry had entered the race. After that Thomas' visits had become more and more infrequent, and finally he had stopped coming altogether. He went to Florida that autumn, and she had not seen him again until the morning before when she had met him on the street.

Mrs. Rawls gowned herself in a very simple evening frock of soft pink; Thomas had always complimented her when she dressed in that color. It was amusing that she should remember such a trivial matter for a period of more than twelve years. She was ready and waiting when the maid brought in his card.

The years had not changed Thomas Blake. Mrs. Rawls had expected him to be bald by now. Twelve years ago they had both come to the conclusion that his hair was not of the permanent variety; they were on quite intimate terms then. It was as black and glossy now, however, as of former days, and his eyes held the same twinkling smile.

"The same Mary, and pretty as ever!" he complimented her by way of greeting.

"The same Harry, too—always a flatterer!" she retorted gaily. She noticed that he was well groomed; evidently he had become prosperous since they had parted. "Harry has not come in from the office yet," she said as she motioned him to a seat. "Tell me about yourself while we wait for him."

"Ladies first," he replied. "Let's hear your twelve years' history; then I'll give mine."

"You forget that you are in New York, man. Men and women are on equal terms here," she insisted.

"In deference to my Southern training, wilt thou not oblige me this once?" he continued in friendly bandinage.

"Well, if you insist," Mary laughingly responded. "Really, I haven't much to tell. Most important is Helen—she was born two years after our marriage; you must see her before you go. For the past five years there has been nothing exciting. Bridge parties in the mornings, matinees every afternoon, and usually some sort of social function every evening."

Mrs. Rawls noticed that Thomas was frowning unconsciously. "Oh, it wasn't so very bad," she continued in lighter tones. "Two years ago we had a very delightful European tour. Nevertheless, it has been slightly monotonous."

The telephone rang in the next room, and Mary excused herself to answer it. "It was Harry," she explained as she re-entered the room. "He says that he can't possibly be at home for dinner. He said to give you his regrets," she added most untruthfully. "It is quite ridiculous that he is so very fond of Helen—he always sends her a message of some sort."

"I'm sorry also that he isn't here. I have always admired him and envied his business ability." Thomas Blake spoke quite truthfully and his tones conveyed as much. Always he had hated himself because he was not a business man. Business meant money, and money in turn meant power. He had made some money here of late, but it had come too late to bring the success for which he longed in youth.

"We may as well have dinner since Harry is not coming," Mary said as she led Thomas to the dining room.

The table was set with blue-willow design china. It was old fashioned, not tolerated in society circles, but Mary had ordered the maid to use it tonight. Perhaps Thomas would like it. The grotesque little men and women in blue, done by some artist, were arranged fantastically on all the dishes. The earth on which

they stood was as absurdly blue as the sky above them. In the distance stood blue pagodas, blue trees with blue cherry-blossoms, and blue fairy-boats. Thomas took in the beauty of it all with a glance but he made no comment.

They were back in the living room before the fire when Mary reminded Thomas that his history was still untold. "I haven't much to relate," he began. "I taught school in Florida for five years. Since that time I've traveled from place to place—seeing America first, as the railway companies advocate. I write enough for the magazines to keep me in funds. I shall go to Europe in a day or two." He settled back in his chair complacently as if he were through.

"Haven't you ever married?" she interrogated him.

"No," he said after a momentary pause. "Did you think that I would?"

"Why shouldn't you? I had no reason to think otherwise," she replied. "When you left us so hurriedly that summer, Harry and I concluded that you were going to Her, whoever She might be. The note that you left me implied as much—but, of course, Harry knew nothing about that."

"I've never dreamed of marrying since that summer, Mary, and I thought that you knew as much!" His tones were more animated now. "What in my note implied what you said?"

"I didn't understand, Thomas. I guess I'm dense," Mary replied; her tones were taut with feeling. She felt that she must control her emotions. Did she still love him? The thought startled her. She turned her face away from him.

"I knew that if I should remain there with you that you would probably have married me. I was not worthy of you. No man was, but I was least worthy of all. Every woman admires the proficient lover, the man who can appeal to their inner-selves. I was such a one."

"But why shouldn't I have married you if I wanted to?" she questioned in tones which were controlled and deliberate. It was well that Thomas could not see her face. It would have been like stealing a glance into a person's diary. He was buried in thoughts of the past, and was looking into the fire—not at her.

"You see now why it was best, Mary," he was saying. "Harry could give you everything you wanted, and he has. He was not a sentimental weakling like myself. You were created for a world of beauty and luxury such as you now live in. I couldn't have given it to you." There was silence in the room for perhaps a minute or more. Then Thomas continued: "Do you remember that little verse I used to quote to you:

'I will give my Love a garden of dreams'?

Well, that was all that I could have offered you. People can't live on dreams, you know." There was no bitterness in his tones—nothing but submission.

Mary was staring into the flames. It was true what he had said. She had everything a woman is supposed to want. Harry had been good to her. But always there had been a longing for some indefinable something—a longing which had never been satisfied. She knew now that it was a garden of dreams such as Thomas could have given her. If she had known twelve years ago! Was it too late now? He was going to Europe. She and Helen could go to Europe—why not? That he still loved her was evident. Her thoughts were very confused.

"But, Thomas, why did you say that you could never fall in love with me?" She looked away from him as she spoke, and swallowed hard. Something would choke her.

"Well, since we have already intruded upon a discussion of very personal matters—things which should have been forgotten—I may as well tell you the rest. It is all between old friends. It was no fault of yours that I couldn't fall in love with you; it was merely an impossibility. Did you ever hear of a mother falling in love with her babe? No, she never knew the time when she did not love it. So, Mary, it was with me.

'In other lands I loved you long ago,
The love that has no beginning and no end.'

There was a soft musical cadence in his tones that was appealingly sweet; yet the words stung Mary's heart. She had learned too late.

The thoughts which came to Mary were bewildering. What would she do? Thomas had made what he thought was a great sacrifice in her behalf. She could repay him with her love if she would. He would make an ideal father for Helen. Would he? No, already Helen loved her own father dearly and he in turn loved her. Helen would permit no one to usurp her father's place in her heart. Mary knew then instinctively that her love for Thomas must always remain hidden deep in the recesses of her own heart.

She tried to calm herself as she arose to bid him

goodnight. He took both of her hands in his. "Mary, everything has happened for the best, hasn't it?" he questioned.

"Yes, Thomas—all for the best." Mary lied magnificently.

"Goodbye, and good night," Thomas Blake said as he went out into the night. He was satisfied that his sacrifice for her whom he loved had not been in vain.

Mary was left gazing into the fire. Thomas was gone forever. Harry would soon be in—what would she tell him? She had planned to tell him that she and Helen were leaving, that she could not live without love.

And Helen—Mary had forgotten to deliver to her the little message that her father had sent over the telephone. She had also forgotten to introduce her to Harry. Wasn't she almost wholly forgetting her? Wasn't her design to carry Helen away actuated in reality from her own desire to get away? Endless questions seemed to suggest themselves and to clamor for impartial decisions.

After all, perhaps her duty was to remain at home where Helen would have both a mother's and father's love to protect her. Thomas was content and in some measure even happy in his great sacrifice. Perhaps she too could find content—she did not ask for happiness. Harry should never know that she had contemplated leaving him.

She arose from her chair and began to mount the stairs to go to Helen's room.

A WINTRY NIGHT

Clifton Erwin

THE gloomy night grows dark and chill,
Enwrapped in sable shroud;
The whistling wind shrieks high and shrill
Through leafless trees aloud.

Bold Boreas blows his icy breath
From out his northern lair;
And frozen birds succumb to death—
A death of dark despair.

Black and blacker still becomes the night,
O'erspreading moor and fen;
Then storm-tossed seamen pray for light
Of breaking day again.

Hard and harder still the billows beat
Upon the rock-bound shore,
And, breaking boisterously, they greet
The cliffs with rumbling roar.

Fast and faster still the snowflakes swirl
In eddying drifts around;
And in ghostly silhouette they whirl
Across the frozen ground.

High and higher still shrieks Boreas' voice
Thro' crannied wall and chink;
But leaping flames within rejoice
The heart to sit and think.

So by the glistening firelight's gleam,
While without the tempest lowers,
I rapidly meditate—and dream
Of calmer, fairer hours.

THREE CHEERS

Jay L. Jackson

A group of Trinity alumni, representing individuals from various business, professional, and social walks of life, were enjoying the New Year's Eve about the banquet table. The atmosphere was scented with the sweet fumes of *Melanchrinoes* and *Garcia Grandes;* while here and there among this aristocracy of the select certain of the weaker brethren exhaled evidence enough to allow an inference that they were enjoying their annual "last time" which comes just before turning over a new leaf. For the most part, however, it was just such a gathering as one might have expected to find at an alumni get-together. The subjects of conversation, while varied to some extent, seemed generally to center about the past year of prosperity and the bright outlook ahead. It was agreed among the majority of those present that good fortune enough had accompanied them during the past year to justify their forgetting the impositions which Christmas had made upon their pocketbooks. Desiring to keep the party in a happy frame of mind, the toastmaster took occasion now and then to remind them of their special advantages and fortunate circumstances. In the course of his remarks reference was made to the "good old days" back in college when the TOMBS held similar gatherings. At this point one of the more serious-minded brethren, being suddenly visited by a spirit of generosity, arose to suggest that now was the time to give something to their *alma mater*. His friend across the table was in perfect accord with the suggestion, and in that fluent English which flows from the lips of those inspired to serve, he said, "Sure, Mr. Toastmaster, I move that we give three cheers for Trinity." All gave liberally.

This anecdote is not intended as an indictment against Trinity alumni, for, no doubt, about as much favorable comment can be made on Trinity alumni as can be made for alumni of other higher educational institutions in the state; yet it does suggest an important topic for consideration. Is it not true that there are many powerful possibilities wrapped up in alumni, which thus far have not been realized as related to this particular institution? One has a right to one's own opinion on this matter, but there seems to be evidence enough to leave an impression that the situation is by no means ideal. This is a real question to those charged with the responsibility of securing alumni co-operation, and it affords a topic worthy of careful attention.

There are certain natural forces, social and economic in nature, which tend to prevent alumni from sharing to any appreciable extent in the present history of their institution, forces which are often difficult to overcome. The writer has been attempting for some time, however, to analyze this question with attention centered on the present day student, the alumnus to be, his collegiate interests, activities, and environment, hoping that thereby constructive suggestions may be found toward improving the future situation. This is no small task, and its importance will warrant more thought than the present article would indicate to have been given; nevertheless, no effort will have been wasted if nothing more is accomplished than the stimulation of further thought in this direction.

It is a reasonable assumption that the "greater Trinity" idea needs more than passive support to give it value, a fact which means that students must have something of that spirit instilled before becoming alumni. One need not be concerned in this discussion with the various classes of students attending Trinity, for in modern statistical methods the law of averages plays an important part. The general mass of students will be found about the middle of the scale of any social arrangement which might be made. This class represents the average, those above being considered abnormal as well as those below. It is this average class which usually become the average alumni, and for that reason their importance assumes greater proportions.

The average student is a normal human being, and as such he is easily victimized by forces of which he is seldom conscious. In a social community of any importance the majority of this type ordinarily set up their own standards, and if telic methods are not used, standards are often set up which are harmful. Wrapped up in this average student is a vast supply, often a surplus, of energy which constantly seeks a means of expression and which, if guided and properly directed, will produce surprising results. This task will

fall for the most part, of course, upon those engaged in the instruction of the student. It is the duty of those with mature experience to create insofar as possible in the student desires and ambitions which while furnishing the motive power for life's activities will also be a power for promoting social causes of a worthy nature. (Trinity College offers a splendid opportunity for those interested in a worthy cause). Much of the policy of the average student is at present a policy of drift, especially when related to the obligations of the institution as a whole, and if allowed to remain such, it becomes a handicap to those who later attempt to secure alumni co-operation in any worthy educational cause. Much of this handicap can be eliminated, however, by bringing from time to time in a forceful way certain facts to the student's attention. This is a matter over which a college faculty can spend a few hours in profitable thought.

When questioned as to his loyalty and patriotism, the average student's indignant reply manifests disgust that such an absurd question should have been asked. Are you a booster for a greater Trinity? To this question the answer offers not the least shadow for doubt. As a matter of fact the average student is so certain about it that he has never found it worth while to think about the matter, and there are few who are willing to risk calling it to his attention. And yet, while this is an absurdly abnormal question, a closer investigation reveals possibilities which when compared to the present status makes the normal answer almost absurd.

There are times when a strong reprimand is necessary and effective; but the major task is not to censure for that which should have been done and was not, but rather to alter the gentle development of the past to a system which is calculated to mold for constructive good that energy which has been partially if not totally wasted in the past. This is no small task, and it calls for a wealth of optimism as well as effort and training.

The average student seldom if ever stops to question just why he attends a football game. A correct analysis would probably be too deep a subject to be of interest, leading into a maze of "logical and illogical" problems; yet the answer could be applied to every college sport—including quite a variety in these modern times. There is something almost unexplainable about it which answers a human desire, or better, a human demand. Play, so largely asthetic at present, is at times merely the expenditure of surplus energy. (How men often get such vast surpluses, we cannot now stop to question). The rooter on the sidelines receives thrill after thrill, sensations which cannot be given a full measure of expression. These feelings and reactions in themselves are not injurious, and the stronger and more forceful the expression given, the greater the indication of dynamic energies uncontrolled. But if allowed to go uncontrolled or spent in a single direction, producing no appreciable benefits toward society at large, these energies are either wasted or become harmful. The present difficulty involves a departure from simply participating in and boosting for those activities which satisfy a personal want. The average student's interests center about those things for which he can give "three cheers" and get results. Athletics is just one of these activities. This is no condemnation of athletics; they are a necessity and should hold a prominent place in college life, but that same interest and enthusiasm which centers about the team should in some way be brought into closer touch with the progress of the institution as a whole. The accomplishment of this aim would mean a "greater Trinity" in the truest sense of the expression.

College life should not be confined to those activities which call for very little but yield a big return. As to the man who participates, that is another matter. The average student is at present hardly a participant insofar as the activities of the college as a whole are concerned. It is true that he attends the games, whoops it up for Trinity on exciting occasions, and at last succeeds in getting a diploma. Some never reach the final stage, but this article must confine itself to those who do. The desire to serve must be created long before the day of graduation, and there is no better way to create it than by securing the practice of the principle while the opportunity is good. It has rightly been said that he who puts the most into a thing gets the most out of it, and its application holds true with reference to the greater Trinity idea. Participation calls for efforts beyond the "three cheers" limit, and it is service such as this which creates the lasting spirit of a greater Trinity.

The satisfaction which comes from expending energies in promoting worthy endeavors and bringing things to pass is man's greatest reward for work. Furthermore, it can well be said that the feeling of worthy achievement has a tendency to satisfy in proportion to the field of activity it covers. The economic law of diminishing returns must be applied, it is true, but the rule will hold good generally.

Participation will determine very much the importance of a student's part in the progress of his college, and the extent of his serviceable activities while in school will be reflected in later years. Compulsory circumstances will often force the average student beyond the "three cheers" limit, but this is not a desirable situation. The spirit which is built up while one is a student, the spirit of active boosting, is that spirit which offers the future possibilities. This spirit cannot be driven into one's head, nor can it be accomplished by simple request. Constant effort toward creating an understanding and appreciation of the true value of participation will go far toward improving the situation in the future.

The "three cheers" came naturally; they came easily and hurt nobody's feelings. Unfortunately, however, they did but little good.

ATHEIST SKYLARK

(On the Death of Shelley)

Frances Gray

I.

OH you English skylark you were meant to sing
Where the petal bursts the bud upon the brake—
Where the streams are wild and wayward with the freshets of the spring
Or the willows dip their fringes in the lake.

You were meant to start your singing in the quiet of the dew
At the hour when morning stars grow pale and sink;
Meant to circle ever higher into the eternal blue
Till you staggered drunk with song on heaven's brink!

II.

Wild bird, too much in love with life and laughter
To question the dim "What" men call hereafter;—
Too much enamoured of earth's spontaneity
To recognize the curbstone of a Deity!
Whose simple purity of bosom held
All might be free if only all rebelled,
How deep your terror must have been and pain
When that 'gainst which the ages rose in vain
Vast, overwhelming, slowly strangled you!
All unavailing was the heaven blue!
Did you when that hour came emit one silver,
Helpless, piercing shriek against the universe and all its wrongs?
Or did you, ever music's faithful friend
Sing half a plaintive song and call the end
Of your short cycle a delicious song?
Or did—oh piteous thought!—the choke of death,
The gasping and the fluttering for breath
The vain and frenzied flapping of the wing,
So agonize your soul it could not sing?

III.

However that may be, this much I know—
Down from the sky's broad arch a God leaned low.
A God you named as Joy and Loveliness,
And from your stilled wet wings with one caress
Shook all the bitter water's heaviness.
Laughed tenderly to see you winging high—
While angels trembled, thrilling to your song
Free from all Law but Love's—through the bright air
To Heaven where singing skylarks all belong.

THE FURRINER

James Secrest

FOR many years the mountaineers of western North Carolina have held the belief that they are a race unto themselves. Anyone born outside the mountainous section of the state is a "furriner." Although the most progressive members of the race are slowly consenting to assimilation with the "furriners" and are beginning to realize that these outsiders are needed to develop the resources of the timber-covered mountains, there are some who still nurse a secret hate against these intruders and point back with pride to the days of their fathers when a "furriner" was kept in his place or else was made to feel so uncomfortable that he left the community at his first opportunity.

Fifteen years ago a stranger came to Pigeon Forks upon the recommendation of his physician in search of the fountain of health which was said to be hidden in the rugged mountains. His slender, almost delicate figure, his clean-shaven face, and his carefully tailored clothes easily distinguished him from the rough mountaineer. His gentle manners and his soft mellow voice which always held the same pitch contrasted sharply with the deep bass voice of the inhabitants of Pigeon Forks. It was because of such distinctions as these that the humiliating label was immediately attached to him, even before anyone inquired as to his real name.

At that time ground was just being broken for a pulp mill at Pigeon Forks. This, too, was the work of the "furriners." One year Peter G. Thompson, of Cincinnati, had happened to come by the way of Asheville on his tour South for the winter months. He saw the possibilities of the vast acres of unhewn lumber scattered over unbroken slopes, and he wondered why no one had cut the timber. That was before he knew the mountain people. The next time he came South he went to Pigeon Forks and asked to see a committee of the leading citizens on important business. He laid his plans for a pulp mill before them and asked for the wide tract of land on the east side of the Pidgen river, known as the river bottom, for the site of the mill. Fortunately the committee was made up of land holders who saw a chance to exchange land, of which there was plenty, for money, of which there was little. They accepted the proposition sheepishly, and then began to hatch excuses to give the citizens whom they represented.

The capitalist from Cincinnati lost no time in breaking ground. Before the sleepy mountaineers had begun to realize the significance of a big pulp mill in their midst, about four score or more "wops" had erected rude one-room shanties, covered with tar paper, on the hills above the river bottom, and had brought with them untidy wenches and countless scantily clad brats with black hair, bright, piercing eyes, and dirty, but happy faces. The Murphy branch of the Southern Railway awoke suddenly one morning to find that it was really of some worth. Large steam pile drivers, hoisting derricks, steam shovels, dinky locomotives were hauled into the sedate community of Pigeon Forks in a manner that fairly made the mountaineers gasp.

It was during this industrial boom that the stranger came to Pigeon Forks in search of the phantom, Health. Like most "furriners" from the North, he was possessed with a restlessness which would not permit him to remain idle despite his weak constitution. As he told the construction boss, he might keep the time book, or he might act as bookkeeper, but he would rather work outdoors where he could breathe the pure fresh air of the skyland community. The little Irish foreman grunted disgustedly as he looked over the slim, effeminate figure of the stranger and saw his sunken chest, his hollow eyes, and his skinny arms and legs. On the face of the applicant one could see the courage and the determination of a fighter, but the section boss was not interested in character but in brawn.

"What the hell is your name?" he asked in a tone expressing scorn and disdain.

"My name is Charles Clifford," the stranger timidly replied, although one of the men watching him afterwards said that his face quivered as he spoke.

"Damned if I believe it," grunted the boss, and he smiled in a knowing way, "but what does it matter if you are a jail bird? Most of these other 'wops' are, too."

Clifford clenched his fists and took a step forward just as the section boss turned his back on him to give an order to a waiting laborer. He hesitated an in-

stant, however, and then unclenched his hands and let his figure, which had been erect, droop like a withered old man.

Nevertheless, Clifford secured the job of timekeeper and general handy man about the office. He did not hold the job long, however, for even the section boss recognized his ability and passed him on up to the "super," who gave him the position of traffic manager of the line of mule teams which brought piles from Sunburst, a logging camp constructed to supply the rough lumber for the erection of the pulp mill. The job was not all that could be desired, but it paid forty dollars a month and didn't require any manual labor.

Time passed slowly with Clifford. He rented a room at a cheap boarding house because he did not care to mingle with the "wops" in the company's lodging. At night he stayed in his room and read or played softly on his violin. Most of the "hands" working on the mill spent their evenings and likewise their weekly pay in one of the cafes where moonshiners sold their wares. They hated Clifford because he kept aloof from their riotous gatherings. The natives said he was "putting on airs because he came from the city." But with the "wops" he felt a strange kinship, although he never mentioned it to them or anyone else, because they both were "furriners." He felt inwardly that this kinship was reciprocal, for the "wops" called him "Mister Clifford"—a thing which a mountaineer would die before doing.

Clifford was not without friends, however, for he had won the love of the children. They clamored after him when he came to his lodging after a day filled with vexatious quarrels between him and the bull-headed mule drivers. They fought to hold his hand or climb on his knees all the while begging for a story or "moosic" from the "fiddle." It seemed that this "furriner" had an inexhaustible supply of stories which he never tired of telling to his children, no matter what had been his cares for the day. In fact, he soon began to look forward to the hour just after supper with as much anticipation as did the children. Even the old folks around the house frequently sat as close as possible to him while he told stories or played his violin, although they buried their faces in a newspaper so as to appear perfectly ignorant of what was going on.

But as the weeks passed, the attitude of the adult populace became more and more hostile toward Clifford. The mule drivers were rebellious because a "furriner" was trying to boss them. Why couldn't the "super" find a real man, one who would swear and take a drink with them now and then instead of feeling so "dam superior?" Had it not been for the common belief that this timid, reserved man was a pet of the "Big Boss," Clifford would probably have been spirited away to the mountains from whence he would never return.

One day he had occasion to walk down among the derricks and steam shovels, which were being pushed to the limit of their capacity in an effort to hasten the construction of the mill. Becoming interested in the work of the pile driver, he failed to notice a derrick behind him hoist a log into the air and begin swinging it a few feet from the ground to another part of the field. The engineer of the derrick knew that no one should be in the way, and so he did not bother to look. It happened that the "wop" fireman of the pile driver had come to the narrow door of the cab to mop his brow and get a breath of fresh air. He saw the impending danger and warned Clifford just in time for him to fall face down on the ground while the log passed a few feet above him. A group of the native laborers saw him brushing the dirt from his clothes and laughed. The "wop's" name was Pedro. Clifford thanked him and hurried back to his office where there was no chance of being killed by swinging logs, unless one would call a stick as big as one's arm in the hands of an infuriated mule driver a "swinging log."

Another grudge which the natives of Pigeon Forks held against Clifford was that he had publicly befriended negroes on several occasions. Such an offense was unpardonable. A favorite sport of the rowdies of the town was "rocking" every "nigger" that had the insolence to show his black face anywhere about Pigeon Forks. Frequently the unfortunate offspring of a race of slaves was seriously hurt by these town bullies, and several of the intruders never left the mountain village alive. In the cafes at night these proud sons of a pure stock of Anglo Saxons boasted about how many "niggers" they had killed or chased out of town.

On one occasion this "furriner" had the impudence to bind the wounds of an old negro who was half-dead from the cuts and bruises inflicted upon him by the village militia. Clifford had dared not only to bind his wounds, but even to feed him and send him on his way with a roll of bills. The crime was worthy of a horse-whipping at least. But how could he be induced to come far enough out of town to give them a chance

at him? Not that the village police would care much, but still one must be respectful toward the law.

Meanwhile Clifford established himself more firmly in the hearts of the children of the very men who hated him with such vehemence. After the last winsome youngster had been carried unwillingly away to bed, he would saunter up to his room and read from his favorite poets or else write a bit of verse himself. Sometimes he read these verses to his children, but usually he hid them away in his trunk or threw them in the waste basket. Often he would sit for hours at a time with his face buried in his hands and dream, nobody knew what. The housekeeper set the rumor going one time that she had found him crying one time and that he held a lady's silk handkerchief in his hand while he cried. Slowly, but with death-like certainty, wrinkles were beginning to mar the tender face of the man. Then, too, the dark rings under his soft blue eyes were becoming darker as time went on. His mellow voice was losing its exquisite softness because of his harsher and more frequent coughing. The mythical fountain of health evidently remained undiscovered.

Clifford was not the only object of enmity in Pigeon Forks. The "wops" had come to be more and more unpopular with the natives of the village. They were not only "furriners," but they weren't even Americans. The native populace of Pigeon Forks endured them until the mill had fairly begun to take shape and until picks and shovels were no longer needed in its construction. Then their suppressed detestation broke out anew, and they began to agitate for the speedy removal of these unsanitary devils with their flock of uncouth women and squalling offspring. Peter G. Thompson made one excuse after another. But the "wops" still occupied their low hovels and cooked bread in outdoor ovens built in the shape of an Eskimo snow hut.

The indignation of the inhabitants of Pigeon Forks came to a head one sultry summer day when a "wop", Pedro by name, offered an insult to one of the native water boys. Pedro had been working hard all day until the perspiration stood in beads on his dark forehead. Now the "white folks" had a water boy, and the "wops" had a water boy. Sam Warren was the water boy for the "white folks," and he had inherited the common disdain for all "furriners." So when Pedro asked for a drink of water, because none of the foreign boys were around, Sam felt terribly insulted and called Pedro names which he had heard his elders use in referring to the "wops." The long-nurtured resentment in Pedro's breast broke forth. He held this impudent boy while he drank from the bucket.

Such an offense was unspeakable. Sam Warren ran back to his father as hard as he could run, forgetting bucket, dipper, and everything else but Pedro's assault. His father accepted his version of the story without question and immediately began to round up all his associates to avenge the insult to all true-blooded mountaineers. Within less time than it takes to tell it a howling mob of bloody-eyed inhabitants of Pigeon Forks had gathered together what weapons and missiles they could find, and had gone in search of Pedro to be revenged for the insult to all true Americans.

Pedro held them off with a bowie knife as long as he could, but by force of numbers the mob soon downed him and tied him securely with hemp ropes. The wrath of the crowd had reached the fever point by that time; so he was hurried off without further ceremony to a tall oak tree with a convenient limb about fifteen feet from the ground and prepared for the execution, which was to be an example to all "wops" who dared outrage American honor.

While the enraged crowd was making ready for the hanging, Charles Clifford sat trembling in his office. His usually pale face was as white as a sheet, and his eyes had narrowed until they became piercing. All the resentment that he had nursed for the eleven months that he had been in Pigeon Forks was rising from its hidden recess. His eyes burned with the sting and the lash of former injuries done him by the mountaineers. His hand trembled as he drew it dazedly across his eyes. Someone had told him about the insult, and he had seen the rest.

For only a few minutes he sat stupefied in his office chair. Then he wavered a second and finally jumped up and ran frantically out the door toward the scene of execution. As he neared the mob, he saw that the noose was already about Pedro's neck and that someone had just successfully thrown the rope across the limb. He rushed into the crowd before the surprised avengers had time to stop him. Almost breathless he reached the side of Pedro and snatched the loose end of the rope from the bewildered executioners.

"You shall not hang him," he shrieked. "He didn't hurt Sam Warren ,and you know it. You hate him because he is a 'furriner.' You are so narrow minded that you hate everybody who was born out of Pigeon Forks. This 'wop' saved my life when you

would have been glad to see me killed. He is a 'furriner,' and I am a 'furriner.' We are kin—''

At this point in the rebuke a shotgun "accidently" went off in the crowd, and Clifford fell face downward at the feet of the awe-stricken Pedro. By this time the children of the village had reached the old oak tree. They had been attracted by the crowd and the sight of Clifford running. There must be something amusing to see.

Time changes all things.

Today Canton is one of the most progressive towns in North Carolina. The Champion Fibre Company, with Peter G. Thompson as its president, operates the largest pulp mill in the United States. The streets of Canton (which, by the way, was named Pigeon Forks until the town outgrew the name) are paved with concrete where mud was once nine inches deep. Most of the leading stores and enterprises of the town are owned by northern capitalists or Jews. The cafes are operated by "wops." All the pulp mill managers are either Yankees or young Cincinnati College graduates.

At night when the children of the natives of Canton become restless and do not want to go to bed on time, their mothers and sometimes even their fathers tell them stories that they had heard a strange man tell when they were children. Sometimes they sing songs that this strange man had composed and brought them. Most of the children are as familiar with him as though they knew him personally. In fact, his name never fails to gain the respect of any child in Canton, or their parents either for that matter.

If one should himself to visit the city graveyard on a bright summer day, he would notice a well-kept grave covered with fresh flowers and with a stately monument at its head. On first thought one would think it the grave of a wealthy inhabitant of the progressive town, perhaps the mayor. Upon closer examination, however, one could read the following inscription engraved in the marble:

Charles Clifford

Born ..... Died August 4, 1907

"The good works of some are manifest beforehand; and they that are otherwise cannot be hid."—1 Tim. 5:25.

Erected on July 4, 1918, by the
Citizens of Canton in Honor of
ONE THEY LOVE

DRAMATICS AT TRINITY

Aura Holton

THE Trinity College Dramatic Club was organized in 1920, and as one of the infant organizations on the park has progressed very acceptably. In the spring of 1921 the club presented two one-act plays: Lady Gregory's *Land of Heart's Desire*, and W. B. Yeats' *Spreading the News*. With typical college enthusiasm and optimism the club decided to try bigger things in the year 1922, and so *Monsieur Beaucaire*, by Booth Tarkington was staged. Only the members of the cast of the play and the committees in charge know how much time and energy was required by the rather elaborate five-act play, but the important fact about the matter was that *Monsieur Beaucaire* was successful.

In the spring of 1920 the Dramatic Club, until that time composed only of girls was made a co-ordinate affair, and the club started the work of the present year with boundless confidence. The fact of the matter was that girls and boys had long been working together—that the success of *Monsieur Beaucaire* was due in no small degree to the assistance of the boys in the work of scenery, publicity, etc.

Now however, with both boys and girls as active members of the club, there seems to be no reason why the work of the Trinity College Dramatic Club should not be known throughout the state. In the fall of 1922 another Tarkington play, *Beauty and the Jacobin*, was presented, with Miss Hunter Holloway, of Smithfield, Virginia, and Mr. M. S. Rose of Seaboard, N. C., playing the feature roles.

At the beginning of the spring term the club organized specifically for the big affair of the year, the Spring play. *If I Were King*, by McCarthy, was selected, and the east, consisting of about twenty-five characters, was chosen. Members of the club not in the cast were organized into five committees, handling respectively the scenery, costumes, publicity, make-up and finance work of the club for the play. Members of the committees have quite as important duties as the cast members, and upon their work de-

pends the success of *If I Were King*.

What would you do if you were king? The title of the play has an appeal all its own. Those of us not in the cast await with interest the presentation. Francois Villon, an actual fifteenth century poet, as head of the play, shows the audience what he personally would do if he were king. The Dramatic Club is putting a large amount of honest effort into making *If I Were King* a dramatic success. The support of the college community is earnestly wished. The play will be presented in Craven Memorial Hall on March 27. Mrs. Paul Gross, who has acted as coach for the club since its organization, is again acting in this capacity, with Mrs. J. A. Speed acting as director of committees. Here's wishing the best of luck to cast, coach and club in staging *If I Were King*.

"BABBITT," BY SINCLAIR LEWIS

A REVIEW

Mike Bradshaw, Jr.

TRAGEDY—the grim, bitter tragedy of life—forms the basis upon which Sinclair Lewis has written his latest and best novel. The old story of dissatisfaction, of a vain striving and search for happiness, is woven into a twentieth century novel, depicting the life and customs of an American city following the war period.

The story is that of George F. Babbitt, a hustling, prosperous real estate broker in a city of 350,000. Babbitt is a middle-aged man with a comfortable income, a family, a few friends, and clubs. He is a loyal member of the Presbyterian church, a staunch defender of the Republican party, and, above all, a sound, conservative business man.

But Babbitt somehow feels that he is missing something in life. He perceives the emptiness of his existence and wishes to find something, some interest which will bring him happiness. He wistfully wonders what the business of living is all about. In his search for the thing that will give him contentment he tries drink, women, politics, business, social life, clubs, and religion.

In his search he discovers a number of the bitter truths of life, among them the fact that he cannot escape from his old life, his family, business, and friends because they are a part of him. In his futile attempts to break away from his old surroundings he finds himself hemmed in on all sides by innumerable checks. Tradition, environment, friends—all combine to suppress his efforts to break forth into a real, free personality. His wail, "I've never done a single thing I've wanted to in my whole life!" tells the poignant truth concerning suppressed ideals and ambitions.

The book is really a character sketch of Babbitt and little else. As such it is one of the best writings of any of the modern novelists. Lewis' cynicism, which was so bitter in "Main Street," is noticeable in "Babbitt." The author discovers and exposes mercilessly insincerity and hypocrisy in church, business, politics and everywhere else he finds it; but in his treatment of humanity, of the frailties of man as revealed in the character and life of Babbitt, he is very sympathetic.

"Babbitt" is a much bigger, broader, and better book than "Main Street."

Exchanges

THIS is our first opportunity to review the magazine issued by the students of Davidson, and we began to fear that that college was going to fail to produce a periodical of this kind during the entire year. The heart of our criticism is this: the issue would be creditable were the publication printed monthly, but for a college of the size and reputation of Davidson we make bold to say that she should have a far better magazine than this if she is to publish it only bi-monthly. We note, however, what the editor has to say concerning the state of the finances that his magazine is struggling under, and instead of blaming him for the poor issue, we extend to him our heartfelt sympathies; however, we do think that the showing looks extremely bad for either the student body or the managership of the paper. We also realize that we should reserve such adverse criticism until we are more fully advised of the facts in the case—we can only judge from facts as we see them.

THE DAVIDSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Of the poetry in the issue, there is an excellent array in regard to diversity of form, ranging all the way from the sonnet to what we might call the "missing link" between poetry and prose. Mr. Bryan is to be complimented on his boldness in advocating so nobly a style of poetry that is so far ahead of the poetic thought of the time that he can not fail to bring down upon him the laughs and jeers of the old conservative element of the reading public, which never fails to sieze an opportunity to deride any attempt to change the existing literary styles. While we ourselves can not appreciate the two numbers that are included to the extent that we should like, nevertheless we would not dare show our ignorance by condemning that which we understand not. The poem by D. A. S. is by far the best one that is included. The author shows real poetic ability that should be encouraged. His other contribution, "A Southern Rose," is also very good. Of the stories in the issue "Eyes" is, according to our judgment, the best. The introduction is a bit long for so short a story, but the love element of the piece is excellently manipulated. "The Technique of the One-Act Play" by Professor Erwin is concise and very instructive, but far be it from us to pass judgment on any defects of a composition by so eminent a scholar. The D. C. M. is to be congratulated upon securing among its contributors such a writer as Dr. Erwin. W. T. Baker writes as if he knows exactly whereof he speaks. His "Midshipman's Cruise" impresses the reader with the fact that here is a man who is not writing about something of which he is ignorant. His theme is most interesting. Mr. Earnest also makes one feel that the author is well acquainted with his material, and such stories are really what make magazines interesting.

THE February issue of the Wake Forest Magazine is indeed good. The essays are thoughtful and logical, and the poetry is inspiring. As for the poetry, every poem is well written. Mr. Pennington's epic, "The Gale," is graphic and seems to be the result of experience on the part of the author. The essay by Mr. Knott, "Mary, Queen of Scots," shows research and clear thinking on the part of the writer. He displays a fair-mindedness that is very commendable, and we are especially glad to commend the lack of prejudice that characterizes the composition. "Thoughts of Childhood" contains a depth of feeling and a power of imagination that places Mr. Pait far above the usual run of college poets. The essay entitled "Psychological Effect of the Nineteenth Amendment on Politics" contains a short sketch of the history of the movement that has culminated in placing women on a theoretical plane of equality with men in the United States and other countries of the world. Like Mr. Ivey's essay, the composition by Mr. Andrews shows clear and logical thinking, and Wake Forest is to be complimented upon having such essayists as Mr. Ivey and Mr. Andrews among its contributions. The only story of the issue is both weak and vague. The *Wake Forest Student* is lacking in this department to a deplorable extent, and this one defect keeps the magazine from receiving our unqualified approval. The plot of the only story is poor, the style uninteresting, and the construction mediocre. We cannot understand why a periodical that is so well made up in other lines should be so bad in this one respect. We can only hope that our gentle remarks will inspire the editorial staff of that magazine to better efforts in the future.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Wayside Wares

A COMEDY OF ERRORS

D. S. J.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Sophomores *Freshmen* *Tombs* *Senior*

SCENE: Partly in Bivins Hall, and partly in Tombs Assembly Room.

TIME: December 10th.

SCENE 1. A room in Bivins Hall.

First Freshman (Hearing striking of paddles without:

Methinks I hear unwelcome sounds without.

Second Freshman (Going to window and looking out):

Yon soph doth have a hungry look,
A look which well befits a sophomore.
He strikes too hard; such men are dangerous.

First Freshman:

In sooth the sophomore doth come around,
And fain would I had spent this night without
In quarters other than this hall.

Second Freshman:

Nor does
My heart beat as it did an hour ago
Or ere this cursed sound did reach my ears,
It seems to beat yet higher in my throat;
Alas 'tis mine to swallow it again,
Forsooth, it grows to be so large that I
Can scarce restore it well.

Third Freshman (Awaking and hearing noise without):

A cursed sound,
Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more,
The soph doth murder sleep"—the innocent sleep,
Sleep that doth not desire awakening.

Second Freshman:

A plague, a double plague upon their kind,
And yet I will not let them fright me thus:
The door is lock'd and we are safe within,
Behold, three trunks do fortify the door.

First Freshman:

And if my ears do judge the distance well,
They visit next the room to our, from whence
Methinks they visit us.

Third Freshman (Hearing a striking on his door):

Mark'd is the sound?
Angels and ministers of grace defend us.

Senior (In hall without, speaking to sophs):

Alas this is the night you seek revenge
For paint, methinks, too freely was applied;
Never did freshman need the paddle more.
But wait, these rooms are bare of those you seek,
But I can quickly lead you to a room
Where fully twenty freshmen meet this night
In secrecy. Come, follow me and you
Eftsoon will find a merry time.

First Sophomore (From without):

Let's on,
The senior speaks the truth. 'Twere better that
We take them in a crowd than that we get
One from a room at scattered intervals.
Prithee lead, we follow thee. (They hasten away).

Third Freshman:

A friend
More true a freshman never yet did have
Than this same senior who doth cozen sophs.

Second Freshman:

When one shipwreck'd hath swum 'til he is faint
And hath not breath to swim another stroke,
By chance another boat doth come his way
To pick him up and bear him safe in port,
He feels most dear to those who saved his life.
The senior did as great a deed for us,
So all of us must thank him heartily.

(Enter Senior)

Senior:

Confusion now hath made his masterpiece,
The sophomore doth see his freshman days
Again. I dared not stay to see their doom.

Freshman:

We thank thee for the deed that thou hast done.

(Exit senior; freshmen return to their beds.)

SCENE 2. Tombs Assembly Room.

(Beating on the door without)

First Member (Aside to other members):

What means this sudden beating on the door?

(Aloud)

Who is it knocks upon the door?

First Sophomore (From without):

Calm down,
Play thou the parrot; let thy words be few.

Second Sophomore:

Open or else the door must fall.

Second Member:

Alas,

Good friend, forbear, you deal in dang'rous things.

Third Member:

Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

(Knocking continues)

Fourth Member:

Sweep on you fat and greasy sophomores.

(Door falls under blows)

(Enter sophomores)

Second Sophomore:

And didst thou think the lock would hold us back?
Such things are trifles to a crew like this.

(Sophs begin hazing Tombs.)

First Member:

When you look back upon this night, you will
Regret the steps you took. 'Tis but a blind
Man stumbling o'er the rough and stony ways.

Second Member:

How green you are and fresh in this old world,
Thou wert better gall the devil, sophomore.
If thou but frown on me or move thy hand,
I will so maul you and your fatal gang
That you will think the devil's come from hell.

(Tombs take paddles from sophs and deal blows among them).

Third Member:

Be careful of the door you force next time.

(Tombs throw sophs from second-story window.)

First Sophomore (Below):

Did I but dream I was a sophomore?
Methinks I am a freshman still.

Second Sophomore: Alas,
The earth hath not a hole to hide this deed.

Third Sophomore:

My form bespeaks that I am not a horse,
And yet I bear a burden like an ass.
Come, let us back to turn the joke on them.

Second Sophomore:

What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
You brought in matter that should feed this fire,
And now it is too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which inkindled it.

Voice of Member above:

Return, we fain would have more fun of you.

First Sophomore:

Would I that Hell should gape and swallow me
Or ere I should return to see you more,
Again. Adieu, Adieu.
May we never encounter such as you.

(Sophs get up and start walking toward Epworth Dormitory).

* * * *

WOMEN, WOMEN

The other night in my sedan
There was just her and me—her man.
I talked of rain, and shine, and old
Forgotten days, and pirates bold,
And ships and sealing wax, and gold.
Then all at once she said, "I'm cold!"
So I, though cool, took off my coat,
And wrapped my muffler 'round her throat.
And then I talked of golfer's stance.
The styles in clothes, the latest dance,
And how the mediums faked a trance.
And I grew cold, but gosh! her glance
Was colder yet. I ask of you
Just what it was I failed to do?

—*Phoenix.*

* * * *

OH, HERBERT

There was a young man named Herbert
Who was very fond of iced sherbet,
At a Kappa Sigma ball
He drank it all,
At the grave they played a tune from Schubert.

* * * *

Said a baldheaded man to a waitress bold,
"See here young woman my cocoa's cold."
She scornfully answered—"I can't help that,
If the blamed thing's chilly, put on your hat."

—*Tiger.*

* * * *

"What did the dean talk about at chapel?"
"About four hours."

—*Mugwump.*

* * * *

"What time is it?"
"I'm a little fast."
"I know, but what time is it?"—*Voo Doo.*

* * * *

She—O Algy, you English are so slow.
He—Er, I'm afraid I don't grasp you.
She—Yse, that's just it.—*Brown Jug.*

* * * *

Oh it isn't the cough
That carries you ough.
It's the coughin
They carry you oughin.

—*Phoenix.*

THE SHOCK WOULD BE FATAL

If Dr. Boyd should conduct chapel exercises—
If Bill Lander should edit a co-ed issue of the Chronicle—
If Irma Pitts were running to class—
If Owen Reese lost money in a poker game—
If Gene Brooks kept his mouth shut—
If Julian Boyd went to the Orpheum—
If Agnes Judd bobbed her hair and her skirts—
If Jackson and Bradshaw walked down the street together—
If Dean Wannamaker prayed only two minutes when conducting chapel exercises—
If Cap Card should cut a gym class—
If Fritz Smith passed English 1—
If Mabel Wescott should suddenly be seized by Energy or Ambition—
If "Coonie" Stamey kept out of college politics—
If the Archive should be flooded with material worth publishing—
If the past of some co-eds were known—
If the College Tea Hounds knew what Dr. Brown used to make his hair stick—
If Dr. Laprade sold books at a reasonable price—
If you found out who wrote this—

* * * *

English Tommy—Well, I'll wager a bally pound on this.

American Darkey (holding four aces)—Ah dunno too much 'bout yo' English money, but I'll bump yo' a couple of tons.—*Williams Purple Cow.*

* * * *

SUMMER FICTION

First Co-ed (glancing at summer's collection of snaps)—Who's he? He looks familiar!

Second Co-ed (reflectively)—He was!—*Punch Bowl.*

* * * *

PRECAUTION

"Rastus, why foh you pack dat 'er razor to dis dance?"

"Niggah, don't yoh read, yourself, as how dis heah am to be a cut-in dance."—*Lord Jeff.*

ODE TO LAWYERS

My law course, 'tis of thee
Short road to lunacy,
O'er thee I rave.
Another month or so,
Of studying thee I know,
Will send me straight below
Into my grave.

—*Mugwump.*

* * * *

LIFE

Chapter 1
"Glad to meet you."
Chapter 2
Isn't the moon beautiful?"
Chapter 3
"Just one more dear—please."
Chapter 4
"Do you?"
"I do."
Chapter 5
"Da—da—da—da—"
Chapter 6
"Whereinhell's dinner?"

* * * *

"The eyes have it," said the wavering professor as he wrote one A after another for his class full of co-eds.

—*Mugwump.*

* * * *

Jim—"Well, I think I'll go on my Ec. class tomorrow."

Jam—"I guess I'd better go with you."

Jim—"Why should you go with me? You're not in the class."

Jam—"You will probably need some one to identify you."

—*Sun Dodger.*

* * * *

He: "That dance last night reminded me of a horse race I saw last week at Belmont Park."

She: "How come?"

He: "Well, after the first lap it was neck and neck." —*Mirror.*

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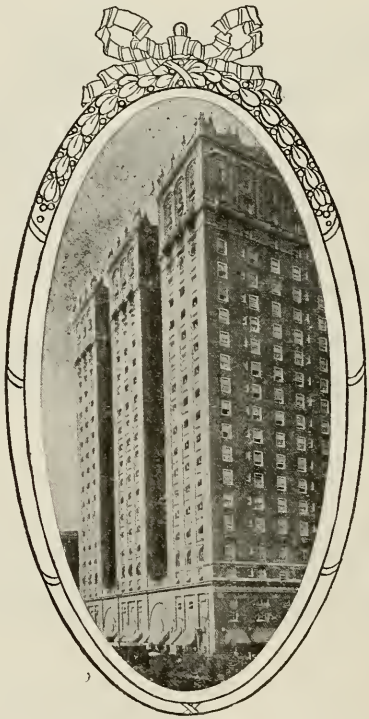

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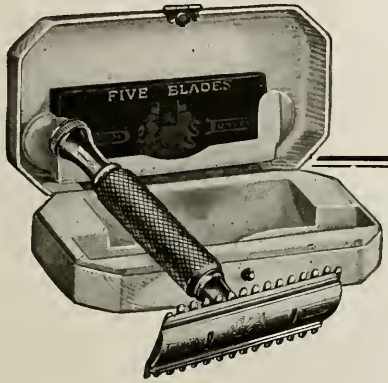

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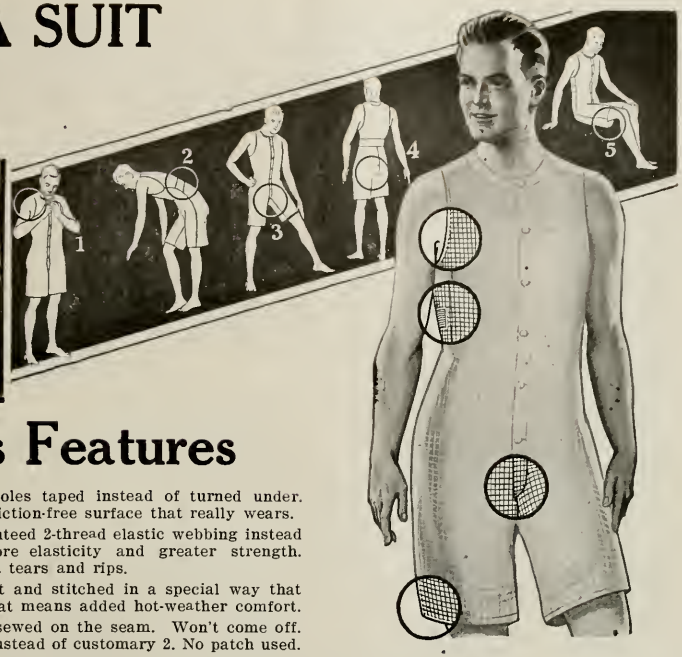

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The College year is fast drawing to a close. The Managerial Department here urges those patronizing the TRINITY ARCHIVE, both in advertising and subscribing, to favor the representatives by settling all accounts before the first day of May, 1923.

By extending such co-operation to the Managerial Department, much unnecessary trouble and work will be eliminated on the part of both parties concerned.

AND, never forget to carry out to the letter the familiar slogan: PATRONIZE THOSE WHO ADVERTISE.

WALTER W. TURRENTINE, Mgr.,
TRINITY ARCHIVE,
"The Monthly Publication of the Day"

Editorial

TO THE JUNIOR CLASS

NEARLY a quarter of a century ago, in May 1899, there appeared an editorial in The Archive addressed to the Junior class of that year which we quote in part:

It is now about time for the election of The Archive staff for another year. Through a simple goodness of soul, attained by rugged experience, we are constrained to make a suggestion to the Junior Class, which it may consider or pass over, at its own discretion. Heretofore The Archive has been operated solely by the Senior Class. Of course this throws the work into entirely new hands every year. What one class learns in the management of it during one year, has to be learned again through hard experience by the following class. This makes it difficult to give to The Archive the constant improvement that each successive year should bring. When one has handled it for one year and reaches the point where he feels that he has just gotten the work well in hand, then it falls to other hands that must likewise go through the same process of initiation.

This plea met with no response by the Juniors of that year nor has it received any consideration during the intervening years. The Archive has continued to be operated under the old system with the result mentioned above. Each editor when he undertakes the publication of the magazine must begin not where the former editor left off but where the first editor of the first Archive began. And since each editor must begin at the beginning it means that the experience of the past is of no avail and this makes it difficult to give to The Archive the constant improvement that each successive year should bring.

The only way to ever bring the publication up to the desired standard is to give it a permanent staff such as is maintained by The Chronicle. Have underclassmen on this staff and choose the editor from men who have had experience in the work. We are not willing to offer any details for such a plan, but we do suggest that before you, the members of the class of '24, elect the editor for next year that you appoint a committee to investigate the present system with its many defects, and to devise some system which will insure a permanent staff and a better Archive.

Will you take this step or must another quarter of a century elapse before some class will develop sufficient initiative to pull the Archive out of its rut and place it on a firm foundation? Such a step must come from the Junior Class since no editor has the power to bind future classes in the selection of their editor, and though he may appoint under-classmen on his staff, this will be of little value unless it is obligatory that the future editors be elected from staff members on the basis of merit.

The class of 1924 has before it the opportunity to take a constructive step which will bring about worth while results. WILL IT TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT?

STAND FOR SOMETHING

WE were peculiarly interested in a statement made by the Dean of the College in chapel the other day because of the fact that it referred to a situation that is so strikingly apparent but which had never been noticed by us before. His assertion was to the effect that the greatest fault with college student is that they think that it is unnecessary to cultivate virtues as long as they refrain from vice—that most students are content to take a purely negative part in life.

And after all is not this accusation applicable to the great majority of college men and women? They come to the College, spend four years, and then leave without having taken a definite stand for anything worth while. They behave themselves and do a reasonable amount of work, but they never use their influence to make their college a better place nor to help others along the way.

Perhaps we have overdrawn the real conditions, but if so the exaggeration is very slight, and the facts are still very lamentable. College men and women are to be the leaders of the next generation. But if they go out into the world to take the positions of influence and responsibility without having learned that it is not only necessary to stand against some things but also to stand for some things, the future will find the world groping in darkness, for its leaders will be blind.

It is imperative that college students awake to this fact, and, having realized it, take a definite stand for the things which are of real value. The time for aimless drifting has ceased. The world must go forward, and it cannot do so unless the college students of today, the leaders of to-morrow, are men of vision who can see what should be done and who will undertake to do it.

The Trinity Archive

A Monthly Publication Published by the Senior Class of Trinity College, Durham, N. C

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EDITOR'S NOTICE

It is our aim this year to publish a live, interesting magazine for the Students, Alumni and Friends of Trinity College. We solicit literary contributions from Trinity men and women. All manuscript is subject to moderate revision. All material must be in the hands of the editors by the 20th of the month preceding date of issue.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

April, 1923

SPRING

Erwin D. Stephens

WHEN the buds begin to swell
In every copse and shady dell,
And every plain with gorgeous showers
Is all bedecked with wee spring flowers,
I know 'tis spring.

When the maple flaunts its red,
And violets spring from their mossy bed,
And the earth with new growth seems
A glorious fairy-land of dreams,
I know 'tis spring.

When on every shrub and tree
With overflowing ecstasy
Winged songsters all day long
Fill the air with gladsome song,
I know 'tis spring.

When, jovial and without a care,
Merry youths and maidens fair
Imitate the wooing dove,
And begin to tell their love,
I know 'tis spring.

THE MANSLAYER

H. A. Oliver

"I BOUGHT some gas about five o'clock yistidy evening from him," repeated for his fifty-'leventh time old Sol Smith, a typical Georgia farmer of the lower class, "and he was in as good spirits as I ever seen him."

"Well, as I was a-saying," went on the Widow Bullock, "I passed by thar about a quarter arter five, and he was a-setting in the window."

Thus discussions continued about the murder of Bob Griffith, who operated a gasoline filling station at a point half way between Allendale and Fairfax, two small Georgia towns. The body of the murdered man had been found early that morning by a passerby.

Although the county sheriff had been investigating for the last four hours, and it was now the middle of the afternoon, the person or persons who murdered the man had not yet been determined. The coroner was late to arrive, and no verdict had been rendered by the jury which he summoned.

Among the first persons examined had been a middle-aged, heavy set, mean-looking Fairfax mill worker, whose name was Jim Dowell. He admitted having seen Bob Griffith about dark, but in regard to the murder he said that he knew nothing whatever. Jim was known to be no friend of the dead man, for he had formerly had some trouble with him about a whiskey still, the location of which he claimed that Bob had told revenue officers. Although Jim worked, or rather pretended to work, in a cotton mill at Fairfax, he had as a side line, so some people expressed it, the manufacturing of whiskey. For some time the police had suspected him as a dealer in liquor. One day a young disguised revenue officer placed himself on a dark street near the man's home, and as he came along, asked him about getting a quart of "white lightning." Jim agreed to get it for him for the amount of four dollars. The price having been agreed upon, Jim asked the young man to hold a shoe box which he carried while he went after the quart. He insisted on having the revenue officer pay him for it before he left, and, after he had been given the money, he disappeared. The young officer waited for a long time, but no one came bringing the liquor. After an hour's time had elapsed, he decided to investigate the contents of the box which he held. Imagine his surprise at finding a whole quart of "white lightning!" He was so outdone that he had to go to the hotel there in Fairfax and go to bed.

Nothing more was seen of Jim until he was captured at his still, situated in a swamp near Fairfax, two weeks later. He was tried and was placed on the county chain gang for six months. A week before the murder of Bob Griffith his time had expired.

During the course of the investigation two witnesses stated that they heard Jim repeat threats against the life of Griffith, while three others testified that they had heard the gunshot at about dark the evening before and about fifteen minutes later had seen coming along the road a figure that they recognized as Jim Dowell. One could easily tell "it was him," they maintained, by the way he walked, for he was slightly bent and limped on his left foot. He was a very familiar figure in the community, and almost everyone knew him.

The hour was too late to attempt to take Jim to the county jail that night; so it was decided that some deputized young men should keep watch over him, and he would be carried to jail on the morrow. An old unoccupied tenant house was chosen as the temporary prison; and six young men of the community were provided with guns and pistols and told to keep a close watch over the prisoner. The night was divided into three parts, two men taking the first part, two the second, and two the last. Those who had the time from ten o'clock until one took up their duties as guards gaily, telling many lively jokes and recalling reminisences of their earlier lives. The prisoner slept, or rather he tried to, on an improvised pallet in one corner of the room, while the men who were to guard him during the latter hours of the night were in an adjoining room.

The fun gradually died down, however, and the young men began to get sleepy. Finally one put his gun across his knees and was soon nodding. He was aroused by his comrade in a short while, and they both remained wide awake for the next half hour.

The midnight hour was fast approaching when the prisoner awoke to find the men who were watching over him fast asleep. Quietly he arose from his small, mean bed and moved to the door, noiselessly opening

it and slipping outside. His heart gave a big jump. He was free!

"Even if I did kill Griffith," he muttered, "I am now free, and they'll have a damn hard time ketching me."

He did not take time to close the door, but he struck out at a very rapid gait, not along the road, for some one might see him, but through the fields.

An hour later one of the young men awoke with a start and became dumb with consternation when he realized that the prisoner had escaped while he and his companion were asleep. Jumping to his feet, he shook the other man, and after getting so he could speak, he explained to his comrade that Jim Dowell had escaped. The men in the other room were quickly awakened and told what had happened. It was agreed that bloodhounds should be sent for because the man might be several miles away by this time. The county sheriff had two, but he lived at a distance of ten miles from where they had spent this much of the night. An automobile was hired, however, and two of the party hurried off for the dogs. Two hours later they returned with the sheriff and the hounds, and the latter were put on the trail. For three hours the dogs followed the big tracks of the murderer through plowed fields, woods, and then into a swamp adjoining a river.

The bloodhounds began to press the manslayer too closely; so he decided to climb a low tree near the river and move from the branch of one tree to that of another until he had covered considerable space, and then he could lower himself to the ground without fear of the dogs getting on his trail again.

As he moved as noiselessly as possible through a small tree's branches overhanging the river, however, he heard something making a hissing sound near his head, and upon looking up, he met the shining eyes of what he recognized as a large snake. Realizing that the reptile would surely bite him unless he did some quick moving, Dowell came to a hurried conclusion that the one thing left for him to do was to drop into the river and try to make his escape there.

The posse following the dogs had increased greatly now and had reached the place where Dowell had climbed the tree. The dogs put their feet up on the tree and seemed to announce with their thunder-like voices that the man hunt was now over as far as they were concerned. After examining the tree top with the aid of his flashlight, the sheriff announced that there was no one up there. The dogs seemed to have lost their trail, and the posse was seriously considering what to do when, splash! something went into the water. The crowd of men rushed to the bank of the river. A man was seen moving swiftly across the water to the other side of the river.

"Halt!" the sheriff called out. "Halt, or I'll shoot."

The sheriff raised his gun. A shot rang out and was followed by a second and a third. The fleeing man uttered a shriek of pain; he had been hit by one of the bullets.

But just then the spectators witnessed the appearance of another being—a large lizard-like black looking thing which was quite near the wounded man. Suddenly the man was attacked; his resistance was nil against the great strength of his assailant.

"An alligator," exclaimed one of the men on the bank.

A cry of pain arose; Dowell disappeared into the jaws of the huge water monster. The water became still, and nothing more was seen.

"Well, it treats him right," the sheriff said half inaudibly.

The other members of the posse remained silent, for the cry of the unfortunate man was still ringing in their ears, and they realized how the earth, the air, and the water alike, had refused shelter to a manslayer.

CUT AND DRIED EDUCATION

Walter William Turrentine

WHERE there is so much smoke it is evident that a fire is blazing forth somewhere. Ordinarily, things don't "just happen" without some fundamental cause. We may ignore certain matters for quite awhile, and try to make themselves believe that there is a mistake about the whole affair and that finally everything will turn out satisfactorily, but when those things haunt our consciousness continually and the effort is portrayed so clearly, there are a few people who become restless and begin to question the correctness of the old and inquire into a method for the new.

Men who really accomplish important things in life and who stand out conspicuously in society today, feel that the average college graduate is a peculiar species of humanity. They cannot avoid admitting the importance of education, and they donate freely to the promotion of our educational institutions, yet they are puzzled at the peculiar mentality which dominates the average college graduate. The peculiarity does not exist among merely a few of our college men, but among the majority of them. Our colleges are turning out into the world graduates who are mere infants when compelled to meet the significant issues of simple life.

Men like Edison and Ford stand amazed at the actual stupidity of a college graduate and yet they are compelled to have a sense of respect for him because he has gone through college. Is it possible that a young man has spent four years in college and yet knows so little about the every day, ordinary affairs of life which so vitally concern society? Such questions automatically arise in the minds of an Edison and a Ford. Certainly they know more than they show, conclude such men; but what! Then inquiries are ventured, only to be met with ridicule and sarcasm by the college professor, who strives to defend the college, rather than attempt to correct the apparent mistakes of the college; and the Edisons and the Fords surrender their contentions and vainly hope that there is something in a College education that they are unable to visualize. And the colleges continue to "kid" themselves along in believing that progress is being accomplished by treading in the same paths already trodden bare by generations now fertilizing the soil with their decayed bodies.

A successful business man recently made the statement that the average college graduate makes a most excellent book-keeper. Such an assertion sums up pretty accurately the mentality which the college graduate of today possesses. His mind is trained to be acute to facts. Such a mind can memorize hundreds of lines of poetry, can count up columns and columns of figures without tiring, and is able to absorb incidents of little importance in the same fashion a blotter absorbs ink. This mind is receptive to dogmas, to cut-and-dried rules and definitions, and therefore excels when applied to the book-keepers' department. When such a mentality combats the real issues of life, however, it is as a babe turned loose on a busy highway, and soon realizes it is lost and puzzled.

Edison asks, what is a student doing all the time he spends in college? The answer is, very frequently, he has pursued his college courses very efficiently. But why then does he appear so helpless when turned amidst society? Something appears to be wrong somewhere; but just where? There is certainly enough smoke in our midst to justify the belief that a fire is blazing forth somewhere. But, again, comes the question: Just where?

With the facts before us that the college graduate has been a good student and has complied with the requirements, then obviously there is something wrong with the college itself. But the college refuses to listen to complaints. Indignation is manifested and defense administered at the very outset. Yet, obviously something is the matter with our college training. The curriculum is evidently somewhat defective.

The student who sits on the front row in his college class and literally shines in his language courses, is immediately termed a good student, and is admired by the college professor as an ideal student. Such a student is being taught to become a machine and nothing more. To have a mind that is able to receive facts like a typewriter, is the supreme desire of the college professor. "Discipline the mind", cries the professor. "Train the mind to learn those things which are hardest to him and which he dislikes the most. Such is the best for the development of his mind", he tells the world. He, therefore, prepares a curriculum, cut-and-dried, and the student is compelled to complete the pre-

scribed courses before he is titled "an educated person." No consideration is made as to the student's reasoning development. Four years of languages are taught the student, regardless of his interest in them. He is told that some day he may need them, for one cannot always tell what one will need in life. Some day he may get an order written in German or French, and then, what a glorious advantage he will have over the "uneducated", for then he will be able, with the aid of a dictionary, to interpret the order and his reward for laboring four years in the language classrooms will be fully realized! Then, too, the college professor tells us such courses are necessarily given in order to train the mind. They are essential for a thorough education. Yes, but training the mind for what? And essential for what kind of an education, may the writer inquire? It appears that this word EDUCATION has been worshiped as a mere word and that no study has been applied as to finding out just what is this thing called EDUCATION. It seems that EDUCATION is something cut-and-dried and that its meaning in full has been solved and that it is very concrete and settled. Our educators evidently take seriously their conception of this word EDUCATION. It is true that these certain subjects train the mind in certain respects; that they are very beneficial in other respects, but just here lies the trouble—the tragedy of it all. Behold, if one pleases, the victim of such a trained mind!

A student naturally bent towards a certain subject is compelled to devote much of his time to subjects in which he is not interested and which he will never use. Therefore, the interest which he did once have for the other subjects is stifled, and at the end of his college career, he finds himself efficient in nothing and vaguely informed about many subjects most of which he cares nothing about. He has been molded into a mechanical machine. The talents he once had have vanished, and at the end of his college career he finds himself fit for no particular job. He has made a machine of himself, and he must now function as such. He therefore resorts to the profession of teaching, and he not only suffers himself but he inflicts on the school his troubles at its expense, and both suffer proportionately.

A college graduate was, the other day, seated in a barber's chair seriously inquiring about the particulars concerning venereal diseases. The barber was pouring into the ear of this college man advice and information about venereal troubles, the nature of which the Lord only knows. But this was not all; the College graduate was absorbing every word the barber told him and was eager to learn all he could about the subject under discussion. Does this mean anything to the educator of today or does it meet with the usual smile of the sarcastic, bearded language professor? Does it occur to the college professor that the College graduate, who has spent four years in the halls of learning, and who is chucked full of languages and "mind-discipline" bunk, is taking seriously the advice and information about a vital thing in human life from a so-called "uneducated" barber? A college graduate, dignified and "EDUCATED" seriously receiving information about something he has never studied during all his career in college.

Certainly, the college man is more acute to learning poetry than is the barber. He is able to carry on a disconnected conversation with several foreigners, but what does he know about his own anatomy? Then, is it strange that the question is asked, "What is the college man doing during the four years he is in the halls of learning"? EDUCATED, and, when turned loose in the world, is still an infant when matched with the every day problems of life, to learn either through bitter experience or through his own initiative to acquire correct knowledge along these lines.

Finally, to prove that the college graduate which was seated in the barber's chair receiving information concerning venereal diseases, etc., is not an exception, but that rather he is a fair example of the average college man's knowledge of these things which so vitally concern his own life and from what source he gains his knowledge about such matters, I shall state the essence of a story appearing in a leading newspaper several weeks ago:

"In a certain university in this country, the medical research department desired to receive some data concerning the percentage of College men who were suffering with venereal diseases. The plans were immediately arranged for a 'spring examination' on the entire student body of over 12,000 students. Clinics from various interested colleges were summoned and after necessary preparations had been made, the 'spring examination' was successfully made. To the nearly unbelievable amazement of the medical research department, there was discovered that 42 1-2 per cent. of the entire male student body was either suffering at that time with venereal diseases or had had, in the past, venereal diseases which had left undying signs and weaknesses on their systems."

It seems that such a statement is enough to enlighten anyone about the ignorance which dominates the

college graduate along such important matters as concern the human anatomy.

Then, aside from such stupidiness in matters so vital to life itself on the part of the college man, we find such a startling degree of simplicity dominating the college graduate in society. The college graduate who makes good in life, need not give credit for same to his college curriculum, for nine tenths of the time he has made good through his own initiative. He has voluntarily pursued courses in which he was especially interested and has taken part in activities while in college which afforded opportunities for applying what he knows. He need not feel obligated to his language professors nor to his other professors who made compulsory those dogmatic courses which were supposed to train the mind, but which were like a millstone about his neck and which did him little or no good at all but which, in many respects, hampered his progress and dulled his interest in those subjects in which he was vitally interested.

The college educator deems it so essential to make compulsory four years of languages that courses in biology, physiology, social science, economics, history, etc., are made electives.

So the question has been asked, "What is the matter?" Does it not seem that just here we discover a spark of the fire that is causing so much smoke? We stress the unimportant and place a premium on those things we MAY need, which discipline the mind; and we mash down the soft pedal on the things we know are essential in every-day life.

And youth goes on continuing to be the victim of an antiquated curriculum. And the educator continues to cling to the classic curriculum in a scientific and industrial age, not realizing the necessity for a change, a growth in education as well as in anything else. Years ago a man was not considered educated unless he could read and speak several languages, quote certain passages from authors and philosophers, etc. Such was the classical age. Today a man is not considered educated unless he is familiar with the inner organism of life. Such is the scientific age. But have our educators grasped this significant change? Apparently no! for they continue to stress the classics as if we are still living in years already vanished. Does this not reveal at least a faint spark of the fire that is apparently causing such a tremendous amount of smoke?

We are making progress in our colleges, of course. The classical curriculum is good and all very benificial to the student. But is life long enough to spend four years of it learning those things which will never be used in our age, just because such courses are supposed to discipline and train the mind? Four years of languages studied by the college student is good training, but is it as necessary as four year's of study devoted to subjects in which he is interested and which he will utilize when he ventures out into the world after graduation?

It is true that we need a certain amount of training in the classics and that certain of these subjects should be made compulsory, but are they more important than those subjects so vital to life itself? It seems that our educators have assumed that an education is something dogmatic; a set something; and accordingly, they have mapped out specific requirements for the attainment of the same. The startling thing about it all is that these educators have taken themselves seriously. They believe they are making progress and that the student, having completed the required subjects, is really educated, regardless of his reasoning power, his mental adaptability, his worth to society. So the student travels the self-same paths already trodden bare by his fathers, and believes that all life is something dogmatic, something set, and something solved. He has no inquisitiveness in his whole system. He takes all for granted, just as the average person takes the Bible,—as something fixed, established by God Almighty, not to be questioned, not to be studied, but to be read and believed and obeyed. He, therefore, misses the biggest thing in life, the realization that life is ever-changing, ever mobile and dynamic; that there are problems to be solved, questions to be answered, and powers to be discovered.

Our average college graduate enters into the affairs of our life tagged with the emblem—EDUCATED, and is nothing more than a mere machine, an accumulation of facts and a pitiable subordinate of the so-called uneducated class.

An interesting article came to the writer's attention several days ago, written by James Harvey Robinson, part of which is as follows:

"Dr. Pritchett in his recent report discusses the rising cost of education. This he attributes in no small degree to the attempt to modernize our instruction by 'enriching the curriculum'. This is a polite phrase for trying to have something taught about almost everything. The love of the new, he believes, is 'a universal weakness of mankind'. It results in this case in a neglect of what he deems the fundamentals—namely the three old R's and 'civics', or the study of government. I heartily agree with Dr. Pritchett that

our attempts to modernize education are bungling, ineffective and costly. But I suspect that this is not because we love the new too impetuously but because we cling to the old too despairingly. If, as Dr. Pritchett properly says, the purpose of education is 'that the child may learn to think and to use his mind for the solution of the problems that are to arise in his subsequent life' we surely cannot escape the responsibility of modernizing education by reverting to any older order, for the child should have both some general notion of the new knowledge, which has been accumulating so frightfully rapidly of late, and of the new conditions and problems with which he must make terms. Just adding new subjects to the curriculum will not accomplish the purpose—nor will any most artful cultivation of the three R's and civics.

"A preliminary to any fundamental educational reform must be the humanizing of knowledge so as to make it really a vital thing in life. At present we have department, subjects and sciences in which human knowledge is torn into grotesque fragments. Gradually we must learn that our present classificaton of knowledge into history, political economy, government, ethics, psychology, chemistry, physics, biology, is wholly inappropriate for educational purposes. Dr. Pritchett suggests that 'civics' should embrace what is essential of history, geography and political economy, as well as government, in the narrower sense of the term. This resynthesizing of knowledge is a very difficult task and will necessarily take a good deal of time and much ingenuity.

"But a still more difficult task must be accomplished if children are to learn to think and use their minds in ways bearing on the real puzzles of their subsequent life. We have to dare to give the children a frame of mind essentially different from those who now subsidize education. We have to tell them the things they should know in order that they may use the minds. But we are like the prudent young professor in Samuel Butler 'Erewhon'. 'We like progress, but must commend itself to the common sense of the people' ".

An abrupt change in our educational curriculum is not necessarily advocated by such writers, but rather, an effort is made to awaken our educators to the realization that there is certainly fire behind the large mass of smoke pouring out all around us; that we do not love the new too impetuously, but rather we cling to the old too despairingly; that men like Henry Ford and Thos. Edison, who have not enjoyed college educations, but who really accomplish things in life, have reasons for asking, "What is the college student doing the four years he spends in College?"

Our educators spend more time defending their old antiquated curriculum than they do investigating suggestions for the new. Right here lies one of our weak-those principles left us. Just so is the case with our fathers too reverently and fear to change in the least those principles left us. Just so in the case with our educators. Even though a Scientific Age has automatically replaced a Classical Age, they cling to the classical curriculum, and turn a deaf ear to pleas made in behalf of the age in which we live and enjoy.

THE WHEELS OF FREIGHT

By R. P. Harriss

IT was about two o'clock in the afternoon of a mild, soft Autumn day in the sleepy little Carolina town of Mayesville when the Great Adventure began. And singularly enough, it was also in Mayesville, and under circumstances but slightly changed, that the Great Adventure ended. The population of Mayesville went its way, never realizing what strange events might be transpiring under its collective nose. But that was because the good folk of Mayesville were unable, physionomically, to understand Ken.

When a fellow gets to be "goin'-on" eleven years old, when he can swim better than almost any other kid in town, when he is almost old enough to tote his father's twelve-gauge bird-gun, and when he knows how to teach a four-months-old setter pup to retrieve a stick, it is time he began to have some recognition from the family. Kenneth was "goin'-on" eleven. When his father reprimanded him somewhat severely for a matter in which he was painfully involved—namely, the theft of a jar of Aunt Sarah's cookies from the pantry—Ken's dignity felt abused. And then there were the bird dogs. Ken could have probably managed to swallow his pride with regard to the cookie affair had it not been for the bird pups, Shot and Powder. But just this morning Ken's father had expressed his intention to sell the two pups and their mother, Lady Bess, to a man over in Pinehurst. Kenneth had pleaded with his father to keep the pups, but without avail; they were to be taken away in the afternoon. So, partly because of resentment at parental discipline, and partly because he couldn't bear to see his beloved puppies leave the place, Kenneth had decided to run away.

Down at the railroad siding, not far from his home, Ken stopped and meditated. A shifting engine was busily puffing up and down the tracks, shunting empty and half-empty freight cars here and there. Hot resentment against injustice still rankled in the breast of the lad, and when he noticed an empty box-car standing on one of the nearby side tracks, plans began to formulate rashly in his juvenile brain. He cautiously approached the car. It was an ordinary empty car, upon which a passing trainman had scrawled in chalk: "Capa city 60,000." Ken's ideas of railroad shipping were of the vaguest; he spelled out the chalk lettering with a kind of fascination. Capa City! A hazy vision of a far-away town—sixty-hundred-thousand miles away—a few figures more or less make but small difference in the mind of youth—away out West somewhere. The car door stood half-open, invitingly. Nobody was looking. Ken wavered a moment with indecision, but another glance at "Capa city 60,000," and he was lost to further resistance. He climbed into the car and closed the sliding door.

Inside the box-car it was cool and damp and dark. The adventurer explored it somewhat timidly and found that it was empty save for some excelsior on the floor in one end. He sat down on a heap of the soft stuff and began to half-wish that he had not decided to run away. Then came a sudden jerking and shaking of the car from without, and the next moment he felt the car begin to move. How fast the motion was he could not tell, but he felt a thrill that was strange and new. He was on his way to Capa City and adventure!

For a time the steady noise of the wheels kept his interest. The wheels of fate, he mused to himself. He had once heard his teacher use that phrase and now he realized its meaning. The wheels of fate! How surprised everybody would be when they found that Kenneth was gone! They would be searching for him, everybody. Well, let them search. He wouldn't go back. They'd never get another chance to scold him, or work him to death chopping kindling wood or learning geography. Sister Lucy would be sorry she ever teased him about his freckles; she would be sorry she ever called him "Carrot-tops"; she would be sorry that she told on him when he went swimming with the gang down the river at Dead Horse Hole. Lucy would cry, and so would Mary. Well, let them cry. He wouldn't care. He was on his way to liberty and adventure.

And when he got rich, maybe, he'd come back. Yes, he'd finally come back rich—richer than the president of the Farmers' and Merchants' Loan and Trust Company. He'd drive up to the door of Simmons' General Store and say, "C'mere, Bud," to the clerk, without even getting out of his automobile. Nobody

would know him. Then he would say to the crowd: "Don't any of you-all remember little Kenneth Williams who left here a long time ago?" And then they would find out who he was, and how rich he was, and they would all be a-shaking hands with him. Then he would drive on—tell his chauffeur to drive on—around to his house and when he got there everybody would be out to meet him. There would be Ma and Pa, and Lucy (he'd just say to Lucy, "Here, Lucy, I forgive you for calling me 'Carrot-tops,'" and give her a great big doll which he would have bought in Richmond, or New York, maybe,) and Mary, and everybody—all glad to see him. And then there would be the setter, Lady Bess, sort of old-looking, but still waiting for him; and Bess would try to jump all over him. And then Ken's father would say how sorry he was that he went and sold Shot and Powder, and that he would try to get them back. And then he—Ken—would just say, "Shucks!" and would pull out a big roll of money, and would say—

The wheels of fate, especially if they be connected with the carriage of an empty freight-car, sometimes have the power to lull and soothe the spirit of the adventurer whose destiny they are to determine. Morpheus rode with the train, and ere much time had elapsed, the occupant of the car marked "Capa city 60,000" was fast asleep on the pile of excelsior on the floor.

When the runaway awoke, the car was standing still. How long he had been asleep he did not know, but he had a vague notion that he slept many hours, perhaps all night. That he was many miles from home and from Mayesville, he had no doubt—probably he was already at Capa City. Everything was very quiet and still. It was beginning to be uncomfortably chilly, and Ken became acutely aware of the pangs of hunger which were knawing at his mid-section. He thought dismally of the jar of cookies in the pantry. How he would like to have just one, or a doughnut, or even a hot biscuit! He wanted very much to go to the door and look out, but no—he might be seen, he might be arrested. He shuddered at the thought.

Kenneth began to think dismally of the sad story of the lost "Babes in the Woods," which he remembered having read in the old Fifth Reader at school, and unconsciously he began to compare himself with the characters of that mournful history. It is not hard to become very wretched when one is only "not yet eleven," and when one is hungry and cold, and sixty thousand miles away from home in an old box-car at Capa City. Ken thought sadly of his mother, and of the wide, pillowy form of black "Aunt Sarah" who scolded sometimes, but who could always be cajoled into giving "som'n't'eat" to a hungry little boy. And brave little fellow that he was, Ken huddled down in the corner of the car and began to cry softly and heart-brokenly. The Great Adveuture was become a sad reality.

Suddenly the occupaut of the box-car was startled by the sound of gruff voices near the car; he could hear other terrifying noises outside. They were coming to arrest him! They would put him in prison with a big chain around his leg for hoboing on the train. As he sat bolt upright, stiff with fright, he heard men talking outside.

"Say, brakeman," said a voice near the side of the car, "What's this 'ere car doing back on the siding?"

"Yardmaster sent it back down here," came back the answer. "It's too small to hold that shipment of flour from Upchurch's mill. There's forty-five tons of it."

"How much does she hold?"

"Capacity sixty thousand."

When the footsteps of the men had died away, Ken pushed aside the car door just euough to allow himself to peer cautiously outside. Perceiving no imminent danger, he had the temerity to quietly push the door far enough to allow his small, slim body to squeeze out. He dropped to the ground and looked about furtively. Outside it was quite dark. He stared about him; things looked strangely familiar. Why, it was not Capa City at all, but Mayesville! Dear old Mayesville! And not changed a bit!

With thankful heart the runaway hurried home through the dark. Arriving at the Williams place, he debated whether to rush in and tell the family of his arrival, or whether to slip in by the back gate and take them by surprise. Deciding upon the latter plan, he lifted the latch on the back gate and in a moment more was standing in the kitchen.

Nobody was there but the cook, Aunt Sarah, who was engaged in frying the major portion of a sugar-cured ham. The odors of the cooking were so delicious to the uewly-arrived prodigal as to be almost painful. Ken waited a momen', then:

"Well, Aunt Sarah, I'm back"—breathlessly.

Aunt Sarah didn't even turn her head, but called back over her shoulder, uncoucernedly:

"Is you bin som'ers, chile? Hit's might' nigh suppah-time. Yo' bettah run wash yo' han's en git ready fo' dese heah ham en aigs."

Ken was unusually quiet and thoughtful that night at supper, albeit not so thoughtful as to neglect his food.

"And, by the way," remarked Mr. Williams to his wife, "I've decided not to sell old Bess and the pups. I'm getting too busy to use them now, but Kenneth will soon be old enough to use a shotgun. Guess I'll keep them for him to use."

THE CAMPER'S REVERIE

By R. P. Harriss

UPON my back I lie and watch
The winking, twinkling stars;
The smould'ring camp-fire's light glows red
Like distant Mars.

There to the North, Polaris gleams
With steadfast, honest light—
The guiding beacon of the hills
And woods at night.

Upon the ground, below the heavens,
The earth is hushed and still,
Save for a cricket's chirping, or
The night-bird's trill.

Alone I lie in the stilly night,
By the camp-fire's dull red bars:
My reverie lingers—I fall asleep—
Beneath the stars.

DIGGING FOR MONEY

A TALE OF NEGRO SUPERSTITION

Carl G. Knox

"BUT, Uncle Bill, do you really believe you saw those things while you were digging for that mouey? Dou't you think that you imagiued you saw those spirits which you told me about? I think you just heard someone telling you that a person digging for money could see spirits, aud you thought you saw and heard something when you were digging. Wasn't that the way of it?" I asked the old darkey after he had told me an account of his experiences on a money digging expeditiou.

"Naw suh, Cap'n! Naw suh! Dere wa'ut no 'magination 'bout dat."

The following is what he told me:

"Yas suh, Cap'n, we'd bin seein' dem munny lites down neah de ribber, and I knowed dere wuz munny dere. I wnz stayin' on Cap'n Pent'n's place at dat time, an' ole Kurnel Grime's place wuz 'bout a half o' mile down de road to'rds 'Lizabeftown, an' on his place, down nex' to de ribber, wuz a ole brick pile. Sumbody tole me dat munny wuz bnried dere, so I begun ter look 'roun'. I kuowed if dere wuz enny munny buried dere, I cud fin' it.

"Mary Hill, Son Hill's gal, cooked fuh de Grimeses, au' dat made things jus' right. Me an' Sump Brown, yuh kno' Sump uster wurk fuh de ole Kurnel, choppin' up wood an' feedin' de hogs an' hosses, we wuz goin' er dig tergether, an' Mary wuz gonna let us kno' whiu de ole Kurnel an' his fokes wuz goin' down to de beach. We had hit fix'd jus' rite.

"Well, whin June uv dat year cum, de ole Kurnel tuk his fam'ly to Wrightsvill' Beach. Mary tole us whin, an' how long dey wuz gonna be gone. Dat wuz de same year dat McKinley wuz kill'd. De ole Kurnel lef' on Chnsday an' de moon fulled on Thu's-day nite. We wuz gonna dig whin de moon fulled, 'cause munny's nigh de top o' de groun' on a full moon.

"Well, Thus'day nite cum—dat wuz whin de moon fulled—so we got our pi'ks an' shuvvels an' started fuh de ole brick pile. Now Sump's got a crazy bruth-er, an' he cum ter go wid us dat nite.

"Now, whin yuh dig fuh munny, Cap'n, yuh gotta talk by sines. Well, we made up our sines on de way down. We soon got to de place an' put our tules down. De fust thing you gotta do whiu yuh dig munny is make er ring roun' whur yuh gonna dig, an' whin yuh git in dat ring yuh cain't speek a word—yuh mustn't eben open yuh mouf, 'cause ef yuh do, dat munny's done gone. Yas suh, dat muuny moves rite now.

"Sump started diggin', 'n we wuz gettin' 'long purty good whin heah cum looked like de whole rib-ber. Dat crazy nigger what wuz wid us wuz scairt near 'bout ter death an' started ter run, but I cotch 'im by his arm an' slapped muh han' ober his mouf, 'cause I knowed dat nigger wuz gonna holler ef 'e cud.

"Yas suh, Cap'n, I kwieted dat nigger. De water cum up to de edge uv de hole whur Sump wuz dig-gin', but hit jes faded 'way rite dere. But sech a roar-in' I neber heerd. Sump wuz scairt an' started ter jump out, but I sined to 'im to stay, an' he did.

"I dug a while after Sump, an' den hit wuz dat crazy nigger's time ter dig, so we put 'm in de hole. Den's whin de trubble cum. Dat black scound'l had a piece er tobacker in 'is mouf, an' he hadn't bin in dat hole more'n loug euuf ter frow out two shuvvel-fuls, whin 'spit-too!' dat nigger spit. Bum-a-lum-a-lum! dere wint dc munny. Hit jns' trabbled 'way un-der de gromn'. 'Well, I'll be George Tom,' I sez, 'dat nigger had ter go open 'is mouf.'

"Well, I knowed hit 'twa'nt no use ter dig enny mo', 'cause dat munny wuz gone, an' gone for free years or mo'."

"But, Uncle Bill," I interrrupted, "you meutioned money lights. What do they look like, and when do they appear?"

"Yas suh, Cap'n, you kin see 'em on rainy nites. Dey looks like dey float 'long thru de air 'bout sebeu or eight feet 'bove de groun', an' dey looks like a ball uv fire. Whurever you see dat lite you kin kno' dat dey's munny nigh.

"Free years later I wuz still wurkin' at Cap'n Pent'n's place, an' Sump wuz wurkin' wid Kurnel Grimes. We seed dem muuny lites ag'in, so we wuz gonna dig de fust chance whut we got; but yuh hear me, we didn't let Jim, dat crazy nigger, know nuthin' 'bout our plans.

"Whin de ful moou cum in July, Kurnel Grimes tuk his fambly down to de beach ag'in. Me an' Sump

wanted sum 'nc ter go wid us, so we got Lit Jeems. Dat wuz on a Thu'sday nite an' we wuz gonna dig on Friday nite, 'cause dat wuz whin de moon fulled. Now Lit's got a munny rod, so on de nex' nite we wuz gonna take hit an' go try ter git dat munny ag'in. 'Bout 'leben o'clock de nex' nite we wint down to de ole brick yard. Dere wuz a' ole chaneyberry tree close by, an' dat munny rod pinted straight to dat ole tree. We follered hit, an' sure nuff whin we got dere, hit pinted right straight down. We knowed de munny wuz dere an' we made sines to keep kwiet.

"Hit wuz time ter start diggin', so we throwed down our things an' wint ter wurk. I made a ring an' started diggin'. I hadn't bin diggin' long befo' heah cum a ole mean lookin' man had a purty girl draggin' her by de hair. He had a big ole 'nife in one han', an' jus' time he got rite in frunt uv me, he draw'd back dat ole 'nife an' cut at dat gurl's throte, but jus' whin he cut, everything faded way an' dere wan't no man or wuman. Dem two niggers what wan't diggin' started to run, but I sined to 'um ter cum back.

"Yas suh, dey cum back, an' I put Sump ter diggin'. He hadn't bin in dat hole more'n two minnits 'fore heah cum de ribber rushin' down on him. He 'membered how it done dat fust time, so he jus' turned his back an' dug on. Hit cum rite up to 'im an' faded 'way like hit did befo'.

"Now, it wuz Lit's time ter dig. Yu kno' sum'ne's gotta be in de hole all de time. Whin one steps out, he's gotta put one foot out an' let de nex' pusson whut's gonna dig put one foot in. Den whin he takes his yuther foot out de yuther feller's gotta put his yuther foot in.

"Lit got in all rite an' started diggin', but he hadn't got more'n started good whin we hurd sump'n up in dat ole chaneyberry tree. 'Jesus Master, whut is it?' sez I to myse'f. I looked up in dat ole tree, an' dere wuz a great big ole piledriver hammer hung ovah a limb, an' a man wuz cuttin' at de rope wid a great big cleaber 'nife. I sined ter Lit to keep on diggin', an' he did, but dat man cut dat rope anyway. Jus' 'bout time dat hammer got down to Lit's haid, hit faded 'way.

"Hit wuz my time ter dig now, an' dog my black cats to Hampton, ef I didn't go an' spile things. I wuz diggin' 'way whin heah cum a bull yearlin' wid horns 'bout foah inches long. I sed ter mysef, sez I, 'Dat bull ain't gonna hurt me,' an' I hilt my haid down. But dat bull cum on, an' jes 'bout time he orter struck me, I hollered, an' 'Bum-a-lum-a-lum,' dere wint our munny. Dog my buttons, ef I didn't wanter shoot mysef. Jus' wint an' los' dat munny, an' we had already reached de kittle whut had de munny in hit. I'd struck hit wunce or twice wid my shuvvel. I had already sined ter Sump to bring me a piece uv tame munny, so's he cud throw hit in an' tame de yuther munny."

"But, Uncle Bill," I asked, "why do you have to tame the other money?"

"Good Lord, bruther," he replied, "yuh can't open yo' mouf befo' yuh tame dat munny, 'cause ef yuh do, dat munny's done gone rite now—hit, kittle, an' all"

"How do you know that the money will leave?" I asked him.

"'Cause, Cap'n Martin tole me so. He dug fur munny once, an' he sed yuh had ter do that."

"Well, well, Uncle Bill," I said, "your experiences in digging for money certainly make an interesting tale. Where do you think the money is now?" I asked him.

"Hit's back dere now. Munny 'll cum back in free or foah years ef yuh don't bother it," he told me.

Just at this point of the conversation mother called me to dinner. I went to the house and Uncle Bill went on towards the creek with his fishing pole.

Exchanges

WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

The problem of making college magazines interesting is a hard one—an exceedingly hard one—but Wofford has done much toward solving the problem. The March issue of the **Journal** is highly entertaining and at the same time has a great literary value. It is indeed with great pleasure that we see a college magazine that can hold the attention of its readers, most of whom are college students, without giving most of the space to a humorous department. It is true that the great majority of college students judge a college magazine by the number of jokes it carries, but we are especially glad to see that the *Wofford Journal* does not attempt to gain the favor of its readers in such a way.

The first poem of the issue, "Dawn of Spring," by J. C. Bailey, is remarkable for the feeling expressed in the very simplest metrical stanza. He is true to the usual American style of poetry when he makes the personal application in the last verse, but it seems that the effect would have been even better if the author had continued to the end his description of the approach of spring from a standpoint of nature alone. In condemning Mr. Bailey for this seeming fault, however, we must include almost all of the best American poets, and we can hardly presume to include so much territory in our criticism. Of the stories in the issue "The Law's Challenge" is probably the best both technically and from the point of view of interest. The short, suggestive, and complete introduction of "When Mother Passed Judgment" is the best single element in short-story writing that has come to our attention this year. It is especially hard to tell just enough in an introduction when space permits the author to say as much as he desires, but when a writer must condense his introduction into the exceedingly limited space that is given him by the limitations of a college magazine, he is to be especially commended if he succeeds as well as Mr. Elks has done. R. H. H. should not have been afraid to give his whole name to his poem, for it is the best in the issue, according to our opinion.

It is with pleasure that we review the Wofford magazine, and we certainly hope that it will continue to be the creditable publication that it now is.

PINE AND THISTLE

The major criticism that arises from a perusal of the magazine from Flora MacDonald is that all of the contributions are too short. The exception to this rule is the editorial, which is the best and the redeeming feature of the entire issue. "The Rivals" has what might best be called a keen touch, but it adds very little to the dignity of the magazine. One short contribution of this kind might very well be included in a college magazine, but it is most too much when the entire issue is made up of such brief selections. The translation from Horace is to be commended both for the fact that it is an excellent translation and that it is turned into good poetry. Miss Langston is to be complimented upon her classical turn of mind. It is at least different from what might be expected.

THE CHICORA MAGAZINE

The magazine from Chicora excels in poetry in the February issue. The selection that contains the greatest depth of feeling is the one entitled "To Mother". The glaring defect of the issue is the presence of only one short-story; the one which is included, however, is very good indeed. The essays are of that thoughtful type which add greatly to any magazine, whether college or not.

As a whole, the issue is well written and well edited.

Wayside Wares

AN AGE-OLD COLLEGE QUESTION

H. C. Sprinkle

IN old rat-infested Epworth—
Ancient, oft-remodeled Epworth,
From the haunts of Tyson, watchman,
Through the Kappa Alpha's fold,
There we find them, find the freshmen,
Find them always, ever-present,
In the every room and section,
E'en in Cat's-Head's gloomy hold.

In the noisy rooms of Jarivs,
Rooms with possible connection,
From the Sigma Cheese's section,
With its vantage looking west,
Through the other rooms of Jarvis,
Long the habitat of hardboys,
Famed for many generations,
Since the days of O. T. Graham,
Days of O. T.'s glorious advent,
Days of O. T.'s sad departure,
Famed, I say, among the hardboys,
Famed among them as the best;
Here they are in greater numbers,
Whether waking or in slumbers—
Here the freshmen make their nest.

But within the walls of Aycock,
In the much-sought walls of Aycock,
Which enjoys a reputation,
Though a doubtful reputation
As a building of repose,
There we find them, ever find them,
Where they come from no one knows.
From the northward to the southward,
From the Beta Pi's location
Where the aspiration's high,
Through the ancient home of Zetas,
Through the funeral home of Zetas,
(Why did Alpha Zeta Phly?)
Through the Chi Tau's lofty dwelling
Whence petitions oft propelling
Cannot drown the awful music,
Never-failing flow of music,
From their one possession proudest,
From their phonograph the loudest,
Ever heard beneath the sky,
Freshmen gather, freshmen verdant,
Freshmen more than can be counted,
Of the low degree and high.

In the three-room suites of Alspaugh,
In old red-brick, tub-bath Alspaugh,
Where the room-rent is the highest,
Where the Grecks are wont to gather,
Grecks who cause the co-eds sighs,
Tribe of Alpha Tau Omegas,
Ancient tribe of Kappa Sigmas,
Tribe of Delta Sigma Phis,
Tribe of Sigma Phi Epsilons,
Tribe of Pikas, the athletic,
Tribe of brave Pi Kappa Phis,
(All of which are noble orders,
Some of which have quite a struggle,
Others think they are the stuff;
All are men and all are human,
Spite the envy of the unwashed,
Unwashed multitudes who long for
Jeweled pins upon their breasts);
Here we find the freshest freshmen,
Freshmen suffering for the paddle,
Here the freshmen fairly take us,
Worst of all known human pests.

In the quarters known as Bivins,
In the distant hall of Bivins,
And in nearby, four-floor Branson;
In the ancient buildings haunted,
Haunted by the prep-school ghost,
Used for centuries by students,
Old Sol's preps, 'tis true but students;
There we find them, find them mumbling,
Find the freshmen often grumbling,
Finding fault like upperclassmen,
Find a foolish freshman host.

In the corridors of West Duke,
In the marbled halls of East Duke,
On the favorite steps of Southgate,

In the Science Hall, Gymnasium,
On the tennis courts and ball grounds,
'Round, about, and in the Dope Shop,
At the Chapel Hour in Craven,
There are freshmen, hordes of freshmen,
Crowding out the upperclassmen,
Most intolerable in freshness,
Always pressing at one's side.
While the Annie Roney fountain,
Famous fount which hath no founting,
But within which goldfish glide,
Silent calls with slimy water,
Water waiting for the splashing
Caused by freshmen in the moonlight.
These conditions raise a question,
Age-old, life-long, college question,
Is not hazing justified?

Note: The temptation has been removed; the fountain was drained soon after the Tombs initiation. In checking up the goldfish it was found that Fisher swallowed six instead of five, as he had been accused.

LIFE'S LITTLE JOKE

THERE was a young lady named Mazy,
She was often accused of being lazy;
No rouge did she use,
And beaus did refuse—
At last they all thought she was crazy.

She cared nothing for love nor gold,
Her attitude toward others was cold;
On society she was down,
Never cared to run 'round,
In her ways she was growing quite old.

On the other hand was Flapper McBean,
Who had a "rep" for being quite keen;
Her eyebrows were black,
And brains she did lack,
On the street she could always be seen.

A big time was her greatest delight,
She was sure to go out every night;
She had beaus by the score,
And could have had more,
'Cause she knew how to work 'em just right.

Flapper McBean saw good sailing ahead,
"Some millionaire I surely must wed,
I know how 'tis done,
I'll certainly have one,
For 'tis as easily done as is said."

Lady Mazy always stayed around home,
On the street she ne'er dared to roam;
"I'm a free-born girl,
In this wide, wide world,
Thoughts o' marriage never enter my dome."

Soon fate stepped in with an aim,
And changed the life of the dame;
For the one who had said,
She would never wed
Was the first one to change her name.

EXCELSIOR

THE shades of night were falling fast
Crowds of people were rushing past
A youth rushed forth from midst the crowd
With a manly voice yelled out aloud
Excelsior.

At first I thought the mayor was dead
Or poss'bly a cop had lost his head
But soon I knew that I was wrong
For the shout went up from the maddened throng
Excelsior.

Why do they move with such great speed,
And who's the young man in the lead?
What can this be, again thought I,
But still rang out the ardent cry
Excelsior.

I'll follow them and see I said,
There must be a goal ahead.
So in I stepped behind the crowd
Which still was yelling out aloud
Excelsior.

At once they stopped and formed a ring
As if to crown some queen or king;
They'd first crowd in and then spread out,
But still went on the ardent shout
Excelsior.

And circled in the two still fought,
The one was tall the other short;

The people knew the small must die,
But still went up the ardent cry
Excelsior.

But soon the fate of the small was told,
He was overcome by the tall and old.
The streets were quiet, the fight was o'er,
The crowd remained but cried no more
Excelsior.

'Twas a horrible sight to see the small
O'ercome so soon by the old and tall;
I shall ne'er forget that awful day,
Tho conquered and quivering he seemed to say
Excelsior.

His brow was sad, his eyes beneath
Flashed like a falcon from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of his bleeding tongue
Excelsior.

While all was quiet, up rode the "Doc"
His small hand-bag he did unlock;
The conquered "pup" lay on the ground,
They opened up his head and found
Excelsior.

AINT IT THE TRUTH

I have been bawled out, bawled up, held up, bull-dozed, blackjacked, high-jacked, walked on, cheated, hounded, squeezed, mocked, and blackmailed; stuck for war tax, per capita tax, dog tax, and syntax; Liberty bonds, baby bonds, and bonds of matrimony; Red crossed, green crossed, and double-crossed. Asked to help the Society of John the Baptist, the G. A. R., the Woman's Corp, Men's Relief, and foreign relief. I have worked like hell and have been worked like hell; have been drunk, lost all my money, and furniture, and because I won't spend or lend the little I earn and go and beg, borrow or steal, I've been cussed, discussed, and boycotted; talked to and talked about, lied to and lied about; held up, hung up, robbed and damn near ruined, and the only reason I am sticking around is to see what is going to happen next.—*Exchange.*

PRIZE CONTEST

In order to stimulate interest in Wayside Wares for the May issue, a prize of $2.50 will be given for the best contribution published. Any original work—joke, sketch, humorous poem, etc., will be considered. Articles must be submitted to E. P. Gibson, Editor of Wayside Wares, or to some other member of The Archive staff by May 1.

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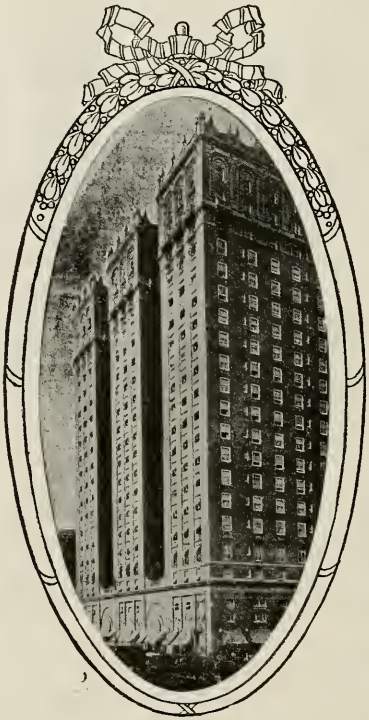

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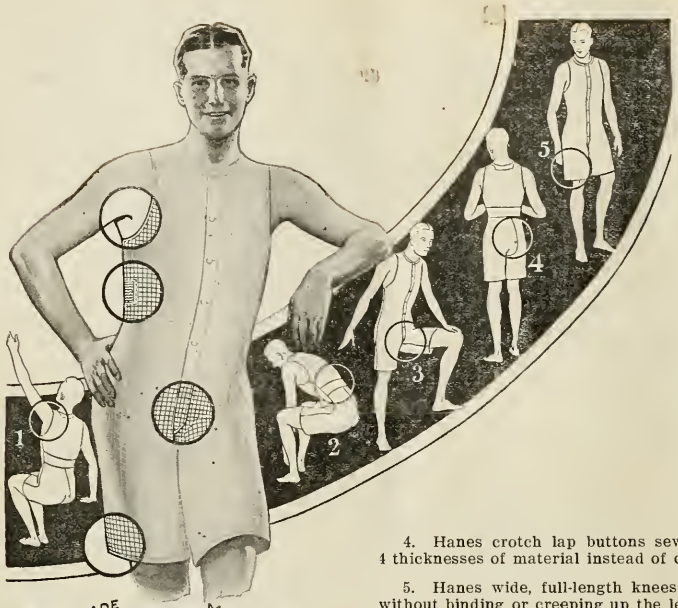

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The Trinity Archive

MAY, 1923

Durham, North Carolina

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YOU ALWAYS GET IT AT

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Blue Ribbon Ice Cream

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ARCHIVE ADVERTISERS APPRECIATE COLLEGE PATRONAGE

THE LAST WORD

We have received letters from Trinity graduates throughout the entire College year, expressing their opinions concerning the new TRINITY ARCHIVE. We have yet to receive a single comment contrary to the statement that the ARCHIVE issued this College year is by far the best in the history of the College.

Aside from all other departments of this magazine it is conceded that in so far as the managerial department is concerned, it has turned out a much improved magazine; that the new size, the addition of reading matter and the general technique, all contribute greatly to the improvement of the old ARCHIVE.

It has cost over twice the amount of money to publish this magazine this year as ever before, and due to organization and work on the part of the managerial department, such a style ARCHIVE has been made possible. Realizing that it is very easy to forget the good works of our fathers and so extremely easy to tend to the power of least resistance, not profiting by the mistakes made by those gone ahead, we feel it our duty to offer a few hints to our successors in order that the forward steps might not be halted.

TO THE MANAGERIAL DEPARTMENT

FIRST: The new size is the only size to adopt. There are various reasons for this, the most important being the matter of getting National advertisements.

SECOND: The Managerial Department should consist of men from the Freshman class to the Senior class, in order to obtain efficient managers who are able to carry on the work successfully.

THIRD: National advertisements should be solicited. A better feeling should be stimulated between merchant and student, and the spirit of co-operation and appreciation should be urged. Ad cards should be given to each merchant advertising in the ARCHIVE, which ad card should be placed in the show windows to show what merchants are advertising with this publication. The familiar slogan, PATRONIZE THOSE WHO ADVERTISE," should be upheld and carried out to the letter.

FOURTH: Alumni interest should be awakened and subscriptions should be had from every Trinity man and woman disregarding his or her present address. Such would keep the sons and daughters of Trinity interested in what is going on on the campus, and too, it would aid considerably financially.

FIFTH: The matter of collections, etc., should be handled through the College office at the end of the first month of school. But better still, a Publication Fee should be adopted by the College. The better Colleges recognize the value of such system and the students of Trinity should not feel easy until such is adopted and put into practice by the officials here.

TO THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

FIRST: The Editor should organize an Editorial Staff similar to that of the CHRONICLE. It is obvious that such is the necessity, as a review of the old ARCHIVES is ample conviction.

SECOND: A variety of stories should be published rather than a mere catalogue of dreamy poems and short stories. The "Wayside Wares" should contain drawings, cartoons, and real college humor.

Such stories as are contained in the "University of North Carolina Magazine", if you please, are suggested for the consideration of the on-coming Editor.

THIRD: A careful review should be made each issue and the critic should be one who is outside the College. He should be an authority in journalism and should be one whose criticisms are of intrinsic value.

FOURTH: In order to keep the students interested and alive to the ARCHIVE, an open-forum should be instituted, wherein discussions along various lines might be indulged.

FIFTH: It is not suggested that the faculty have charge of this publication, but it is advised and urged that consultations be made and that the faculty members take more interest in this magazine than they have in the past.

CONCLUSION: The ARCHIVE, without dodging that which is so plainly cast before our eyes, has been something DEAD to the average Trinity student. Although its purpose is good and certainly worthy, it has failed to awaken an interest among the students. The students care very little about contributing to its pages, and only a glance is made when it comes from the press each month. Something is wrong. The above suggestions may help to change this condition, but certainly the change will not come about unless the reading matter is changed and unless material goes in that will be of direct interest to all classes of students. This can be done, if only the Editors in the future will get out of the old rut and start something new. INTEREST is the only hope in anything, and right here seems to be the trouble with the TRINITY ARCHIVE in the past; it has been a good publication for these many years, but it fails to interest the reader, that is, the average reader who is not primarily interested in short stories and poems.

The TRINITY ARCHIVE has the best opportunity in the history of the College to develop into a real, live monthly magazine. We sincerely hope that it will improve from year to year, as it should do and as everything at Trinity should do, and that next year's ARCHIVE will be a publication that will do justice to Trinity College.

WALTER WM. TURRENTINE, Manager,
TRINITY ARCHIVE,
"The Monthly Publication of the Day."

Editorial

THE CRYING NEED OF TRINITY

PLANS are being made and campaigns are being started all the time to build new buildings at Trinity to house the students, to improve the equipment, or to beautify the grounds, and Trinity is as model a school in this connection as can be found. There is no school in the South that can boast of a finer campus, better structures, of more efficient instructors. But Trinity has developed in one way far more rapidly than another, the one not necessarily to the detriment of the other, but often to its dire neglect. So far as the administration is concerned, we are equal to the best, but in student activities we are woefully inferior to many.

The one single thing that would do most to place Trinity where she should be in student activities is a student building. This is the one thing that can supply the crying need of the different organizations of the school that are all looking for chapter rooms, lounging rooms, and store rooms or the publications that are trying to find convenient offices for their editors and managers, thus eliminating the present difficulty of bed rooms knee deep in manuscript, bills, and papers of all kinds. To finance the erection of a student building would be a tremedous enterprise, one that would stagger the great majority of students, in fact, at the very thonght; but there are several schools of a far smaller student body than Trinity which have not found the task too hard. All that is needed is a group of students who have vision enough to see the possibility of such an enterprise and who are practical enough to put the measure across. When there are girls' schools that can accomplish such feats in so grand a style as has Randolph-Macon, Trinity should blush with shame did she hesitate for one minute to undertake a similar proposition. Of course the thing can not be done in a year, nor in four years, but a start can be made; and when start is made upon a proposition of this kind, success is half gained.

It is true that when a man is graduated from a college, he is presented with a countless number of pledges to sign that will keep him paying on college donations until he is an old man, but there is no reason for allowing far less worthy causes to take all of a person's money when such a needy purpose as student activities is left without a building to cover its feeble head from the ravaging storms of neglect and derision. Never will such a building be even conceived until students become wise enough to eliminate the bugbear of fear for the outcome from preventing their undertaking something that will redound to the glory of Trinity College more than any single addition that could be made to its establishment. In fact, the time will soon come when Trinity will be like a full-grown man who has every adult quality except one, the vital element in his life that prevents his being an overgrown boy, if she does not preserve a well-founded college life and allow her student life to keep pace with the rest of the college. The erection of a student building is the only way by which this equilibrium can be maintained.

FINALE

THE curtain has fallen! With this issue we give up the editorial pen and complete our year's task. We cannot say that it has been a pleasant one, and yet we have had an interesting time trying to publish an ARCHIVE which would meet with our own approval. To say that we have failed to do this is putting it mildly, but we hope that this year we have opened up a new field of endeavor for the magazine and that by having broken the new ground we have paved the way for an ever-improving ARCHIVE. If such has been done, and we have served as a stepping stone along the road to a greater success, we feel that our efforts have not been in vain.

It remains but for us to express our heartfelt thanks to everyone who has aided us in our work this year. To each and every member of the staff the editor extends his sincerest appreciation for their efforts in promoting the interests of the 1923 ARCHIVE and he realizes that without their aid he would never have been able to publish the magazine. Whatever of merit has been achieved has been due to the interest and zeal of the members of the staff. For the many defects the editor can merely say that if he had followed the advice of his associates, the great majority of them would have been alleviated. To all contributors we are truly grateful. To every one who has offered the least word of encouragement we can never tell just how much we appreciated their interest and good will.

The Trinity Archive

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EDITOR'S NOTICE

It is our aim this year to publish a live, interesting magazine for the Students, Alumni and Friends of Trinity College. We solicit literary contributions from Trinity men and women. All manuscript is subject to moderate revision All material must be in the hands of the editors by the 20th of the month preceding date of issue.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

May, 1923

A MID-SUMMER PHANTASY

R. P. Harriss

"Come away! Come away!"
Green are the hills, to-day;
Rose is the dawn, and gray,
And purple the moorland;
Bright flares the rising sun,
And gossamers, finely spun,
Glisten—and one by one,
Leave the wet floorland.

"Come away! Come away!"
Glad breathes the woods, and gay:
The feathered minstrel's lay
Fills Nature's temple;
Sluggish the lush-grown brook
Idling round curve and crook,
Searching each reedy nook,
Eddy and dimple.

"Come away! Come away!"
Hark to the roundelay
Here where the fairies play
Their tiny lyres—
Or, flitting o'er the lea,
Follow the droning bee
From flower to orchard tree,
O'er the damp briers.

"Come away! Come away!"
Sweet sings the earth, to-day;
Down where the rushes sway
Pan's pipes are calling;
High swings the circling sun,
Soon will his course be run—
Come! ere the day is done,
And night is falling.

THE KING OF MARS

Fanny Gray

"PERHAPS," said the man with the shaved head to his attendant, "you earth dwellers are not hopeless after all. Your hospitality has been delightful, and despite this fetish of democracy that your newspapers are so fond of displaying, you show fitting reverence to royalty. But Mars—you should see Mars—it is majestic. It is filled with the rumbling of thunder. It's sky flashes constantly with blue lightning—and the people—they are sublime—they are nearly as strong as I—wonderful physical specimens!"

He flourished his fork in the air, brought it down to his plate for another fork full of beans and sighed succulently. "This venison," he smiled, "is delicious. It is prepared, no doubt, by a chef of great skill. It is nearly as delectable as stewed Miengovitch, the favorite dish of Marsian epicures, you know, and ah, it is rare sport hunting Miengovitches. I remember one occasion in the forest of Jabl. I was riding with my courtiers—riding bareback on my great black bull with the silver horns. It was in the full of the purple moon, and the Miengovitches were scarce. But it is a long story, and it makes me a little sad to think of my far home." The face of the shaven headed man had suddenly grown very old and tired. "You may go" he said abruptly, "tell the Queen Ambrosia that I would speak with her."

The attendant bowed profoundly. "Yes, your majesty," he said as he backed out of the door, closed it, and locked it behind him.

"Ever considerate", murmured His Majesty of Mars. "They even lock the door to protect me from annoying intruders. And this also for my especial protection, this golden grating!" He made a gesture toward the window bars.

Assuming the pose of a cavalier who sees his lady love approaching, he wheeled around, placed his hand over his heart and knelt, enraptured, upon the floor. "Oh Ambrosia, Soul's Delight!" he breathed.

The woman who entered was a beautiful woman. Beautiful she was as to eyes and brow and nose and mouth. Beautiful were her hands, and her figure was the figure of a nymph who lives among the water lilies. Her hair hung to her waist in heavy braids of blue black bewilderment. Her very breathing was music, and there clung about her the aroma of mythical flowers—a perfume irresistible, intoxicating. But there was something strange about the woman, something of such a strangeness that the vulgar would be inclined to call 'queer'. In the first place her entrance was unusual. She simply walked through the door. And then, it could not be noticed until she turned around, but—she was two-faced—two faced in the literal sense of the word. When she first came in she looked at His Majesty with the dark, warm eyes with which Cleopatra might have fired Anthony's imagination, but when she turned she showed, where the back of her head should have been, another face, a face with cool gray eyes—a face besprinkled with freckles and adorned with a little, impudent, tiptilted nose. She had the face of an Eastern beauty, and she had the face of an American school girl. Only when she smiled did each face wear the same expression.

His Majesty pressed her hand to his lips. "Ambrosia," he whispered feverishly, "Ambrosia, best beloved, favorite queen, is it not trite on this fool planet?"

"Trite!" Ambrosia almost chanted so melodious was her voice. "Trite! It is stifling! It is killing my emotions. It is ....." the oriental lips, for it was with them she spoke, trembled violently. There would have been tears had the other lips not begun to speak.

When it came from the lips of the American girl, the Queen's voice was not a thing of low, sweet cadences. It was a little too cross for sweetness, a little too shrill for beauty.

"It's perfectly dumb down here," she stormed. "These people don't know a darn thing about giving a girl a good time. I want to go back to Mars. Mars is my home, and I love it. When I married you I didn't expect to be dragged off to a little hole like this. You are King of Mars, aren't you? A king ought not to go off and leave his people. I must return—I'm going back tomorrow!"

"Hush, sweetheart, heart of my soul, hush!" put in the King, somewhat taken aback by this outburst of feeling. "I was about to suggest a return to Mars. You are right, and I am wrong as you always are.

Only tell me you still love me in spite of my folly and my transgressions!"

Ambrosia smiled, and when Ambrosia smiled, the world became a lovely place to be in.

"Why, Marothon," she laughed, "I'm wild as the dickens about you!"

He gazed scornfully upon her. "How can you be?" he cried.

"Because," she hesitated, "because you're such an aggravatin' papa!"

"Ambrosia, light of my life, horn of my bull!" cried the King of Mars, pressing her fiercely to his breast, "You dear child—you—", but the nearness of her lips stopped him.

In the midst of her kiss he remembered her other lips and sought them. A man must use diplomacy when his wife is two women in one.

"Tomorrow, tomorrow," deliberated His Majesty, King Marothon of Mars. "I will meet you by the big gate, and we will go home, my rainbow, home to the land of strength and fire and gorgeous bloodshed, home to our throne and our luxury, and—"

"And your other wives!" snapped the mouth beneath the cool, gray eyes.

"Yes, your other wives!" echoed the eyes that Cleopatra might have had.

"I shall send them all to earth", promised the fatuous King.

Looking with him through the grated window the dark Ambrosia smiled, and looking over his shoulder the little blonde smiled also.

"Ah," said the king. "See how blue the moon is tonight. And yonder is Mars—ever red. Isn't it a satisfactory feeling to belong to such a superior race? Imagine being an Earth Man! I should feel constantly apologetic! Tomorrow night—think where we shall be!"

Long after Ambrosia had left him, long after the attendant had put him to bed, King Marothon lay awake looking at the moon, the blue moon.

"Luna", he said, "When I am gone you must continue to educate these poor people. They don't know much. You must teach them the value of emotions. I feel that perhaps it is selfish for me to leave them, but I must go home, and, then, Ambrosia wants to—" and he fell asleep to dream of many things.

The greenest of morning sunlight was slanting through this window when the same respectful attendant awoke him and brought him his breakfast.

The King stretched himself happily and took in his hand the cup of what his attendant pronounced "coffee."

"What names you do have for things!" marveled Marothon, sipping luxuriously of the drink. "This wine, this rich, rare, red wine which you name coffee, I would call nectar, but then in Mars, you know—".

The attendant was not a particularly stupid man. He listened closely to all that the King said, and he would undoubtedly profit by the experience of waiting upon this Superior Being.

"Your Majesty will take the air?" he inquired politely.

"Yes, yes—quite so—" agreed the King absentmindedly and was led to the out-of-doors where he was left to wander at will about spacious grounds.

It was pleasant out there under the trees, and there were some congenial persons taking the air this morning. Some of them greeted Marothon. One of them even came up to him and entered into a conversation.

"I," suggested this discerning person, "am doubtless well known to you. I am Julius Caesar."

The ruler of Mars was pleased to make the gentleman's acquaintance.

"And how is Salome, your wife? he inquired.

"Oh, she's as foolish as usual. There she is over yonder." He pointed to a spare woman who walked about plaiting and unplaiting her hair.

An ill-shaven man who called himself the Rear Admiral of the Swiss Navy joined them and for a half hour the three of them carried on a most entertaining conversation. Each one of them talked on a different subject.

"Remarkably intelligent people, these," mused Marothon. "Much more intelligent than the attendants." These people thought different thoughts, did different things. Their mental processes were unbiased by anybody or anything else; which, to Marothon, was the essence of intellect.

A youth strolled towards them mumbling something. He gazed earnestly into their faces and cried: "O tempora! O mores!" and walked on.

"Really," said the Rear Admiral, "I believe some of these people are crazy."

"Only ignorant," sighed the King and went to keep his tryst with Ambrosia.

By some freak of luck the King walked with a group of visitors unnoticed through the big gate. There Ambrosia awaited him. They were on their way home . . . on their way to the stars! But the King's freedom was short lived as all freedom is apt to be. Suddenly there appeared at his side that nuisance of an attendant.

"You may go back," said Marothon. "My wife and I are going home."

"Your Majesty," argued the attendant, "these roads are very dangerous. It is necessary—"

"While I appreciate your solicitude", Marothon said firmly, "I can take care of myself. Farewell."

For an hour they stood in the road and talked—the King and his attendant. Queen Ambrosia had left them for Mars.

In the end the attendant's smooth tongue won, and the King went back, back to the room where the green sunshine came in through the golden window grating.

Two men were waiting there. One was the big man whom the attendant addressed as "Doctor". The other was a stranger, but a stranger with a familiar air about him.

"Were you ever in Mars," asked His Majesty abruptly.

"No", the stranger replied. "Were you?"

"I?" Marothon was indignant. "I am King of Mars! I am much superior to these people here. I am only on earth for a temporary visit. Mars! I have lived for it, fought for it—".

"Fought for it?" repeated the stranger.

"Yes!" cried the King. "The country that's good enough to live in is good enough to fight for. I remember one battle when we charged into the enemy hurling meteors at them—" the King was in his element. He launched into a detailed description of the fight. For a moment his eyes met the eyes of the stranger—keen, quizzical eyes that stranger's. As though he had lost himself, as though he spoke in a trance, the King continued.

"I led the men over the top. God! It was cold that morning. We went out though and met them—it was the first hand to hand fighting I ever saw. Blood splashing. Men ripped with bayonets. I brought home a spiked helmet, but I left my buddie out there. And then on my pink she-goat I sang—"

"What did you say about a spiked helmet?"

His Majesty was exasperated. "I did not mention spiked helmet," he said with dignity.

The doctor and the stranger rose.

"Good afternoon, your Majesty," bowed the doctor. Half audibly he added to the stranger, "I think the operation is worth the chance."

Outside the bars of the door an attendant was dragging a man along. The man leered at the King and shouted: "You think you're a king, don't you? and you're really crazy as Hell!"

"Scum of the Earth!" snorted the King.

But when night came the King was less happy. Ambrosia did not come. The moon was no longer blue. She was only a pallid, sick thing. And His Majesty could not forget the stranger's strangely familiar eyes.

"Oh well," he mused. "I will soon be in Mars—" and he fell asleep.

Next morning the sunlight was more a light yellow than green, and the golden window bars—

"I really believe they are brass," said King Marothon.

The attendant was slightly excited.

"Your Majesty," he said, "the doctor has asked me to find a very brave man to try out a new experiment for him. Would you like to be he?"

"Certainly, certainly," the King answered graciously. "What is it?"

The attendant led him to a large room where all was white. The King permitted himself to be undressed, to be laid upon a table, to be put to sleep. And from that deep and dreamless sleep Marothon, King of Mars never awoke. Instead, when the body that had been the body of a Superior Being next felt anything, it was aware of a distinctly earthly pain. When the mind that had planned the campaigns of Martian wars awoke, it was the groping, muddled mind of a man who had been through a long illness. This man opened his eyes and saw the white walls of a room, so white that they dazzled him after that black sleep. He smelled disinfectant and anaesthetics. He surrendered himself to impressions. It was like being born with mature reason.

By his bed stood a doctor, eager, tense. By the doctor stood a man with strangely familiar eyes.

The man who had been king smiled. "Hello Jim," he said. And then, "How soon can I get back to the front?"

"The war is over," said the doctor. "We won two years ago."

Exhausted, the man of Earth fell back on his pillow and slept.

When he awoke twenty hours later, everything had come back to him. He could remember the war, the charge, the shrapnel wound in his head. But what was much stranger, he could remember his reign as the King of Mars. He awoke, in fact, chuckling at the way he had believed an insane asylum to be an expensive hotel.

The doctor was amazed, and Jim was interested.

"This," said the doctor," is an almost unprecedented phenomena that you should remember your hallucination."

"Maybe," the man of Earth weakly suggested, "Maybe it wasn't a real hallucination. It may have been some strange emotional reality."

But Jim and the doctor laughed.

"You were crazy, all right" they agreed.

For three days the War Planet's recent ruler, who, on earth, was known as Thomas Williamson, lay and meditated. So he was coming back to the existence he had known. He would go on with the pitiful struggle for bread and prosaic comforts. He was back, he who had known cities whose turrets were of red gold, to the grayness of New York, to its clanging traffic, to its heartless competition. He who had hurled meteors at his opposers would be fortunate to find a desk in an insurance office. He who had been to paradise had come back to life.

"Tom," said the friend named Jim. "You can make a fortune with a book on your experiences. You must remember them.

But Thomas Williamson replied, "If I want to live, I must learn to forget".

He was dressed for the first time since his operation, and Jim walked to the door and opened it. On the threshold stood a little woman. She was too short for dignity, and too plump for beauty, but her heart was in her eyes.

Thomas Williamson was dazed for a moment. Then the woman smiled.

"Ambrosia!" he cried.

He put his arm about her, and they stood and looked out of the window. This time no irideseent wonder of blue moons and gay stars confronted them. They looked down upon the grounds of an insane asylum, and they saw wandering there, people whose minds were sick and infirm. The man who had been a king sickened with horror and sorrow. The poor people! The poor, crazy people! And yet—some of them were happy. Had he not been happy when he belonged to a superior race? He had been a king, and now he was a poor working man. Would it be kind to take the Rear Admiral of the Swiss Navy and turn him into a pauper? After all, what more could life be to him? Could Ambrosia be any sweeter than she had been night before last.

"I was happy," he almost sobbed. "I was happy".

Then Ambrosia smiled again. "We must get a bottle of Ed Pinaud's to make your hair grow quickly," she said, and her voice was like a singing bird. "But now—let's go home."

And so he who had been the King of a Star went home. He who had sat on a throne and ruled a planet went home to a five room apartment and to a three year old son whom he had never seen. And suddenly a Man of Earth became a most desirable thing to be. There were his old books and his old pictures and from out in the kitchenette where Ambrosia, whose real name was Betsy, bustled about came the delicious odor of beefsteak fried with onions.

The little boy took a toy crown and put it on his father's head.

"Daddy a king," he announced, but Daddy smiled ruefully.

"Once I thought I was a king," he pondered. Then, to himself, "But I was crazy as Hell!"

CULTURE AS AN EDUCATIONAL OBJECTIVE

R. W.

Just what is the object of education? Is there a definite purpose behind it all? In this article the writer advances his theory as to what the goal should be and presents a strong argument to prove his point. Do you agree with him that culture is the most desirable objective of education?

I.

IF it were possible to obliterate the words "Latin" and "mental discipline," from the minds of those who furnish the chief opposition to culture as an educational objective, opposition to the designation of culture as an objective of our educational work would lose much of its vigor. The above observation is based upon the fact that a group of representative educators have formulated a set of objectives for a part of our school system, in which set are included three objectives that are entirely concerned with the cultural side of life—namely, "worthy home membership", "worthy use of leisure," and "ethical character." The fact that so many people are opposed to the idea of "culture" and the fact that the aforementioned leaders have set up "cultural" objectives lead us to one of two conclusions—either the leaders are contradictory and absolutely opposed—an opposition that would lead to dire results if carried to its ultimate end—or a misunderstanding of terms has led these men to appear as opponents when, in reality, they are working toward the same goal. We prefer to accept the latter alternative. But what has caused this misunderstanding? It is probably the failure of the opposing factions to accept a common meaning of culture, a changing concept that takes on a new and somewhat different meaning with every vital change in our life. In our present time the misunderstanding has been aggravated by the introduction of vocational or industrial training into the argument. This additional "fuel" for the "flame" has heightened the feeling on both sides, and only recently have we seen the reconciliation taking place that is necessary for the satisfactory continuance of our school work. In this compromise it is interesting to note that the utilitarians admit that there is need for culture but claim that it can be acquired in vocational subjects, while the "cultural" proponents admit the desirability of practical subjects, but contend that culture must not be omitted. It can be understood that we accept either side of the compromise, for in our opinion there is no essential conflict. However, in the reaction against "cultural studies," the "pendulum" has swung so far that many are against anything that smacks of culture. Therefore, it is our purpose to explain the place of culture as an educational objective, to define and delimit "culture", to present the objections offered to culture and "explain away" or refute them, and, finally, to present several positive good results to be achieved from the recognition of culture as an objective of education.

II.

CULTURE as an educational objective" does not mean that culture shall be set up as an object or aim of education. Such a title merely means that out of our educative process an individual will be evolved who, in the course of that process, has achieved what we, for want of a better name, call culture. We do not mean that a pupil shall study Latin, or English, or French for the **purpose of** "getting" culture, but that **from** the study of his school subjects and through his school associations he shall develop into a man of "quick perceptions, broad sympathies, and wide affinities; responsive, but independent; self-reliant, but deferential; loving truth and candor, but, also, moderation and proportion; courageous, but gentle; not finished, but perfecting. "Mental discipline." No; it is only growth, brought about through the learning and the experiences of the social inheritance of the past and through the natural social contacts which our schools should afford. Is this result possible for all? Yes; to an extent, we may expect this result from every child; but just as we do not expect the children in one class to learn equally well any subject taught, we cannot expect all the children to be "cultured" to the same extent. That, however, is not sufficient cause for not giving the child the chance to develop that side of his life as far as it is possible for it to be developed. Therefore, we suggest culture as one of our educational objectives—not as an object of definite subject matter, but as an outgrowth of the subject matter now in use.

The next question that arises is, what is culture? What is it that is proposed for the schools to furnish?

Some one has suggested that an "understanding of a vocation other than one's own is cultural." Such a definition makes all life outside of one's particular life-work cultural. Saying it in other words, culture may be defined as the mental and social acquisitions of a human being that are not primarily concerned with the "bread-and-butter" side of living. Such culture would include "all that contributes to shape the inner life, to enrich the world of feeling, thought, and imagination," and appreciation of nature, an understanding and an appreciation of fellow-beings, the growth of an ideal of service, an ability to enjoy to the utmost social contact, and the application of higher and fuller "meaning to all outward conditions of life." This understanding of culture in no way opposes the desire of education to give the child what he can actually use when he leaves the school; as a matter of fact the person who is not fitted to make a living can in no wise be termed "cultured" under the above definition, for he could never be said to have the ideal of service in his philosophy. But it is desirable, from our point of view, that the boy who engages in work can see more in the work than the mere tools and machinery, can see more in life than a mere wage for his work, and can enjoy more of life than this attitude toward work and a mere existing in "off-hours" can offer to him.

As a further delineation of the term, culture, it might be well, as some one has suggested, to divide it into two parts—"common culture" and "individual culture." Here again an explanation of terms is necessary, for opponents of culture might say this is an attempt to evade the issue by suggesting one type of culture for one class of people and another type of culture for the other class. Far be it from our purpose to draw such a distinction. In fact, as shall be shown later, the elimination of class cleavages is one of the results we hope to be derived from the proper emphasis upon the cultural objective. But common and individual culture present a difference of kind rather than of degree, and both of these types are desired, more or less, for all. The division is made simply in an attempt to clear up the hazy view that has so frequently been taken in regard to the word.

By common culture we mean "certain degrees of proficiency in the oral and written language arts—speech, writing, reading—interest in general reading, and some knowledge of the best literature, comprehension of simple arithmetic (arithmetic of utilization), acquaintance with common facts and principles of history and geography, and appreciation of simple music and plastic art." Is this too much to ask for every child, insofar as it is possible to grant such to him? If we expect to have a representative government, we must at least make it possible for the people as a whole to know what they want, to think out what they believe is best, and to feel themselves responsible for playing a part in the management of their government. Such participation, alone, demands all that has been stated for common culture except the "appreciation of simple music and plastic art." In addition to a "political citizen," we demand a "social being" from our schools. To produce this "social being" our schools must furnish the foundation for all desirable social contacts possible, and these can only be presented through the media of the suggested meanings of common culture, including the "appreciation of simple music and plastic art." If our demand is reasonable we cannot deny the need of these features of culture as indirect objectives of the educative process. An understanding of the joys, sorrows, troubles, conditions of living, et cetera, of the people in the world is necessary for the highest social order; this understanding can only come through the possession of common ideals, appreciations, pleasures, and knowledge. The possession of these is not made possible through the study of Greek, nor of manual training, nor of any subject; they are built in a person as was stated before, through his study of the best inheritance of the past and his experiencing of this inheritance with his fellow-beings.

So far, the culture suggested may be in accord with the views of many of the "utilitarians," who might wish to call the above, "utilitarian culture"; but the mention of "individual culture" again arouses them in opposition to what they fear is an attempt to separate people into classes. What is meant by individual culture? This culture should include character, sympathy with men, acquaintance with the store of knowledge that has been laid up, a passion for service, deep appreciation of nature, and a "constructive, as well as a receptive, imagination." "Special cultural development along lines of literature, art, music, history, science, crafts, sociability, travel", might also be mentioned. It is asked, do you desire this cultural development for all? Yes; so far as the native capacity of an individual permits of attainment, the culture described will be of value. But are there not vocational subjects more valuable than the subjects that would be necessary for culture? In reply, we ask, do you wish to present a boy with an education that fits him only to run a machine, to tighten bolts, to saw a

board, and to do other such work? A large part of the cultural development mentioned can be achieved through the use of desirable methods in the teaching of vocational subjects; and in addition we favor the use of subjects that will bring the special cultural development along certain lines. It is an amusing, if not a tragic, fact that the very men who oppose cultural subjects are the men who have derived greatest pleasure from their cultural attainments. Many educators who oppose the idea of "culture" for the schools like nothing better than to read a good book, to see a good play, to hear good music, and to listen to speeches by "cultured" men. Of course, the explanation is that, in their educational theory, they are trying to look out for the interests of the masses, of those who will have few school advantages, and they do not place any value on the subjects that are supposed to lead to culture, any way. We shall later take up these various objections: suffice it here to say that if we believe that culture, as defined, is a thing to be desired, no stone should be left unturned in the attempt to secure for each child as much of this store as his capacity, limited only by uncontrollable conditions, will allow. Full life may be divided into utilitarian and cultural, material and spiritual, visible and invisible; no child should be compelled to go through life with a one-sided development. A child can learn a trade in a factory or store; a school should furnish much more than a "hand-to-mouth" existence.

III.

THE objections that are offered to culture as an educational objective are numerous and varied; and if we accept the premises upon which these objections are based, we must agree with the objectors. Therefore, the purpose of this section is not so much to contradict the objections as to suggest the reasons for them, as we see them and show how the force of these diminishes when the right premises are laid. We shall limit the objections to three, since most of the minor points center around three major ones. The three are: (1) That there is no such thing as culture, that it is merely an ideal which some men like to "play with" and which means nothing; (2) that the culture advocated cannot be achieved by so-called cultural subjects; and (3) that the time spent in the study of cultural subjects brings no return, that the children have not the time to "waste" in the study of such, and that the vocational subjects are so much more important and so much more valuable that there is no room nor time for cultural studies. We shall take up each of these objections in order and see if they are sufficiently strong to eliminate culture as a desirable objective.

To those who say there is no such thing as culture, we can make no reply; to those who see in life only the material, the money, the toil, culture means nothing, and an attempt to make them understand would be futile. And we do not mean simply the working-man. In many cases we find him striving to improve himself, to help his neighbor, and to understand nature; and this very process is culture, itself. But to the man, rich or poor, intelligent (so-called) or ignorant, who sees nothing in a flower except the physical make-up, who sees nothing in a child except an organic being, who sees nothing in life except drudgery, culture can make no appeal. "Life has little meaning for him who has little use for it." We feel that such a lack of appreciation could have been avoided if suitable educational methods had been used earlier in the life of the individual, and that usage is what we are asking for. On the other hand, the person who says that culture is an ideal is only speaking what is in the minds of the "culturists," in the sense that ideal means something invisible, infinite, as opposed to the visible and finite. But what objection is there to an ideal? We are all, more or less, striving for an ideal when we try to fit ourselves more perfectly into the social sphere of things. We do not know from experience what the perfect social being is like, but we have an imaginary picture of such a being, and whenever we try to improve our life in the life about us, we are unconsciously setting up that ideal. We say that we desire growth in our school work; but what is growth? It, like culture, is out of the realm of the finite, but that does not mean it is something to be cast aside. If we do not go into the invisible, what objectives shall we set up? No one has suggested wealth, power, strength, as educational objectives; these are comparatively material elements, but we recognize the fact that education for these alone would not make the complete life. And although we do recognize that fact, we are afraid to name the other side of life because it is too unusual. But why not? If we read through history from its beginning, we find that practically every great accomplishment has been the result of an ideal, a "seeing" of the "invisible" by someone who was prepared to see further than his contemporaries, and a belief in the "invisible" thing that he saw. This does not refer simply to religious prophets and seers; the reference is primarily to the scientists, the discoverers, the explorers in every field, who have made possible our physical development. Was the discovery

and realization of the law of gravitation merely a physical or material reaction? Was the invention and perfection of the flying machine the physical "trial-and-error" of a man who just tried it "for the fun of the thing"? Was the discovery that a man could talk from one end of the earth to the other with or without wires only a physical development? No; the ideal has been necessary in all of these developments before the "unknown" could become the "known". Can we, then, condemn a thing because the term "ideal" is attached to it? As we have said before, most of those who "condemn" culture are men who are "cultured." Even with the generally accepted view of the term, would they be willing to give up whatever it is that they oppose? No; it is not so much culture that is opposed as it is the method of "imparting" culture that has formerly been a part of our educational practice. We all, in no matter what "station" of life we may exist, like the man who makes a pleasing appearance, who speaks correctly, who displays an appreciation for the finer things of life, who has sympathy with his fellow-beings, and who fits well in whatever group he happens to find himself. Therefore, instead of setting culture completely aside, we might better attempt to find what it is that will help to produce this ideal and then go to work in an effort to achieve the same.

Some objectors agree that culture is a thing to be desired but object to cultural studies as a means of securing culture. If they mean that we should not put subjects in the curriculum solely for their value in "mental discipline" and "cultural development" we agree, within limits. The "bugbears", Greek, Latin, and "mental discipline," have done their work well; and the reaction to them has been so strong that it has threatened to destroy our whole curriculum. If we base a subject's right to be placed in the curriculum upon its "utility" value alone, we might as well discard the school houses, and put up a few factories, work-shops, law schools, etc. And it is because every subject has other than utility value that it is possible for the conservative "culturist" to accept any subject in the curriculum. On the other hand, is it not necessary for a person to learn something about music if he is to appreciate music? Is it not best for a person to study good writing and talking if he is to appreciate written work and speeches? Is it not desirable for a person to study history, nature if he is to fully appreciate these things? The question is asked, what subjects containing cultural value can be used? In answer we would say any subject which, through subject matter or method of presentation would help the individual to have a deep appreciation for nature and broad sympathies with the world is desirable in a curriculum. A knowledge of people is necessary before we can have a sympathetic, friendly attitude towards them; study history. A knowledge of the habits, customs, and characteristics can be acquired through a study of their literature; study literature. A thorough appreciation of trees, flowers, et cetera, is increased by the scientific study of these; study botany and other sciences. This discussion naturally leads us to the third big objection—that the time spent in vocational subjects is so much more compensative—that to use this time on cultural subjects would mean a great loss.

Those who claim that time is wasted in the study of the cultural studies generally measure results in terms of what pupils learn that they use in their actual work. It is unfortunate that so little of our educational effort along the line of measurement has been expended in any other than intellectual masurements; but those who have made a study of this kind admit that the child is not wholly measured by the intelligence tests. Until we do make attempts to measure other than the intellectual side of a child, we believe it would be best to withhold any criticism of the other side of school work. We must admit that much time has been wasted on so-called cultural subjects, and that much time is still being wasted. The way out of this waste however, is not to overturn everything, but so to change the subjects that there will be no waste in furnishing utility or cultural value. The contention is made that some children have such little time in school that a purely vocational education is all that can be given. One answer to that is that the next step in our educational procedure should see to it that every child can obtain education, both of a cultural and a utilitarian nature, sufficient to satisfy the possibilities of his native capacity. For the present, a failure to give a child as broad an outlook as is possible within his limited time is just as harmful for him and for society as a failure to make himself supporting. Both values go hand in hand and a failure for our educational system will result if either is neglected. As we have stated above, most subjects now in the curriculum contain cultural value. It is then a question of method of presentation if the child is to receive the full benefit from the subject. In a course of study the courses that contain the most of both types of value should be included, first; if, however, in the higher schools, certain cultural results are called for which no subject of finite value will bring, we

believe that subjects which will bring the desired results should be included. Sooner or later we shall come to the point where we will lay more stress on the infinite and, comparatively less on the finite and material. When we, finally, adopt a method (call it "project" or any other name) and a course of study that are used to achieve the full development rather than to "pour" into the life of the child all the "material" that we think he should "swallow", it is our firm belief that we will find a being capable of far greater aesthetic and social appreciation than our former methods led us to believe existed within the nature of the child.

IV.

ALL of the above has seemed to be a defensive attitude in regard to the acceptance of culture as an objective. We shall, therefore, in a concluding section, discuss the positive values we should expect to accrue from the setting up of this objective. Here, again, as with the "objective", we shall mention the three important values to which all others seem subordinated. The three are: (1) culture is necessary for the growth of the full life; (2) culture, for all, will tend to break down, to an extent, the bad results of class distinctions; and (3) culture will make possible the acquisition of the world concept, a concept that must be established in the minds of individuals before our local, national and international relations can be so modified as to bring to pass the economic and social achievements foreseen in present rapid growth.

The first of these values, that culture is necessary for full growth, can be considered on both a theoretical and a practical basis. We shall dismiss the theoretical with the statement that has been made above—that we desire "growth" in our school process, a growth that can only be attained through the development of the two sides of life that have been suggested. Insofar as growth is an objective, culture, a prominent feature of that growth, must logically be named an objective. But there are practical reasons for the use of culture to enrich a man's life. Man lives twenty-four hours each day; eight of these hours should be spent at work, according to the generally accepted view; eight of these hours should be spent in sleep, according to certain laws of health; eight hours, therefore, are left, sometimes suggested, for play. Culture has a part to play in each of the two "waking" parts of man's day: a more important part, to be sure, in the last, but still a very definite part in the first. The culture, as defined above, can not be set apart from the "work" day of man; "no state can do away with human toil, but it can idealize the conditions of toil, make it a source of health and pleasure, and can limit the amount and time to wholesome bounds." This "idealization" of conditions is only possible in a "cultural" state; and economic conditions have placed the burden upon the state, and, indirectly, upon education for improving these conditions. Piece work, "specialized" labor, resulting from our improvements in machinery and methods of work, have made the working man's life one of drudgery. We would not change the improved economic machinery, for too much of our existence is based upon these improvements; the only alternative is to develop the side of man that will make his attitude toward the work alleviate the drudgery. Conditions of labor must be improved, yes; but improvement of man's conception of and attitude towards labor is quite as necessary. But the third part of man's day is more dependent upon culture than the other. Left to himself, a man may seek forms of amusement, recreation, and excitement that lead not only to his loss but to the loss of society as well. It is the duty of education to present something that will help man to "grow" during these hours. What will help man grow? Reading, physical exercise, association with neighbors and seeing good plays are suggested. Can all people enjoy these to advantage? Yes; as a matter of fact most people do these things now; but the nature of the plays, of the reading, of the association is not yet of the higher sort because the people, as children, did not learn to appreciate, by experience, the higher planes of these. We must begin with the experience and capacities of children in our school work; but we must not fail to present for their acceptance (and our faith in the capacity of children leads us to believe they will accept) the material that will lead them to "varied interests" and a deep appreciation for other than the material things of life. By this appreciation both of nature and of human beings, a spirit of service will be engendered that is absolutely necessary for the development of the personality of the individual and for the full growth of the "social whole."

In the second place, culture will tend to eliminate the worst feature of class cleavages. So long as individuals are born with differences in native capacity we cannot hope that there will be no distinction in "classes"; our one desire is that this distinction which must exist will not be a barrier to economic, political and social progress. Early in our national life we set up a fallacious doctrine upon which our education has been built and which has done much to set up class

cleavage: that is, we said, "all men are created free and equal." In trying to fit our education to that doctrine, we adopted a type of education, a course of study, which, because of unrecognized differences in individual capacities of the pupils, selected one group and raised it, at the same time "dropping" the other group, thereby creating the class distinctions that we claimed did not exist. Later, when the classes were formed, by that method, we accepted, unconsciously, the view that there were class differences; so we decided to give a certain type of education to one group and let the better "class" go on. Thus, education has aided in the creation of a system (not fully recognized) which is opposed to a real democracy. Recently, however, we have set up a new premise which, if followed through to its logical end, will tend to make amends for former failures and work for the good of all; namely, that education must grant to a child education and training commensurate with his inborn capacity. Working under the doctrine, education must recognize the differences of individuals and must afford the type of study for each that will make his life full to the utmost with "growing." If we will offer to all, ALL that they can make use of, we will find that the so-called "working" class can accept much of our culture, can have appreciations as much as the "bright" college student, and can make use of these appreciations in his development. What does this mean for schools? It means that instead of eliminating culture as an objective, we must make it an objective even in the earlier grades for those who cannot go to higher schools where, alone, culture was formerly supposed to reside; and when all people receive as much culture as their native capacities make possible for them, they will have a sufficiently broad outlook on life and its "inhabitants" to feel that they, themselves, are not "down" or "up", but are filling the place in life for which they are best suited. Class distinctions there will be—of wealth, of mental ability, of social ranking; such distinction is an idea of the mind that cannot be eradicated; but the resulting evils of the distinctions, as they now exist—the capital-labor disputes, exploitation of the poor, et cetera—will be largely effaced by means of the proper understanding of people, through a common and expansive culture, of the relations and work of the lives of each other.

We, finally, lead up to a value which, if achieved, would result in what is wanted by practically all nations of people, but a value that seems so distant and so indefinable that most of us are hesitant to mention it—namely, a world concept—a feeling that in some way we, as nations and people, are not separate, each working out individual ends, but that we are parts of a big sphere, with common thoughts, common ideals, common work, common troubles, and common desires. The world concept is not an aim set far out of the realm of education to which we should strive. The mere concept of "growing in social relations" carried to its natural conclusion makes the world concept the logical "next step". Can culture establish this concept as a working force in the lives of the people of the nations? If culture cannot do this, the earlier we drop even the term, "world concept", the less time will be wasted; for it is quite certain that we cannot expect an education for vocation, alone, to enlarge the vision of people to the extent that our term, in its full meaning, would call for. But a culture of the type that has been suggested can, in our opinion, create in the minds of one people the feeling of "neighborliness" with all other peoples. The feeling that holds a man loyal to his city, that hold the cities, through citizens, loyal to their state, and that holds the citizens of states loyal to a union is in no wise propagated by a study of engineering, nor of farming, nor of Latin, nor of statesmanship; nor did the "feeling" toward each of these divisions come at the same time. By a study of these larger divisions, by experiencing the life that each of these divisions offers, and by a growing realization of the value and importance of the larger divisions, a process purely cultural, the person gradually enlarges his allegiance until it embodies "his" whole country. All that the world concept desires is the extension of this allegiance one step further through the extension of the process that produced the former "feeling". When shall we begin this process? We should never begin the process for the child, but by allowing the child's interest in other people to grow, we will give him a desire to know other peoples, and we will give him the opportunity to learn that their problems are much the same as his own, that his nation is not perfect, but that all are working to better bad conditions that exist; and with their feeling of co-operation for the common good engendered, the world concept is established. The big problem at present is the securing of the evolution of the material necessary for this concept to be established upon and the finding of a method of presentation that will give this material a chance to serve its function. The realization of this concept is far off; but it is not too far off for us to begin thinking about it and planning the best means to hasten its coming.

V.

AMERICAN life demands that education lead the child to think and to "think through" to convictions, not narrowly nor selfishly, but in terms of a social order that has the world for its limits, concerning the political, economic, social, and moral problems that present themselves in life. The satisfying of this demands is only possible through a proper emphasis on that side of an individual's life that we have termed "cultural"; and to develop that important side of life, education must accept culture as an objective, not as a set aim to be arrived at by means of the study of definite subject matter, but as a vital, and not-to-be-omitted part of the educative—growing process.

A SENIOR'S LAMENT

Culver H. Smith

OH, this weary, weary life!
Starving myself for that which is best;
Taking no time in peace to repose;
Seeking in vain for a bit of rest;
Finding it fleets as the breath of a rose.

Weary of books, of study, and such,
Giving no time for a look above;
Weary of working for business too much;
Weary, yes, weary, for a little of love.

What is it worth if we honor achieve?
What do we gain if to office we're raised?
Why struggle for grades if we truly believe
It is more to be loved than to be praised?

We crave delight of the hand-clapping show,
The purse of a king, or the praise of a pope
Till the glamor's gone—till then, then—oh!
The love of a friend is our dearest hope.

The cheers of crowds, like the bloom of flowers,
Are yielded today but tomorrow gone;
They fall to the earth like April showers,
But the love of a friend will still live on.

COLLEGE PUBLICATIONS

George V. Allen

One of the most vital influences in college life is that of the college publications. In this article, Mr. Allen, who is eminently qualified having served in varying capacities on all three of the Trinity College student publications, discusses the functions of the college newspaper, magazine, and annual and tells how they can render the greatest service to the College.

THE three main types of college publications, the newspaper, the magazine, and the annual, serve three distinct purposes and have three separate fields to cover. The additional need for a humorous publication is usually overcome by adding a humorous feature to all of the other three types. In colleges where an entirely humorous publication can be supported, the other three publications are left free to place their entire attention on the field which they are each supposed to cover. It is quite often the case, however, that a sprinkling of humor throughout every publication enlivens the issue and does not detract from its dignity or literary value in the least. Among college literary men this is a much disputed point, and many claims are made that at least college magazines should not include joke departments among their contents, and that a literary publication is cheapened by giving a page or two to such undignified chatter. The fact can not be overlooked, however, that college magazines as a whole are not interesting for the fact that they lack life—they are not written from the students' point of view or with the student in mind quite often. A humorous department does have this journalistic necessity, life; therefore this department is at least justifiable until the remainder of the magazine is made sufficiently interesting to allow it to be dropped without destroying the only drawing card that the magazine contains.

The college newspaper is primarily useful as a chronicle of events that happen during the school year. These papers are usually issued once or twice a week; therefore most of the news they contain is old by the time it is read. Nevertheless, there is a distinct need for some permanent record of the deeds and occurences of the year, and no better method has been devised than the college newspaper to serve in the dual capacity of an informer and a chronicler. (The Trinity paper is exceptionally well named). It is in the paper that voice is given to the various grievances that arise on the campus, and the editorial columns of college weeklies are responsible for the redressing of many an evil that has long been the sore spot of a college community. Student control of college activities is a child of many editors who were branded as radicals and extremists when they first proposed that measure which is now almost universally recognized by college authorities as being the only logical method of school discipline—student government. It is this division of the scope of the college newspaper that makes it the pre-eminent college publication.

It is quite obvious that there should be some means of expressing the literary talent of the college. The college magazine fills this place nobly, but the result is usually obtained of producing an uninteresting publication. The fault is not with the editor, for he can only publish what he receives; fault is not with the contributors, for they can not be held responsible for the fact that they are not Cobbs or Guests; nor can the blame be laid upon the readers that they do not appreciate what seems to the staff to be admirable material. If a compromise between these three groups could be arranged, the solution to the problem might be reached; as yet, however, it has never been done very successfully.

It is being claimed by some people who have been connected with college publications for a long time that the college annual does not justify its existence. This statement does not meet with much approval among college students themselves, but it is claimed that the college year-book is not worth what it costs. I do not agree with the people who adhere to this belief because the college annual is the one permanent publication that is issued by a college, it is the one thing which contains the scenes and faces that have been dear to a student during his college career. Those who are made to bear the greatest financial burdens are the seniors, who derive the greatest benefit from the book. Annuals contain a digest of the important occurrences of the school year, and they are by far the most preservable of the three publications. The small sentiment which has arisen against college publications of this kind seems to me to be groundless.

College publications should go hand in hand, each covering its own field and each co-operating with the other for the betterment of the school at large. An institution is judged more largely by the kind of publications that are issued by its students than by any other single thing with the possible exception of the athletic teams, and quite a few discerning people make no exceptions whatsoever in this regard. Trinity should strive to publish next year a newspaper, magazine, and annual that will be second to none in the country, and that will reflect glory and renown upon the college that will be in keeping with the wonderful school to which we owe allegiance.

HOW OLD MAN WARREN LOST HIS THUMB

By K. P. Harriss

ANYONE who has lived in the Old North State for as long as two or three years has doubtless heard of that rather famous and unique character, "Old Man Warren". His name has become a veritable by-word among most of the older people of the state. To "swear like Old Man Warren", to "dance like Old Man Warren", to ride, sing, shoot "like Old Man Warren,"—these expressions are in current use among hundreds of Carolinians. Half the anecdotes and jokes told at the re-unions of the Old Confederate Veterans have the name of Old Man Alexander Warren connected, in some way, with them.

When the Confederate Veterans Reunion was held in the state capital, several years ago, Owen Lynch was then editor of the **News**. At that time, Owen Lynch was a young journalist, just out of the University, not having attained the rather enviable eminence which he now enjoys. He was greatly interested in the stories of the old soldiers, especially those yarns which dealt with the quaint character of Old Man Warren. So it happened that shortly after the reunion at Raleigh (the thin gray line of gallant souls who upheld the cause of Dixie having been cheered and feasted and—sad to say—occasionally "corn-likkered" and sent back to their homes rejoicing to the tune of **The Homespun Dress**), there appeared in the **News** an article dealing with the character of Old Man Warren. Lynch, who had himself written the piece, mentioned some of the jokes and tales which he had heard the old campaigners tell. One story about this eccentric personage related the manner in which Warren lost the thumb of his right hand. The news article stated that the **News** was desirous of obtaining information concerning the person generally alluded to as "Old Man Warren," as to whether such a person ever really existed outside of folk-lore, etc. The day following the publication of the Old Man Warren story, the following letters were received, and which, because of their widely differing statements, were all published in the columns of the **News**:

"Editor of the **News**:

Noticing an article in the last edition of your paper concerning one Alexander Warren, I wish to say a few words about him, as we were both soldiers together in the old 23rd North Carolina Regiment, under the late Col. David H. Sinclair. Whether Warren has 'passed over the river', I do not know, as I have not heard tell of him for nearly twenty years. Old Man Warren—'Alex' as we called him—was one of the best soldiers I ever knew of. He was always ready to fight, or to tell a joke, or to sing and to dance a clog, or to rob a hen-roost. One thing I remember very vividly about Warren was that the thumb of his right hand was missing, having been mashed off in a cider press, before the time of the war. The loss of a thumb did not seem to bother him in handling a musket, however, and he was one of the best shots in the company.

You made one mistake in one of the stories you told about him: It was I. and not Warren, who was caught stealing the goose eggs.

Yours respectfully,
T. B. WHALEY,
Craver's Falls, N. C."

"Mr. Editor:

Kindly allow me the space in your valued paper to give you a little information concerning the man you referred to, in your paper of 23 inst. Captain Warren served under me in the Civil War, serving in not less than six active engagements. He was an extremely brave man, and a fine type of the Christian gentleman. He was wounded only once, when he had the thumb of his right hand shot off in a slight skirmish at Buell's Creek Bridge, in Virginia. Alexander Warren had as fine a personality as any person under my command.

After the war, he moved to Scotland County, near Cumberland, where he probably still resides. He was a great deer hunter, owning some fine blooded horses and dogs. He had one fine favorite horse—a big gray—which he used to ride while hunting on his place in Scotland county. Hoping that this may be of some use to you in explaining the identity of this man, I am,

Truly yours,
COL. G. W. BROADFOOT,
Fayetteville, N. C."

"To the Editor:

I have read with considerable interest the article appearing in your paper concerning the character known as "Old Man Warren". Let me say that I have known this person for quite a long time. There seems to be some misunderstanding about him, and I wish to take this method of setting you straight concerning the facts of his life. Alex Warren is a very old and illiterate man, a sort of hermit, living down in the backwoods of lower Roberson County. He makes a living by hunting and trapping in winter, and by doing a little farming in summer, with the aid of an old white horse. The thumb of his right hand is missing, having been pinched off in the jaws of a steel trap.

The man is thoroughly unreliable, and is a incorrigible liar. So far as I am able to learn, he never served in the Civil War,—unless it was as a renegade. Hoping this may be of some value to you, I am, yours very truly,

REV. STANLEY H. MELVIN,
Pastor First Baptist Church,
Rowland, N. C.

Before the next issue of the **News** went to press, no less than a dozen letters were received from people from all parts of the state who professed to have known Alexander Warren, and who were willing and anxious to attest that he was a real flesh and blood person. Owen Lynch was considerably puzzled, and not a little interested, in the outcome of the situation. He decided to publish several of the letters, each day, as long as interest in the affair continued.

From a Northern guest at Pinehurst came the following letter, protesting against the slanderous letters written by people who evidently did not know the real Mr. Warren:

"Editor of the **News:**

There seems to be some difference of opinion among the readers of your newspaper concerning Mr. Alexander Warren. As the letters from some of your readers would seem to indicate, it is possible that the real Mr. Warren (or "Old Man Warren", as they disrespectfully choose to call him) is not known to them.

Mr. Alexander Warren, let me say, was a fine type of the old Southern gentleman. Previous to the Civil War, he had been a large slave-holder. He served with distinction in the war between the states as a captain in the Quartermaster's Department.

I used to visit Mr. Warren as a winter guest on his large plantation in Moore County, many years ago, before the resorts now known as Pinehurst and Southern Pines were in existence. Mr. Warren was a great sportsman, owning some excellent riding horses and some fine dogs. The way in which he lost the thumb of his right hand was as follows: He had his thumb severely bitten by a fox, when he tried to rescue that animal from a pack of hounds; blood-poison set in as a result of the infected bite, and it was necessary for the thumb to be amputated.

Whether Mr. Warren is still living, I do not know, as I have not communicated with him for quite a number of years. I believe, however, that you might get in touch with some of his people by writing to Mr. Charles Blue, of Aberdeen, N. C.

Yours truly,
CLIFTON T. LENNARD,
Pinehurst, N. C., and Greenwich, Conn."

Quite different was the letter from the manager of Percival Rockefeller's hunting lodge kennels, at Overhills (near Fayetteville), N. C.:

"To the Editor of the News:

Dear Sir: A few days ago I noticed a piece in your paper about Old Man Alexander Warren. I wish to say that I used to know him a number of years ago, before I became connected with Mr. Rockefeller's kennels here. When I knew him, Old Man Warren was a rather old man, but a great fox and deer hunter. I often hunted with him in lower Cumberland county, as well as in Nash, Hoke, and Roberson, about fifteen years ago. He was a jolly old fellow, full of jokes and yarns, and stories about the Civil War. He had the thumb of his right hand missing, having got it cut off while working in a saw-mill. He owned a big gray horse named 'Luke' which he had trained to shake hands like a show-dog. I have not seen or heard tell of the old fellow inside the last ten years.

Yours truly,
ED. PALMER,
Manager Kennels, Overhills, N. C.

The office of the **News** continued to be deluged with letters from all parts of the state. Nearly all the letters agreed on a few minor points, but no two of them agreed as to the manner in which the worthy gentle-

man in question had the misfortune to lose his thumb. The interest, instead of waning, grew and grew, until Herman L. Sparks, owner of the **News,** decided to send Owen Lynch on a tour of investigation in Roberson and Cumberland counties. Several people were visited and interviewed, but the net results amounted to nothing more than to disclose the fact that no one seemed to know the whereabouts of Old Man Warren. He had "moved to South Carolina", "moved to Virginia", "moved to Tennessee",—everywhere was he known but nowhere was he to be found. If Lynch inquired about him in Cumberland county, he had "moved to Scotland"; and if inquiries were instituted in that county, some old resident would be sure to state that he had "moved to Moore."

One day, I dropped in to Lynch's private cubby-hole of an editorial office to chat with him a few minutes before going to lunch. Several letters were lying opened on his desk. He handed a couple to me.

"More about this bird Warren. I'd give a cut-glass fly-swatter to know if there is such a diabolical old reprobate as him living in this state."

The first letter was from a doctor down in Lumberton, and read as follows:

News Editorial Office,
Dear Mr. Editor:

The controversy over the method by which "Old Man Warren" lost his thumb—the very identity of Warren, in fact—is certainly gaining considerable notoriety, and I am inclined to add, it is becoming somewhat of a farce. I feel that I can settle up the question as to the identity of this man in a few words, as I am in possession of the facts concerning his life.

I used to know Warren very intimately. He was an old Confederate veteran, and for many years he lived on a farm near Lumberton, N. C. While he was a very interesting character, there was nothing extremely remarkable about him. He was an enthusiastic fox hunter and always kept a pack of hounds. Among other things, Warren owned an old white horse named "Luke" which would shake hands with anyone by extending his forefoot like a trained dog, and would often lie down when tired.

Warren was rather too fond of liquor, but when sober he was a good steady man. The way in which he lost his thumb was somewhat interesting: While out splitting logs in the woods, some distance from his house, he happened to an accident. While he was adjusting the wedge in a log, the wedge flew out and his thumb was accidentally caught in the log, being nearly mashed off. He could not remove his thumb, and as it was impossible for him to make anyone hear him and come to his assistance, he cut his thumb off with his pocket knife. I know that the above story is true, because I dressed the wound for him, the next day after the accident happened. All this happened about twenty years ago. Some time later Warren moved with his family to Cumberland county, and I have not heard of him since he left his home in Robeson County.

Sincerely yours,
J. W. McNEILL, M. D.

The other letter read:

Dear Sir: I am the owner of the steamboat, the "Colonel Johns", plying in the Cape Fear between Fayetteville and Wilmington. I used to know Old Man Alex Warren well. He was an old Confederate veteran, who must have been about sixty-five years old at the time I knew him (about fifteen years ago). He got the thumb of his right hand frost-bit and had to have it cut off. I feel sure that this story is true, because I have often heard him tell about it. It happened while he was a soldier under General Bragg, in the Civil War.

The old man was a great yarn spinner, also a great deer hunter and fox hunter. He owned a big grey horse, which he seemed to think a great deal of, and which he always insisted was a descendant of the famous race horse, Peter the Great. Warren used to hunt in the swamps of Brunswick and New Hanover counties, and was well known in the region around Whiteville and Lockwood's Folly, near Wilmington. Later on, he moved further West, where he is said to have located in Scotland county. Since he left the region around the Cape Fear, I have lost track of him, and can not at present say whether or not he is still living. If this information is of any value to you, you are welcome to print it in your paper.

Yours very truly,
ROBERT HUNT, Wilmington, N. C.

There were several more letters, each more or less similar to the ones I had already read. One which attracted my particular attention was a letter from a man who asserted, and was ready to prove by what he considered incontrovertible evidence, that "Colonel" Warren had once been a resident of Murfreesboro,

North Carolina; that he had once engaged in a duel, at which time he had his thumb shot off; and that he was now living in Charleston, South Carolina. As the writer of this letter did not give his address, it was impossible to make inquiries concerning the Charleston address of his "Colonel" Warren.

At noon, we put the letters aside and went out to lunch. Lynch was unusually silent during the course of the meal. Finally,

"I've just been thinking—" he began.

"This soon after dinner?" I interrupted. "Surely not."

"Don't be facetious," he retorted, unperturbed by my remarks, "I've been thinking about leaving the **News**. I've got a rather flattering offer from the **Baltimore Sun**, and I intend to accept it. In fact, I'm going to give Sparks my resignation today."

I extended my congratulations.

And thus it happened that my friend Lynch began a rapid rise in the field of journalistic endeavor. From editor of the **Sun**, he rose to the editorship of the **Boston Times**, and his editorials were copied by half the newspapers in the New England States. But Lynch often thought about the time when he worked for the **News**, down in North Carolina, and occasionally he wondered just how Old Man Warren really **did** lose his thumb. But the editor of the **Times** is not the editor of the **News**, and Lynch was a busy man.

* * * *

In the fall of 19....., Lynch wrote me that he intended to come down to visit me, and to spend a few weeks of rest and recreation, after the strenuous summer in the city. Accordingly, I arranged a vacation for us to spend with my old friend, Berry, down in Roberson county, where we could shoot quail, and drink cider, and rest up enormously. Outside of these three things, there was nothing else to be done on the Berry Plantation, which, incidentally, is conveniently situated only fourteen miles from a railroad.

One morning we had started out with a couple of bird-dogs and a nigger guide, toward the general direction of the Lumbee River, where we were assured that the pa'tridges were "as thick as fleas". Whether fleas are thicker in this section of the country than elsewhere, I do not know, but it is doubtful if our friend Bob White could have been found in greater abundance, anywhere. Molly and Jake, the two setters, were having the time of their lives. Every stubble and pea-patch was good for at least one covey. And such coveys!

In climbing over a barb-wire fence, Lynch tore his hunting coat, and before he realized it, he had lost most of his shells. My supply was also running low, so we sent our colored guide back to the farmhouse for a couple of boxes of number 8's. The low, flat country along the Lumbee has few distinguishing landmarks, and it is not unnatural that, with no guide to direct us, we became absolutely and intensely lost. We finally decided upon what we thought was the right direction toward the plantation, but after walking several hours we were still as much lost as ever. Nothing was left for us to do except to keep walking until we met someone, or saw a house, or came to a road.

We came to an old rail fence, which we followed until we found a gate; a road led from this point towards an old-fashioned plantation house. A negro youth met us and to our questioning, he informed us that we were on "Cap'n Wah'n's" place. On our way to the dwelling, we were met by something less than a score of inquisitive, snuffing hounds, of divers shades and shapes.

The old gentleman, "Cap'n Wah'n", we found seated on the door sill of a peeled log corn crib, attended by two negroes, with a jug of something beside him. An unpretentious, quiet-looking soul, yet somehow striking, too. He wore his white hair long, after the fashion of the late Colonel William F. Cody, and he sported a goatee in which snowy whiteness and yellow tobacco stains seemed struggling for predominance. A bright blue eye lighted up the interesting and wrinkled face, and sparkled with the warmth and cheer which good peach brandy is known to produce. His dress was not unlike that of the average farmer of the weevil-infected cotton-growing section of the South. A heavy hickory cane lay across his knees. The thumb of his right hand was plainly missing. Instinctively, I looked about for the old grey horse!

With hospitality and courtesy reminiscent of antebellum days, "Cap'n Wah'n" greeted us, and without inquiring of us our business, he offered us divers kinds of refreshments, which one of the darkies served to us in a tin dipper.

"So yuh lost, gentlemen? Well, yo' have suttenly found a welcome place to stop at, anyhow. Berry place? yes suh, 'bout fo' mile over yonder in that direction. Mose, hitch up the mare to the buggy and get ready to take the gentlemen back over to Mist' John Berry's—no, wait: the gentlemen must stay and have dinner with me first. Why, suttenly they must. Toby, you go help Mandy ketch some o' them young fryin'-size br'ilers fo' dinner."

I looked at Lynch. Lynch looked at me. We both

looked at our host. Here was Old Man Warren. Such luck!

We made ourselves as agreeable as possible to our friend, Mr. Warren, and conversation did not lag. But curiosity has been known to kill a cat. And just at this time curiosity was gnawing at the vitals of both Lynch and myself. When one of the darkies addressed our guest as "Cap'n Alexander", Lynch could contain himself no longer.

"I suppose you fought in the Civil War, sir?"

Old Man Warren nodded.

"You were wounded, I suppose, were you not?" Lynch looked meaningly at the old man's right hand, and essayed tactfully to draw him out.

"Indeed, I was, suh. Wounded twiet."

"Your thumb, sir,—"

Here Old Man Warren held up his right hand, and regarded the stub of the missing member fondly.

"Son," said he, turning his merry gaze on the expectant Lynch, "well, suh, son—hit happened frrty-eight years ago, while I was workin' on th' Mississippi. **A steamboat run over hit an' cut hit off.**"

PANTHEIST

Frances Gray

I COULD renounce the sleepy way she smiles
When, crimson shod, she rises in the dawn;
I could resist the golden clarity
That melts her daybreak into open morn;
I could forget the quiet of her eyes
When thrushes sing amid the twilight stir,
But never can my strength be proof against
That subtly flagrant flattery of her!

The heaviness of her great stars that lie
Upon the shadowed surface of the sea
Where but a moment's passing loveliness.
And nothing more or less than that to me;
If every star that trembles there upon
The rising of the waters mighty breast
Cried not, "I am the mystery of life,
The mystery which only you have guessed."

The sweetness of her roses, of her birds,
She says is sweet to me and me alone
And cynic though I were I could not doubt
The compliment of her persuasive tone.
Her dying moon that loves to haunt my sleep,
A gorgeous ghost in gold, a queen in white,
Says soft to me, "I never broke a heart
As I am breaking that of you tonight!"

I would put by the pathos of her joy
Would shake this ecstacy that gilds her pain,
For my infatuation leads me far
From honest work which only merits gain,
But oh, she looks at me as if with awe
And oh, she takes me gently by the hand
And says in whispers confidential, low,
"Of all the world you, only, understand!"

NEW MOON

Frances Gray

LOOK over your shoulder heart, dear heart,
For the moon is young tonight!
She's a crystal crescent of loveliness,
A slender sliver of light!
She shall wax full as the nights slip by
Till she shines on us with a mellow glow
That her tender youth can never know,
And high on her throne of shadow and stars
Is the gracious queen of all.
Yet there's luck and a dream in the new moon's gleam
That the old moon smiles, wistfully smiles,
That the old moon smiles to recall.
And so make sure that the sky is clear
With never a twig in sight,
And show her a piece of your silver, dear,
For the moon is young tonight.
Smile at me over your shoulder, heart,
For love is young tonight!
He's an angel child with a throbbing pulse
A creature of gold and white!
He shall feed on truth, he shall wax on faith
Till our full love burns with a steady glow
That he is not ready tonight to show,
When he's all of roses, and moons, and thrills,
And stardust trembling on the wing;
Yet a song is sung when love is young
That the old love weeps, happily weeps,
To remember learning to sing.
Look into my eyes for yours are clear,
And there's never a doubt in sight,
And they show me a piece of your soul, my dear,
Love is so young tonight!

DIALECT OF THE NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAINEER

An interesting article discussing the peculiarities of the language of the mountaineer of Western North Carolina.

By Gay Allen

EVERY Trinity student has read about the dialect of the Scotland Highlands, but I doubt if many realize that the Carolina Mountaineer uses a dialect—yes, even today—that is fully as quaint as the dialect "Bobby" Burns used in so many of his poems. The Carolina Mountaineer is nearly two centuries behind modern civilization. So one is not surprised that his vocabulary includes many archaic and obsolete words, but he goes further than that. He has originated words and expressions as well as preserved the archaic ones.

The Carolina Mountaineer's eccentric individualism is due to his isolation from the modern world. Until recent years the mountains that he lives in have been a barrier to communication and transportation, and in his isolation he has become very individualistic. His ancestors were Scotch, Scotch-Irish, and chiefly English speaking people. When they disappeared in the seclusion of the mountains, they continued to use the colloquial languages of the Shakespearean days—though with various changes, of course. But the Mountaineer was, and is today, very original. I have never seen a "Hill-Billie" groping for a word to express his idea; if he does not have a suitable word in his vocabulary (and his vocabulary is much larger than most people suppose), he immediately originates one—of course from an English root. Nouns have been formed from adjectives and even verbs. Adjectives have also been formed from verbs. "That's the shootin'ist man I ever seed!"

If Chaucer could come back to life and visit the Carolina mountains, he would hear many familiar words, as: **afeard; peart,** spry; **ax,** ask; **ye; dar,** dare; **afore,** before; **atwixt,** between; **usen,** from use; and others. These are not exceptional words; they are used daily in Mountain colloquialism. Holp for help was once the correct form, and many of the Mountaineers still consider it correct. One often hears the "Hill-Billie" say, "He's ben cuttin' all kinds o' antics." **Antics** may be found in Shakespeare's **Merry Wives of Windsor.** Capers is a mountain synonym for antics, but I am unable to trace it. Sorry comes from sore-y and in Shakespeare's time it meant "no account", as "sorry knaves."

Tautology and pleonasm are heard frequently in the Highlands, as: a "little teeny man." Granny-woman, church-house, rock-clift, beef-meat, and other similar tautologies are used. Humorist writers have made great sport of the Mountain double pronoun: "You'enses come ter see we-uns and we-all'll go ter see you-all." Miss Murfree, in one of her books on the Southern Mountaineers, speaks of this double-barrel pronoun and cites the French **nous autres** as a parallel to it.

Probably the most noticeable thing in the mountain dialect is the elision of letters and words, but this is common in all dialects. "We'd do 't th' Lord be willin'." But we must not forget that elision is common in all colloquial English; the Mountaineer most assuredly does not have a monoply on elision.

Corrupt forms of verbs are heard in most every Mountaineer's conversation. Het, gwine, war, fotch, borned, and mought are examples. Often the verbs suffer vowel changes, as: friz (froze), brung (brought), whup'd (whipped). The preterit has probably suffered more than any other tense. Writ, fit, drawed, throwed, etc., are almost universally used. "They fit and they faught till they might nigh fit theirsel'es to death."

Some very original and clever words the writer has observed are: plumb. entirely—"I'm plumb give out", meaning entirely exhausted; rampunctous, a silly adjective having various meanings; rimption, plenteous, and smidgen, the antithesis of rimption; si-godlin, si-antigodlin, or si-antibigodlin, leauing—"the chimney was si-godlin"; catawampus, comic expression; pieded, spotted; listed, striped; mimic and mock, imitate; a powerful sight, large quantity; budget, bundle or package; poke, sack; sobby, wet; doty, as "doty wood", decayed wood; doin's, actions—as "funny doin's at the Jones'"; bodaciously—as "bodaciously ruint!", entirely ruined; drib, small quantity; trick—a small child is often called a "trick"; ashamed means merely bashful; norated—"th'

preach'r norated this mornin','' displayed his oratory; batch, some—''bake a batch o' bread''; piddle—''He's allus piddlin' at somethin','' meaning ''he is always doing something unimportant''; befuddle, bewilderfuddle has about the same meaning as piddle; mincy, fastidious; daucy, saucy; edzact (see Murray's dictionary); and many other words fully as peculiar and original.

Pronouns in the genitive are often made to take an n instead of the s. As: ourn, yourn, theirn. A euphonic r is often added to nouns, as: Car'liner, wimmern (women), sometimes wummern. Grace syllables are often used by the older Mountaineers: cyards, cyars. Beastie (beast), nestes, bestest (best), and other similar suffixes show a striking similarity to the Scotch dialect.

Some quaint Mountain expressions are: ''leaning towards leather-woods'' (the writer has never been able to find out which direction is ''leather-woods'') ''lite out'', start on a journey; ''lit a rag fer home''; ''he ran so fast he burnt the wind'', rather poetic!; ''he carried his gal to meetin' '' does not mean that the mountain swain performed the trying physical feat of actually carrying a healthy mountain lass over the mountains to the church!

Strange names are encountered in the menu (as strange to the Northern visitor as a French menu would be to a Mountaineer).

''Leather-briches'' is indeed a strange name to place on a menu. It means merely beans dried in the hull and cooked without shelling; sallet means cooked leaves of certain plants, especially of the watercress, mustard and poke-berry plant. Sass is a kind of sauce and is served as dessert.

The mountain dialect varies in different localities and no special dialect may be called typical of the Carolina Mountains, but in every community quaint, often very original, but always interesting, words and idioms are used. This, however, applies only to the rural sections for modern English is usually spoken in the urban localities—but one must bear in mind that few urban communities are found in the Carolina Mountains.

Although the Cherokee Indians have always inhabitated the Carolina Mountains, the Mountaineer has not allowed Cherokee words to creep into the language. Few Negroes are found in the mountains even today, so no words from the Negro dialect are used in the Mountains. The Carolina Mountaineer's dialect is one of the most interesting angles of his interesting individualism and it deserves to be studied for it shows the high mentality, the quick wit, and the possibilities of this backwoodsman who has not had a chance in modern civilization. The Mountaineer is still ignorant and illiterate (to a great extent), but his dialect shows the original, the poetical, the romantic, and the beautiful side of his life. What might he do with the proper training?

SPRING, SUMMER, GRANDMA'S

YOU know what Spring makes me think of. April moons? Easter bouquets? Joy rides in a one-seated Ford? My goodness, no! Why it just naturally makes me happy because when Spring comes Summer isn't far behind. And I love Summer because it reminds me of Grandma's big unpainted house and best of all the old yellow cow that gives two gallons of milk a day.

It seems sometimes as if I'm awfully old, but when I think about going to Grandma's I get as young as anybody is. Of course it hasn't been so very long since I used to make those annual visits to the old farm. To begin at the beginning, I will tell you how I got there. It was on one of those stuffy little passenger cars that had red plush seats and oil lamps that would almost leave a passenger in the dark in winter time. But at five-thirty on that warm summer evening the lamps didn't have to be used, and the plush seats were good enough to ride twelve miles on and within half an hour that typical North Carolina engine would puff up to the little gray house called a depot at the place where I had to get off. It was a whole mile from the station to Grandma's, but the road was so white and smooth, and all along each side of its winding length were bright green bushes and trees. On that evening the birds were singing gayly, for it was a long time before sunset. As I turned the last curve where the trees stopped, I could see the old house with the haystacks and barns and pig-pens scattered back of it. I could see the cows in the pasture too. To be sure Grandpa had had no landscape man to arrange all these objects, and I liked them just as they were. What a blessing it was that such professionals were unknown to him! I soon reached the wagon path that turned out from the road. Although the round pebbles that filled up the holes would make me slip a little, I didn't care a bit. Gee, I can smell right now that ham that Grandma always fried when I came. I would often wonder if she had it all the time. The old black dog and the little yelping brown one greeted me in the usual boisterous way, and Grandma came to the door with a spoon in her hand. To this day I always think of Grandma as having some kind of cooking utensil in her hand. She was a born cook.

The kitchen was a real old-timey one,—a cabin apart from the big house. It had doors on opposite sides, and when I stood at one door I could see the western sky line through the other. I kissed Grandma's soft smooth cheek and sat down on one of the benches that the children sat on when they ate in the kitchen in winter. We talked, and we talked. I told her all the news I could remember and as the boys and girls came clattering in one by one our conversation stopped. Everybody talked. I helped carry the supper to the dining room in the big house. There was a lilac bush between the kitchen and the big house and carrying supper in was a pleasant thing to do at Grandma's in summer time. Milking time was over that night before I got there but I promised to be on hand the next night. After supper we sat on the edge of the porch—it was so low my feet could touch the ground. We could hear the river running softly over the dam about a mile away; the screech owls and the crickets all helped to remind me that I had come to Grandma's. The moon wasn't necessary to make things lovely but it did no harm for its mellow softness blended well with the soothing sounds and perfumes.

Morning would come before I knew it—time passed that easy at Grandma's. I did not have to be called, for the "peep-peep" of the turkeys and the incomprehensible chatter of the ducks and guineas would wake me up early enough. Not too early, though, for I did not mind getting up soon at Grandma's. Lilac perfumes and ham odors went well together! Well, the day seemed to pass like those days always did and milking time would come. Do you think I wanted to milk? By no means—I liked to catch the milk before it got to the bucket. It would taste so warm and sweet and fresh when I held my mouth open like that—although it did tickle my tongue a little when it would hit too strong. When I could do this I felt like I had ended up a perfect day. I was ready to sit on the porch again and see the moon rise and enjoy all that a summer night at Grandma's could give. I would forget hard-paved city streets and the wild sounds. I would forget that I had to go back on a train with dirty red plush seats. It was July—I was at Grandma's—and nothing else mattered.

MY ENGLISH

Richard K. Shiokawa

Mr. Shiokawa, one of Trinity's Japanese students, gives here an account of his experience with the English language and of his difficulties in mastering it. We have forgone the editorial privilege of correction and are printing the sketch just as it was submitted to us, thus letting it represent solely the work of the writer. As such it is exceedingly interesting.

THE president of Hesperian Literary Society did me the honor to request me to speak about the subject, "My English" the other day, but unfortunately I could not deliver in speach. This time, however, if I can express on the Trinity Archive pages my opinion of the English language which I was unable to express in words, I should be delighted.

It is hard to count the number of times that I have failed to use my English since I left home. On the boat I had my first opportunity of speaking with a real English speaker; every time I did speak, only using a few simple words. "Are you going to the United States?" I answered, "yes." "Where are you going?" "Norsu Carorina," (North Carolina). But I was lucky while I was on the boat for I had many little friends and could speak with them. This helped me to learn English very much.

I already knew that it is very good to study English conversation by talking with children at beginning because I can use easy English and can hear clearly the pronunciation. Some Japanese English professors say that the best way for us to learn the English conversation is to converse with a lady who speaks English. This is my opinion also, as this is quite the stuff.

But here in America this opinion can not help me as the conversation with a lady is not for learning. Some of my friends, so called clever boys, when they come to this country enter High School to study only the English language. This judgment is all right from the point which presented by English teachers of Japanese, I think.

Japanese boys are learning English from the High School to the College course. Some of them are beginning in the sixth year of elementary school. As you know, English is only nearly fifty years old in the education of Japan. But right now most all Japanese know a few simple English words, even children are able to say good morning, good-bye, dance, thank you, all right, I love you, etc.

Everywhere we can see English all over the country so that the English speakers do not feel any trouble to make a trip through the country. We are using English letters everywhere. Not only are we using English for the advertisements, but also are using some English words in conversation among the young men.

But we are learning English from the book all the time. The eyes and ears are tools of study. At the same time we are learning to translate English into Japanese in Japan. So when I came to this country I was not able to make Americans understand the Japanese English language at all.

Not long ago a Japanese professor of English language came to this country. He was a good speaker of English and he thought he was able to speak very well from his experience of having conversation with British men who stayed in Japan, but no one could understand him very well here and he disappointed very much. This is a joke of speaking grammatical English.

I do not knw whether Mr. Lim, Mr. Mui, and Mr. Lo are having trouble to use English. But I am still afraid to use my English.

It was the other day that I used "I am not going anywhere." But my friend said, "I am not going nowhere," which is correct? "Will you go to see the ball game Saturday?" I said, but friend corrected me, "Are you going to see the ball game Saturday?" I understand these sentences meaning and know which is American way. But I cannot manage myself in using English as I still depend on my Japanese-English knowledge that "are you" is a present tense. When you start to learning language you will have a great deal of trouble just as you do in learning French, German, Latin, etc.

I had a good experience the other day through having a trip out in the country. It seems to me that town men, college men, high school men, and children are using altogether different vocabularies.

It is very interesting to me to study these little different things, but it is a great trouble to study a foreign language.

I dare say it is best to have more exercise of practical use in order to learn a foreign language.

Here is my expression of my appreciation to my friends aid in helping me to learn English.

English surely is a hard language. The more I study the harder it gets. And my English is still poor. How long my English will be funny to my friend? I can hardly guess.

THE SEVENTH AGE

By James Secrest

Men of evil reputation, when they perform a good deed, fail to get credit for it.—Aesop's Fables.

"BLACKJACK" Charlie smoked thoughtfully as he sat obscurely in one corner of the Oasis Cafe, the rendezvous of all respectable gamblers, second-story men, bootleggers, and footpads. The foul, dank air permeated with a busy fog of tobacco smoke and saturated with alcholic fumes was soothing and pleasant to the hardened master footpad. He reveled in it.

All about him the younger generation of East Side was engaged in riotous drinking and dancing. A leary-eyed boy scarcely out of his teens was vainly trying to sit steadily on a broken chair while he banged furiously on the keys of a battered piano. Intoxicated couples staggered madly over the meal-sprinkled floor and then fell drunkenly in the chairs around the tables and called for more "hooch."

Blackjack gazed disgustedly at this youthful gaiety. He was of another generation. Twenty years ago he might have enjoyed the fun just as much as anybody, but his joints were rather stiff now, and the rheumatism bothered him a great deal. As he mused dreamily over his eventful past, he was suddenly seized with a grave fear that his career had about come to an end. The realization that he much preferred an easy chair and a mug of beer to the chilly night air and the damp unsavory corners of dark alleys that had been so dear to him in his youth slowly dawned upon his muddled brain. Unconsciously he drew his coat more firmly around his thin shoulders and hollow chest as he pictured in his mind the hoary figure of Old Age laughing mirthlessly at his uneasiness.

There were two comparatively sober men in the cafe other than Charlie, however, and they sat just a few paces from him with their backs toward him and their heads close together over the table. One of them was a bitter rival of Charlie's, a boy of the younger school of footpads who believed that they were more clever than their teachers. Charlie despised him; yet he feared that this young upstart had superseded him in popular favor and esteem. Why, only the other day a rather bulky individual in brass buttons had tacked a cheese cloth notice on the railing leading into this underground hole offering a reward of $1,000 for the capture, "Dead or Alive" of "Slippery Jim". To add to this insult the policeman had tacked a notice over a tattered and weather beaten piece of cloth of the same material on which there was a reward of $100 for the capture of "Blackjack" Charlie. His only consolation was that officials are mayhap more liberal with the purse strings now than they were in his day.

While he watched the two young men, they arose and started toward the door. Then the older man of the two turned suddenly as if a brilliant idea had come to him. He caught his companion's arm and pointed to the bent figure of "Blackjack" Charlie hovering in an obscure corner. Although Charlie was unable to hear what they said, as the man whispered without opening his mouth, he felt instinctively that they were talking about him. The younger man laughed, shrugged his shoulders, and sarcastically replied loud enough to be heard throughout the entire cafe:

"Take Grandad along? That ole man? Ha! Why the night air would be too hard on his rheumatics. Besides, he's out of it now; he's ancient; he's too clumsy. Naw, he'd never do."

The other man shrugged his shoulders, and they both laughed and went out. The loungers about the cafe saw the slight and thought it a good joke which was worth passing on.

Charlie ground his teeth and muttered to himself. So that's the way the young upstarts respected their seniors and their betters. Well, he would be revenged. He would spoil their little game by warning their prey. They would be sorry they had left him out.

He arose painfully from his chair and limped to the door and out into the dark alleyways. Even here the atmosphere was not wholly free from a cankerous odor. Charlie straightened and looked cautiously about to see if anyone was in sight; then he took a deep breath which seemed to give him renewed strength and gave a snort like an animal sensing impending danger. He knew the favorite haunt of men of his profession, and he hesitated scarcely a second before determining his course.

His slow walking was exasperating. Why, the robbery would be committed, and the boys would be gone with the loot before he reached the scene of action.

Curses on Old Age, who stiffened his legs and withered his arms.

Finally he saw the moss-covered decayed brick wall that formed the corner where he suspected that his professional associates would do the job. He limped stealthily along the deserted narrow street, always keeping close to the damp wall. To his surprise, however, he found the hiding place deserted. Where could they be? He was baffled. For a few minutes he stood perfectly still and listened.

Then he heard a low muffled thud, the faintest imaginable sound. He started as if he had experienced an electric shock. The thud was perfectly familiar to him, in fact too familiar, for it made him shiver. He sensed his direction again and set out in the direction from which the sound had seemingly come. This time he made no effort to conceal his movements nor his approach.

Just before he reached the gate opening into a narrow alley between two crumbling brick buildings, he heard a muffled whisper: "The cop, beat it." He chuckled and waited until he felt sure that the two men were securely hidden behind an adjoining fence. Then he squeezed in the half closed gate. Wouldn't that be a good joke on them, on the proud young footpads that thought they were more clever than their elders? They thought he was the cop. Just wait until he told that in the Oasis Cafe.

As he entered the damp alley way, he shivered a bit. But he strode boldly forward until he came upon a huddled figure half sitting against the dank slimy wall. Although the light was dim, Charlie saw that the man was in evening clothes. His clothes were barely rnffled, and only his appearance of complete helplessness and his closed eyes betrayed his unconsciousness. Charlie, professional like, passed his hand softly over the bared head of the prostrate figure and felt a rising which was much like a mole hill. At least Charlie thought so at the time.

"Blackjack" Charlie's first impulse was to leave the man lying in the hole where his predecessors had put him. He noticed that the man's pearl cuff buttons and studs were still with him. Charlie determined to remember that so as to have better evidence of the young footpads' inefficiency. He turned away to go back to the cafe. But then a noble impulse strnck him, the first one in a number of years. He really felt sorry for the helpless unfortunate. He hesitated for a minute, undecided. Then he retnrned to the prostrate victim and leaned over to loosen the man's collar. He tore the starched shirt open down the front and carefully removed the pearl studs in order to save them from the sticky mire.

But just as he deposited the studs in his pocket, because he knew of no other place to put them, he was aware of someone standing close by watching intently his every movement. He arose cautiously and turned squarely into the face of a stern policeman of immense proportions.

"Well, I've caught you with the goods this time," said the policeman as he dextrously drew a pair of handcuffs from his coat pocket and slipped them easily over the withered wrists of the astounded "Blackjack" Charlie.

The next morning at municipal court "Blackjack" Charlie was sentenced to fifteen years of hard work in the State penitentiary for assault and robbery. The Times said that the protested madly his innocence, but the court records showed that he had been arrested on the same charge before, and the evidence this time was so convincing that the jndge merely laughed at his denial.

Exchanges

As the last issue of the **Archive** goes to press, we look back over the year with some regrets but with many pleasant remembrances. All of our aims and resolutions have not been attained, all of our hopes and ambitions have not been realized; yet we do feel that we have accomplished something in that we have broken away from conventionalities which have held the magazine back since it made its first tottering steps toward the goal which it is now fast approaching, pre-eminence among college magazines. The first year of breaking new ground has been rather hard sledding, but we shall feel sufficiently recompensed if in succeeding years the **Archive** is enabled to progress more rapidly than it would otherwise have done, and if the future holds any brighter or higher things in store for the publication because we have broken trail into new fields, we shall submit to whatever adverse criticisms that may be thoughtlessly cast at us and never regret for one moment that we placed our own glory out of view in attempting to add to the future glory of the publication that has grown to us so dear.

Often have we remarked with caustic bitterness that one or another of our contemporaries has contained some defect which our judgment considered easily improvable, and on many occasions have we forgotten the fact that we should doubtlessly incur the enmity of our friends by being so plain spoken in our opinions; but here again we shall disregard any offence that has been taken at our seeming boorishness if any publication has been one bit improved by our remarks. There is no doubt that we have often been considered harsh and unreasonable, often have we imagined that some subject of our adverse criticism has wondered why we did not employ some of our connoisseuring ability in correcting the numerous faults in our own publication; but we have always realized to the fullest extent that every one is blind to his own faults, and have not used as our criterion our own magazine, but have acted upon the reciprocal principle of pointing out others' faults and expecting them to in a small way indicate to us the elements of our publication which seemed to them to be the undesirable. For every remark of this kind which we have been subjected to, we are sincerely grateful, and we are sure that never could the 1923 **Archive** have been the success it has had it not been for the mirror that has been afforded us by our correspondents across the exchange table.

Wayside Wares

SPRING

By a Realist

Spring! Spring! Spring!—the thing that gets written about every year, the thing that every young and old poet uses as a vehicle to the dizzy heights of fame—. You may open any magazine, book, or newspaper in season and you will be sure to find several contributions, mostly poems, about spring. Most anyone will make an attempt to give the world a poem about the wonderful effects of this season and most everyone either tells the same old story about it or murders its beauty. But no one has ever dared to tell the real truth about it and its purpose.

Spring is merely the season set aside by nature in which the flowers may bud, the trees leave, and the whole plant kingdom may revive in order that it may not die and pass out forgotten. Spring is merely a necessity in order that we shall not look on dead tree trunks and yellow grass forever—nothing remarkable about that. Springtime is also the time of thunder storms, rains, mosquitos, frogs, and the like. It is the season that inspires hope in the young man's breast and make a fool presumptuous. And O! how many fools are exposed by spring!

It is the season of wooing and sighing, mostly sighing, nature's method of increasing the chest expansion of seemingly lazy men. Under the spell of spring "A young man's fancy lightly——but let us pause here; we need not go any further if we emphasize that word **lightly** and I am prone to believe that the poet knew what he was doing when he edged it in. But we will go on.

In the spring a young man walks briskly and hopefully up the hill to Southgate only to wend his way slowly down the curved path and sigh, and sigh, and sigh, over some little goddess of the Fraushack. Again he sallies forth in the evening to the temple on the hill with hope beating in his breast, and then he renounces his goddess and begins to sigh, and sigh, and sigh over another deity. (Notice—The reader may replace the above sighs with "lies". Of course, you may suit yourself.) Finally, quite sure of his affections, he ventures up again and to his surprise falls for another and sighs, and sighs, and sighs. Remarkable! but why? The young man has increased his chest expansion by at least three inches. But what has he lost? Only temporarily his power of discrimination, and we can attribute that to spring also.

SPRING

By a Romanticist

SPRING! Spring! Spring!—the thing that gets thing that ever comes to bless this old, old world of ours . . . . the thing that supplies the world with the invigorating waters of "the Fountain of Youth" and keeps it forever young. Spring—Youth—Love are the magic words which when placed in the universal crucible condense into that precious, priceless fluid—Life.

Is there any wonder then that poets of all ages—the men who have sought to interpret life—have dedicated so many of their pages to the subject which so completely fulfills that which they strive to record? Every spring a new world is born, and the disappointments of the past are forgotten in the hopes for the future.

When spring comes to Trinity the campus takes on a seductive beauty which seeps into the hearts of youth, and with a few expressed regrets (of which very few are sincere) the young men turn their attention to those affairs of a lighter sort but which seem so in place at this time. The pursuit of such *affaires amour* send the young men up the hill to Southgate where are to be found the ladies fair.

Oh rare and wonderful experience! To haste away from the boorish atmosphere of a college boarding house and seek heart comfort from **the only one.** Stroll out along the velvety carpet of green under a sky glowing with the colors of the setting sun, hand in hand with the fairest maiden the master artist of the universe could create. Talk to her of love and tell her just what she means to you—ad infinitum. When the jarring notes of the far-off bell interrupt the blissful tete-a-tete, there comes the slow walk up the hill, the tender handclasp, the subtle, meaningful glance, the slow, meditative descent.

Suffice to say that in the spring the young men of Trinity show remarkable alacrity in responding to the famous words of

"Go West, young man, go West."

THE DAILY DOZEN

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

By George Barnyard Pshaw

CHARACTERS:

President Inadequate.
Dean Whatiplease.
Professors: Pistol and Sixpence.
Attendants: Mob of proletarian followers.

SCENE: An oblong auditorium with low hanging roof and slanting floor. Hall is filled with several hundred flimsy, easily rattled seats, all facing toward a half-oval stage cut in the wall. Stage has a door at either side opening into annex. Furnished with antique suite of furniture of mid-Victorian style, rostrum, a piano, and several rows of chairs. Seats in auditorium are divided into five sections. Two large doors open just opposite stage, behind middle tier of seats. Two smaller doors are on either side of stage opening from annexes into main hall.

TIME: Anytime between 10:20 and 10:50 a. m.

(Play opens with dull and melancholy ringing of bell in the distance. Men and women appear in irregular groups, dressed in every conceivable attire. They are laughing and talking. The men stop just before entering main doors of auditorium and line themselves carelessly about the stone steps ascending to the main entrance while the women amble into the building all the while casting coquettish glances to the men and giggling in a silly manner. They separate again on entering the hall and seat themselves with a vast deal of boisterous and noisy gibbering among themselves in different sections according to their mien and dress. The men in the middle tier are crudely dressed and the expression on their faces marks them as simpletons. In the first section to the right, on entering, sit the foppishly dressed men with upturned noses. The men in the next section are pale, frail looking young men with glasses. In the first tier of seats to the left sit the women, of which there is every type, the barbarian and the ultra-enlightened. The group of men in the extreme section on the left pompous looking individuals who cast superior glances around the hall and make sarcastic and satirical comments on the motley array about them.)

Cries from the mob on entering the hall: This is the third time I've attended chapel this term . . . The H.....you say . . . Aw pike down . . . Who rattled your chain? . . . I wonder if the Dean will see me today? . . . (*Vigorous bangings on seats*) I do wish those freshmen would keep quiet. The noise distracts me so . . . (*Laughing from men in right tiers of seats*) Ha, ha . . There is "Pap" Crute he, he. And Jim Sloan, ho, ho, (*From left tier of seats*) And he said to me . . . No, I knew he was lying all the time. . . Do you think he is as good looking as . . . He's a cat's nuicles . . . (*Middle section*) The proposition is really not so hard . . You take the square root . . Dr. Lapead is so comical . . I studied three hours on . . I haven't missed chapel this year . . . (*Extreme left*) I wonder if Jimmy Pistol will give us a cut today . . . Psychology? Why that's a crip. Ole Bulleye's easy. Why I . . I wonder why seniors have to attend chapel. It looks like a man who has gone three years . . . She's a keen one, but her clothes . . You know I was asleep when . . Yes, I wrote my paper on *The Rise and Growth of Western Civilization* after the lights went out . . O well, it will soon be over. (*And so forth*).

(*Enter right door by stage several odd, queer, almost inhuman looking individuals who gaze absently about and then sit down in front part of left tier of seats near stage. Each one gets as far away from the other as possible as though he were suspicious of his honesty. Most of them have more hair on their faces than on their heads. They scarcely speak at all.*)

(*Several young men and women enter on stage from left door and seat themselves leisurely on seats prepared. One red headed young man stealthily approaches piano and sits sheepishly on the stool. He gazes vacantly at the keys; then with a glance at the door on the right of the stage, he strikes the ivory keys violently with one mighty swoop, while the mass of attendants and proletarians in the main hall rise almost simultaneously with as much racket as possible, such as banging seats and the like*).

(*Enter on stage from right*—President Inadequate, Dean Whatiplease, Professors Pistol and Sixpense, while crowd sings).

Gloree be to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost
As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be,
World without end. Amen . . . . A-men.

Prof. Pistol: (*Approaching rostrum listlessly, and repeating in almost inaudible tones, with frequent grunts*) Lord God, grantusthegraee to desire thee with'r whole heart, andsodesiringtheemayseekthee, and so seekingthfindthee,andsofindingth, may be removed from thosesins from which thou has redeemed us.

(*At signal from Pistol the crowd sits down with as*

much noise as possible by slamming down seats, moving feet, and the like).

Prof. Pist.: We will now read the first Psalm.

(*Begins*) Blessedisthemanthatwalkethnotinthe counsel of the ungodly, norstandethintheway of sinners, nor sittethintheseat of the scornful.

Mob: (*In concert*) (*Ear-deafening roars and mumblings*) But his delight is intha law oftha Lord; and in the law doth he meditate day and night. (*And so forth thru the chapter*).

Prof. Pist.: Let us sing number 154.

All: (*In unharmonious discord, with loud accompaniments on the piano*).

I need theee . . evree hourrr, Most grashus Lord;
No tender voice like thine, can peace afffford.
(*With renewed enthusiasm*)
I need thee, Ooo I need theeee,
Eveery hour I need thee;
Ooo bless menowmysavure,
I cum to theee.

(*And so on thru three stanzas*).

(*Crowd sits down with more noise and confusion*).

Dean What.: (*Rising and approaching rostrum*) (*He frowns and looks about the hall, especially at the middle section of seats. Then he picks one slip of paper out of a handful and reads*).

"Classical Club will meet this evening at 7:15 in the Greek room in West Duke. W. R. Brown will read a paper on the *Comic Obscenity of Aristophones' Comedies*. Latin and Roman drinking songs will be sung while wine is served. Dr. Pepper will give stereoptican slides showing some of the banquet and dancing scenes in Rome during the time of Nero."

I would like to say right here that I know of no better place to spend the evening than at the Classical Club. I wish more of you would go out for that kind of entertainment rather than the cheap attractions offered in the city of Durham.

(*Reads again*) "All members of the Freshman class are asked to remain for a few minutes after chapel for the purpose of organizing an Anti-Hazing Club."

I wonder if this embraces the women? (*Tittering from middle section of seats.*) (*Dean smiles beneficently*).

I notice by the College records that some of you are deficient in your College accounts. I hope you will all see to it that this is arranged satisfactorily with the treasurer before next Tuesday. Else you will be debarred from classes until the bill is paid.

(*From right section*) Same old line.

Dean What.: I am glad to see so many out to chapel today. But I hope that there will be still more tomorrow. See if you can't fill this hall tomorrow morning at this hour.

(*Middle section*) What makes the Dean frown so when he talks?

(*Dean sits down again, and Pres. Inad. rises with book in hand and approaches rostrum, with glasses in hand.*)

Pres. Inad.: I will read from the twelfth chapter of Job. (*Pauses indicate speech is so low that it is inaudible.*)

"And Job answered and said,
No doubt but ye are . . .
And wisdom shall . . with you.

But I have understanding as well as you;
I am not inferior to you;
(*With rising voice*)
Yea, who knoweth not these things?
(*Leans on rostrum with left hand*)
I am . . . mocked . . . neighbor,
(Etc. *Rest is unheard midst rattle of seats and movement of many feet restlessly on the floor. Also frequent ahems and nervous coughs.*)

Let us pray.

(*At signal from Pres. crowd rises and slams seats back with suppressed force and earnestness. Long prayer follows, while seats are banged, feet dragged over floor, coughs, whisperings, and the like.*)

(*After conclusion of prayer Dean makes signal, and crowd again sits down, while Pres. resumes his seat, nervously fidgeting with his glasses.*)

Prof. Sixp.: (*Rises brusquely and approaches rostrum as he takes gold watch from breast pocket of coat and glances hastily at it while he talks.*)

Thesweetlysingingbirdsthehighlyperfumedflowers thescantilydressedeo-eds thereappearanceoflastspring's strawhats . . . Springwithallitsmoonlight-nightsits hayridesitsprettygirls . . . Thisisatimewhenyoung man'sfancylightlyturnstothoughtsoflove . . . (*And so forth*).

Thatislikethemanwhowondersifthereisanygasinhisautomobiletank. . . . .andstruckamatchtosee . . . andthere was . . . . OrlikethemanwhowonderedifSalwasengaged toJimandaskedhertomarryhimsohemightfindout . . . . Andshewasn't. (*Titters and giggles from middle section. Superior sneers from other men and women in the hall.*)

(*Left section*) He's told those same jokes every year since I've been here, and I don't know how long before I came.

(*Suddenly the bell rings with ear-splitting peals*).

(*Sixp. glances doubtfully at his watch, smiles, shrugs his shoulders, and retires to center stage. Dean nods to red headed boy at piano, and he bounces on the keys with deathlike fierceness. Crowd sings with eagerness and relief*).

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
(*Faces light up, and they become more enthusiastic*)
Praise him all creatures here below . . .
(*And so on*).

Prof. Pist.: (*Ambling to front stage*).

Now may the grace,mercyandpeace of God the Father,Son and Holy Ghost rest ndabide with you now nforeveramen.

(*Crowd disperses. Exeunt all characters on stage. Seats bang, confusion reigns, loud talking, quarrelling among members of mob. Door is packed. They go out laughing and talking.*)

CURTAIN

DAYBREAK

From dreams as sweet and sleep as calm
As lured by Morpheus' magic balm
The Erwin Mills resounds the blast
That wakes me from this ease at last.
But yet, an hour of quiet rest
Before I must be up and dressed;
But sleep the balm of life has flown
And all my thoughts of rest are gone
For just as sleep again assails
Old Ben puts his 'never fails.'
'Tho' calm and smooth the College bell
Old Ben just simply sounds like—well
I rise to stop its deadly jar
Oh, rise to greet the morning star.

GIRLS BEWARE

Little Alice: "Why do you grease the chicken's heads, Mama?"

Mama: "To kill the lice, darling."

Little Alice (after a moment's hesitation): "Well then, I'm going to stay away from Bill."

AMBITIOUS KITTY

F. A. Bridgers

Kitty was a co-ed,
The flapper type, you know,
And everywhere that Kitty went
The chaps were sure to go.

Kitty was ambitious,
As many co-eds are,
And wanted for her very own
A swell imported car.

"I shouldn't be unwilling,"
Fair Kitty did explain,
"To take a spouse, in order that
The car I may obtain."

"I'm not at all inclined to be
Exacting in my choice:
A wealthy man, a millionaire,
Would cause me to rejoice."

With this in view, fair Kitty then
Refused to waste her looks
On smaller fry that swarmed around
To nibble at her hooks.

The other girls, they shook their heads
And called Miss Kitty mad
To play the part of haughty dame
And scorn a many a lad.

But Kitty kept her counsel,
And kept her favors, too,
And waited, oh, so patiently
For a millionaire to woo.

Like many other damsels
This Kitty waited long,
Until, at length, the watch she feared
To furthermore prolong.

Too late disdainful Kitty
Repented of her course:
The chaps no longer thought of her;
They looked elsewhere, perforce.

Then that poor stricken damsel,
Lamenting on her fate,
Was forced to take unto herself
A plumber for a mate.

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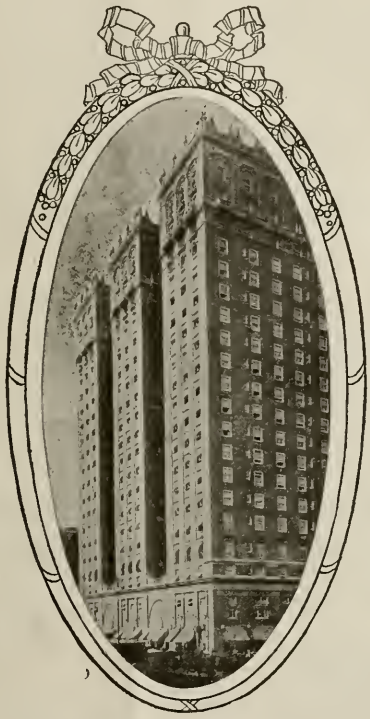

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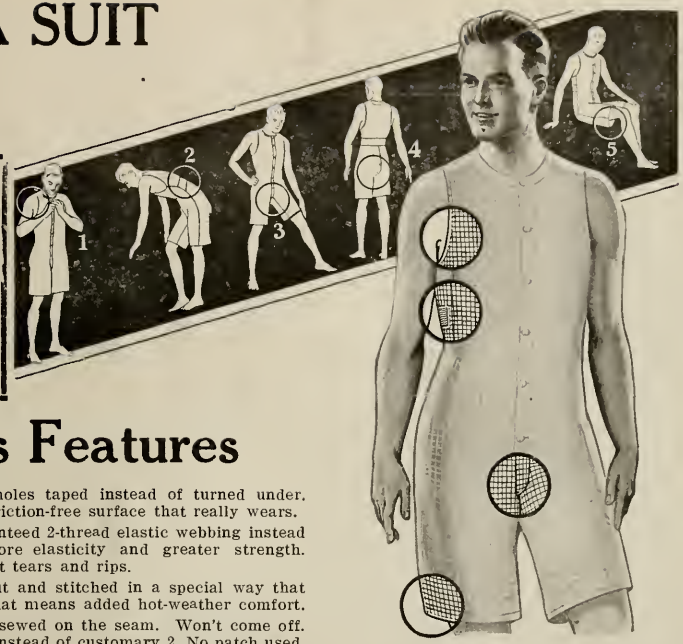

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